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Poetry.

WANT TO BE WHUR MOTHER IS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur
mother is!"
Jeemeses Rivers! won't some one ever shut that
howl o' his?
That air yellin' drives me wild!
Cain't none of ye stop the child?
Want yer daddy? Naw! Gee whizz!
"Want to be whur mother is?"

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur
mother is!"
Coax him, Sairy! Mary, sing somepin' fer him!
Lift him, Liz—
Bang the clock-bell with the key—
Er the meat-axe! Gee-mun-ee!
Listen to them lungs o' his!
"Want to be whur mother is!"

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur
mother is!"
Preacher guess'll pound all night on that ole
pulpit o' his!
'Pears to me some wimmin jest
Shows religious interest
Mostly 'fore their family's riz!
"Want to be whur mother is!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur
mother is!"
Nights like these and whipperwills allus brings
that voice of his!
Sairy; Mary; 'Lizabeth;
Don't set there and ketch yer death
In the dew—er rheumatiz—
Want to be whur mother is?

TO-MORROW AND YESTERDAY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is better to lean tow'rd To-morrow
Than to weep over suns that are set;
The Future holds hope that we borrow;
The Past offers only regret.

From the Past we can gain no concession—
It is voiceless and clothed like the night;
But the far-distant hills of Progression
Are crowned with a glory of light.

To-morrow's white, beautiful pages
Are yours to write on as you may;
But with the closed ledgers of ages
Are Yesterday's leaves locked away.

To the future let *Now* be beholden,
And not to a day that is gone;
There was never a sunset so golden
But lovelier still was some dawn.

No recompense, no satisfaction
Rewards those who seek for the Past,
But the soul that is restless with action
Will find all it longs for at last.

Our Story Teller.

CURED BY A PHOTO.

Charlie Cornwall and his wife enjoyed, during the first year or so of their marriage, the blissful belief that each had been the other's first love. Still, although Charlie was fully persuaded that his Lucy had never seen anything lovable in man before she met him, and although Lucy was convinced that her husband loved her with true and unadulterated affection, Mrs. Cornwall could not entirely throw off the distrust of the opposite sex which is always to some extent innate in women, and being aware that there is a very popular code of ethics which makes marriage equivalent to license, she kept a jealous eye upon her husband. Nothing, however, happened to interfere with the harmony and happiness of their life together until Charlie, having answered a very tempting advertisement in the *Field*, anent a shooting-box in Inverness-shire which was to be let on application to a certain "X. Y. Z.," and having concluded the necessary arrangements, had transported himself and wife thither.

Upon the first day after their arrival, while Charlie went round with the keeper over the ground which it was proposed to break on the morrow, Mrs. Cornwall was pretty fully occupied in arranging the little house to their requirements. Experience of country house visits and seaside apartments had taught Lucy Cornwall, among other things, that the drawers of wash-stands are very often the receptacles of the most extraordinary rubbish and odds and ends, but during all this experience she had never met with such a shock as awaited her during her explorations of this little remote Highland shooting box. In one of the aforesaid drawers she found a photograph of her Charlie, one of a set which she remembered he had taken when their billing and cooing was in full swing, upon which was written in his handwriting: "From your-ever true and affectionate Charlie."

But for this writing she would have regarded this discovery as being merely an extraordinary coincidence, but the inscription was a damning fact and when she put two and two together, and recalled his ardent profession of fidelity to and affection for her at the time the photograph was taken, at one fell swoop she shattered the pleasant belief into which she had lulled herself as to her husband's immaculate behavior before his marriage to her. There was not an extenuating circumstance conceivable. The photograph had certainly not been given to a man, or such an inscription would not have graced it; but had without doubt been given to some woman, who, finding herself deceived, had thrown it away in disgust.

So she waited the arrival of the unconscious Charlie with that stern joy which woman, as well as warriors, sometimes feel; determined, no matter at what cost, to find out to whom he had been "ever true and affectionate" at a time when he was continually swearing that she was his only idol on earth. Her heart beat quick when a well-known step and a careless whistle down stairs proclaimed the approach of the victim, and she made no answer to his "Lucy! Lucy! Where are you? Here's a Highland Welcome for a fellow who has been tramping about since breakfast time, and who is tired, wet and hungry! Hulio!"

This last ejeculation was the result of his first glimpse of his wife's face. He saw at once that something had happened during his absence and therefore composed his features to a suitable gravity.

"Why, what's the matter, Lucy?" he continued. "You look as if—"

Mrs. Cornwall cut him short with magisterial severity.

"Charles Cornwall," she said, holding up the photograph, "explain this if you please!"

The unfortunate man gazed at his own counterfeit presentment and the color fled from his cheeks.

"Explain what? Explain this photo?" he stammered. "Why, my angel, I wonder wou're not ashamed to keep such a hideous work of art. It was done whilst we were sweethearting, before I grew my beard. There's a coat! There's a head of hair! Ha! ha! I never did come out well—never!"

"Charles Cornwall," continued his wife, still keeping her relentless gaze fixed on the unhappy man's guilty face, "I found this photograph in a drawer up stairs. Now, how did it get there?"

"My dear, good soul, how on earth am I to know?" replied Charlie. "I gave it to some fellow, I suppose, and he——"

"No Charles," said his wife, "not to some fellow. When one man gives his carte to another, he does not as a rule describe himself as 'ever true and affectionate.' Women may be fools, Charles, but your wife is no fool. There's a mystery here which I must and will have cleared up. O Charles, Charles! How often you have sworn to me that I was your first and only love!"

"So you were," said Charlie; "and you can't prove anything to the contrary."

"No, but this photograph could," answered Mrs. Cornwall. "You've given it to some woman and I shall make it my business to find out who she was."

The wretched man groaned inwardly and racked his brain to recall any injudicious little present of this kind he might have made during that period of festive enthusiasm which usually marks the close of bachelor life. It could not have been Stella, of the Jocosa Theater, or that pretty girl in the pink dress he met at Henley, or —. No; he was positively sure that even if he had distributed little mementoes of this nature amongst his fair friends he would not have been such a fool as to write on them so criminating a sentence as that by which he was now confronted.

Mrs. Cornwall, of course observed his embarrassment and naturally construed it as admissive of guilt.

"Charles," she said, "there will not be another day of happiness between us until the mystery of this photograph is solved and until I know who has been sniggering and slobbering over it."

"My dear, don't be silly," said her husband. "If I tell you that I haven't the faintest recollection of having given my photo to anybody, male or female, except yourself and our friends, it ought to be enough. You've no right to doubt my honor and fidelity on account of a trumpery discovery like this and if my assurance cannot satisfy you you must remain unsatisfied. It's unwarranted, it's cruel and it's absurd."

Of course, Mrs. Cornwall fell to sobbing at this unexpected display of spirit and whined out something from Byron to the effect that love was a thing apart from man's life, but that it was woman's whole existence. In which frame of mind the cold-blooded Charlie left her, glad at the success so far of the attitude he had taken up, but by no means so sure of innocence as he made himself out to be. So for two or three days the relationship between man and wife was what in political language would be termed "strained."

About a week afterwards Charlie came in from shooting, and said:

"My dear, I met 'X. Y. Z.' to-day for the first time. He is very anxious to know if we are quite comfortable here and said he hoped very shortly to do himself the honor of paying us a visit."

"H'm! Perhaps the lady whom you so signally favored will come with him," said Mrs. Cornwall, with sarcastic emphasis.

"We shall see," replied her husband. "He didn't say anything about bringing a lady with him. Shall I ask him to?"

"Oh, dear, yes, of course," replied Mrs. Cornwall. "You must be anxious to see one to whom you are ever true and affectionate after all this time. Oh, yes, ask her by all means. It would be such a delicate act of courtesy towards me. What is 'X. Y. Z.'s' name?"

"Fordyce — Richard Fordyce," replied Charlie.

The mention of this name produced a strange effect upon Mrs. Cornwall, which Charlie could not fail to note; the color left her cheeks, her breathing came hard and fast and her fingers began to twitch nervously.

"Well, my dear, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Lucy. "I—I don't feel very well. I think this Scotch air is rather too strong for me. I would like to go south again."

Such a sudden indisposition of one who had been, up to a few seconds previously, in robust health made Charlie Cornwall ponder. Why should the name of Richard Fordyce produce such a strange and immediate effect? Evidently there was something below the surface, and as he had during the past few days undergone an intolerable persecution at the hands of his wife, he was in no mood to leave any stone unturned by which he could turn the tables on her. So he replied:

"Nonsense! Lucy, nonsense! You havn't been here long enough to get accustomed to the air, so don't talk already of going South when we've got two mouths to run. Besides, my dear, I'm curious about this affair of the photograph, and when Fordyce comes I'll ask him if he knows anything about it. Remember, you have made a very grave accusation against me, and although I have not said much, it has been a source of great annoyance and grief to me."

"Oh, never mind about that, Charlie," said his wife; "I haven't been very well for some days and when one isn't well one is apt to be irritable at trifles. Consider it all as unsaid and let us get away from this damp, dreary place."

But Charlie, whose turn it was to be suspicious, insisted that she should give the place a trial of a few days longer, and so, in spite of all her sobbings and entreaties, Mrs. Cornwall had to yield with the best grace she could.

On the very next morning Charlie, as he was smoking his after-breakfast pipe, saw Fordyce coming up the garden, but, for reasons of his own, he did not allow himself to be seen and did not go out to greet his visitor. He listened, however, attentively and after hearing his wife run hastily down-stairs, he heard Mr. Fordyce's cheery voice sing out:

"Why, Lucy! who would have thought of meeting you in this out-of-the-way corner! We haven't seen each other since—"

Here Mrs. Cornwall, interrupting, said: "Hush, Dick, hush! I'm Mrs. Cornwall now. We must not be as we were to each other, for if my husband were to know that we were acquainted I can't think what he would do. As it is, I'm in a dreadful fix on account of a photograph of his which I found upstairs and which—"

At that moment Charlie, who had intently followed the little chap up to this point and who feared that further absence on his part would prevent the truth about the photograph becoming known to him, appeared.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Fordyce," he said, extending his hand. "I don't think you know Mrs. Cornwall—but—"

It was difficult to say who looked the more uncomfortable, Lucy Cornwall or Richard Fordyce, and Charlie, who now saw a chance of being able to pay off long arrears of jealous persecution, enjoyed their embarrassment thoroughly and continued:

"But perhaps you have met before?"

"Y-yes, Mr. Cornwall, I think I once had the pleasure," sheepishly murmured Fordyce.

"Egad!" thought Charlie, "he must have made a jolly good use of that 'once.' I rather think there's something more to come out."

But he only said:

"That's all right, then; I needn't introduce you." And to his wife's relief he went on talking generally about the house and the prospects of the season and of one thing and another, until she was almost lulled into a sense of security and began to think that after all he was not so very anxious to solve the mystery of the photograph. She was not so well pleased, however, when Charlie insisted that Fordyce should come back to dinner after the day's shooting, for she knew very well that men wax very much more eloquent upon certain subjects over their after-dinner claret than in the presence of their wives. So when Fordyce had gone she seized the opportunity and said to Charlie:

"I think it is very inconsiderate of you, Charlie, when I tell you that I don't feel well, to ask a man in to dinner."

"All right, my dear," replied her husband. "You need not turn up if you don't feel equal to it, and we will start for the south to-morrow if you wish it. At the same time I cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary suddenness of your indisposition and its coincidence with the arrival of Mr. Fordyce upon our little world here. But as I have asked him to dinner, I can't put him off and I think he would remark your absence, especially as he seems to be an old friend of yours."

It may be imagined that Mrs. Cornwall passed a sufficiently miserable day. If she could but get hold of Fordyce she might be able to stave off what now seemed inevitable exposure, but he was out on the moors and the only grain of comfort she could extract from the situation was the probability that he would naturally not be particularly eloquent upon a subject which was of rather a delicate character and that Charlie would not get much out of him.

She accordingly appeared at dinner, smothering her anxiety under a mask of affability: and nothing occurred during the process of the meal to render her especially unhappy. But, when she rose to leave the two men to their wine, Charlie said:

"You don't mind smoke, Lucy, and it will be uncommonly dull for you all alone in the drawing room, so stay with us. I am sure Mr. Fordyce will pardon the departure from conventionality in a shooting-box."

Of course both the visitor and Lucy gladly acquiesced.

"Yes, Mr. Fordyce," said Charlie, as if in continuation of a broken-off conversation, "we are exceedingly comfortable here, but we might be a great deal more so if—"

"Now its coming," groaned poor Mrs. Cornwall to herself.

"If," went on Charlie, "you could help us to clear up a mysterious little matter connected with a photograph of myself which Mrs. Cornwall found a few days ago in a drawer up stairs, and for the existence of which I cannot for the life of me account, and which, not unnaturally, makes her a little uneasy."

"What will Dick say, I wonder?" thought Mrs. Cornwall.

"A photograph of you found in a drawer up-stairs?" exclaimed Fordyce, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Charlie. "Lucy, my dear, just run up stairs and bring the photograph for Mr. Fordyce to see."

Mrs. Cornwall rose and left the room. Charlie seized the opportunity and said to his guest:

"Look here, Fordyce, we are men of the world and understand each other. Of course, I see how matters stand, although the presence of that photograph here is such a mystery to me. When I was spooning Lucy I was not such a fool as to believe that a pretty girl like her would have no other admirer but me, and of course I never believed her when she has told me that she never loved any but me. But you see she's very jealous, and now that I have a chance of giving her a lesson I don't want to let it go. Understand, eh?"

Fordyce nodded, and Mrs. Cornwall entered with the photograph, which she handed to him.

"I want you to look at it," said Charlie, in a calm, judicial tone, "because, to be quite candid with you, it has caused a good deal of unpleasantness between us, and when two people marry for love, as we did, and each is the other's first love, such a calamity as ill-feeling ought to be impossible."

Then, turning to Mrs. Cornwall, whose exquisite misery during this expose of the state of affairs to an old flame may be imagined, he said: "All I want to do, my dear, is to clear myself in your eyes by having it plainly proved that this photograph was never given by me to any other woman, as you suspect the case."

Fordyce began his answer with a soar of laughter.

"Well, Mr. Cornwall," he said at length, "you have been so exceedingly candid with me that I must be the same with you."

Mrs. Cornwall's agitation was painful to witness. If she could have frowned, or shaken her head, or touched Fordyce without attracting her husband's attention she would have done so, but she dared not, and braced up for the worst.

Fordyce went on.

"This photograph, Mr. Cornwall, I took from the lady who is now your wife, when I was head-over-heels in love with her."

"That was going on, then, at the same time as my courtship of her," said Charlie, quietly.

"Yes," replied his visitor; "I was a rival of yours, although I did not even know your name."

"And I had no idea that I had a rival," said Charlie, determined that the arrows now wounding his wife should be well barbed.

"Then, when I found that she had a photograph of you," continued Fordyce, "I was jealous, and took it away from her. And then I lost sight of her altogether, although I heard she was married, forgot all about the photo—probably threw it away in my disappointment—and there it has been ever since."

"Now, Mrs. Cornwall," said her husband, with affected severity, "I hope that you are satisfied that at any rate I am not the sinner."

"Oh, yes, Charlie dear, of course I am!" sobbed Lucy; "I've been very cruel and wicked, and I hope you will forgive me!"

CLEVELAND AND THE SEVENTH.

His Insult to the Famous New York Regiment on Its Visit to Washington.

The New York *Sun* gives a prominent place on its editorial page to the following, from the Washington correspondence of the Pittsburg *Dispatch:* Doubtless you have heard of the deplorable confusion into which our society has been thrown by the President's maltreatment of the famous New York 7th regiment. The regiment tendered a serenade to the President, and the President refused to receive such honor. Thereupon the regiment, when it passed in review before the republican sovereign, did not come to the usual "carry arms," which, I am told, is a mark of honor commonly, or invariably, paid to a reviewing officer. The incident is extraordinary, if not alarming. The President is the commander-in-chief of the army. The 7th regiment is a part of the army. The commander insults his soldiers; his soldiers insult him.

I asked a prominent Democrat what reason the President could give for what is termed a gross breach of courtesy. He answered:

"Possibly I should not say so, but the bald truth is the President is not a gentleman. He does not understand, or, if he does, has no respect for social amenities, upon which other public men lay stress. He is sometimes a bit boorish."

My Democratic friend's confidential assertion that Mr. Cleveland is not a gentleman has a far broader basis than his refusal to permit a band of alleged musicians to blow their lungs out for his delectation. Complaints of his treatment of political visitors may be heard almost every hour of the day on the street corners and in hotel corridors. It is reported that on many occasions he has actually invited individuals of this class to take their departure from his presence. There is little that is private or confidential between Mr. Cleveland and the politicians. Things are principally public and brief. I have on numerous occasions heard politicians announce in the hotel corridors that they must go up to see the President, as though it were quite a common thing with them, and they were really on a confidential footing there. I have seen these same politicians return from their visit within half an hour, with faces flushed, not with wine, and making the air blue with profane denunciations of the treatment to which they had been subjected. Mr. Cleveland would not permit them to sit and bore him to their heart's content; therefore he was not a gentleman.

The sole trouble with Mr. Cleveland's manners is that he does not possess the accomplishment of being able to make a man believe that he has been caressed when he has really been kicked. No matter how politely a visitor talks to him, if he does not wish to listen, the visitor is immediately given so to understand. Possibly he has the common sense to make his position as endurable as possible while he remains in it. Certainly he does not aspire to another term. No sane President, ambitious to succeed himself, would conduct his office as Cleveland has. Never before in the history of this country has a President so persistently driven from him the leaders of his party or the manipulators of his party's machinery.

Washington's Modesty.

There is a story told of Washington's first appearance as a member of the House of Burgesses. He was something more than a new member; he was the late commander-in-chief of the Virginia army, the foremost man in a military way, in the province; he had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne, so the House resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military services he had rendered the country. The speaker, Mr. Robinson, rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a little speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the House. Every one applauded and waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood, blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough, and he could even say what was necessary to Mrs. Martha Custis; but to address the House of Burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks—that was another matter! Not a plain word could he get out. It was a capital answer, and the Speaker interpreted it to the House.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he. "Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."—*St. Nicholas.*

Passing by an Empty Coffin.

A conversation has just been made public between a newspaper man and a professional embalmer at Cleveland, in connection with the death of Pres. Garfield. The embalmer said that the person who treated Garfield's remains made a mistake, and used the wrong fluid, which turned the flesh a black color. He said the mistake was not discovered until the body arrived at Cleveland. The undertakers then spent all night trying to bleach the face of the President so that it would be recognizable by those who viewed it next day. But the discoloration could not be eradicated. "Sunday morning," he said, "found us still at work." It also found thousands of people in line ready to pass through the pavilion and past the catafalque. It was too late to get the remains back into the casket. All that day and far into the night the crowds passed by that empty casket. The remains were placed back on Sunday night and duly taken to the cemetery on Monday. The story has long been current in the profession. You can give it to the public if you like."

How She Worked It.

He had been courting a girl for a long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "George," she murmured with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me." "Speak, darling; what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough." The sequel is stated in the preface.

Humor.

PECK'S REAL BOY.

A Little Story from Chinatown About His Pa's Tribulations.

San Francisco Examiner.

"G. W. Peck and family, Milwaukee," is the way they are registered at the Palace. Detective Jackson thinks that there are about ten boys, all of the same size, in the family, while the elevator men will swear there are not less than 22. In fact, there is but one, but he makes himself very numerous, and his fund of conversation is apparently inexhaustible.

"Say, bub, his giblets wants a cocktail brought to his room right away," said the bad boy to a bell boy yesterday, as he carelessly stuck a piece of toothpick in the electric bell connected with the elevator and brought the machine up flying.

"What giblets?" asked the bell boy, after the elevator man had been pacified and returned to his labors. "In this house there are 48 nibs, 34 nobs, 13 jags, 12 cutlets and 8 giblets. Which one do you mean?"

"Well, you are a chump," and the bad boy looked at the bell-boy with pity in his eye. "Why, I mean my pa. You must know my pa. He's the big, stout dunce who came in last night with his necktie under his right ear and tried to shampoo himself with a hand grenade." "Oh, yes, I know him now," said the bell-boy. "He's the gentleman I helped to his room, and who tried to borrow a dollar off me to pay the bureau."

"That's the old boy," assumed the bad boy. "Did you hear why he got full? You didn't? Well, you ought to have been along with us last night, and you'd a died. It was awful funny. Pa got into the worst fix you ever see. You know, pa and ma and me went up to Chinatown last night. Pa he paid that fat policeman down stairs $10 to see us through, cos the clerk with the fuzzy black whiskers and foreign dialeck said he was the best in town. The policeman he wore a diamond and a high hat, and ma thought she would surely be introduced to some Chinese princes. So she put on her fine fixins, and pa he bloomed out in a white necktie and gray gloves. I tell you they were just galumptious. When we got to Chinatown and went into a place the policeman called Colonee alley pa and ma were just paralyzed. Pa thought the sewer must have bust, and ma said that something must have crawled in and died. The boy that works in the carriage office down stairs told me the other day that Chinatown smelt awful, and I put some of ma's perfume on my handkerchief, so I didn't notice it. I would have told pa and ma, only I heard pa tell the policeman that he wanted to enjoy it and I thought I'd let him. I don't think it right for boys to interfere with their parents' enjoyment, do you? Well, after awhile the policeman he saw that ma was getting sick and told pa that he would take us right into the Chinee theater.

"Well, he dragged ma ahead with him down into the cellar and through a lot of dark alleys, pa and me follering right behind. Pretty soon we come up into a big room with a lot of Chinamen and women sitting about all rigged up in funny-looking clothes and painted up to the teeth. Pa got stuck on a dizzy Chinee daisy and went over to give her the business, while ma was looking at one of the bulliest daggers you ever saw. The policeman told me then that all the women was men, and that pa's mash was the healthy young galoot who gave two fellers named Sconchin and Cook the slip when they tried to get him arrested for coming to this country. Then the policeman told me to tell pa and ma, when we went on the stage to see the acting, not to applaud, because the Chinese don't like it. Well, he said it so quick and offhand like that I thought he was foolin'. I always thought that actors liked applause, and asked pa if they didn't. He said yes, of course, and asked me to applaud when his mash appeared.

"Pa went on the stage first with the policeman, and I whispered to ma not to make any noise. I never saw so many Chinese in all my life. The theater was jammed, and the Chinese were packed like sardines. We stood there for a little while before pa's mash came out, but pa was watching for her. Suddenly it came waltzing out, and struck an attitude. 'Ah-h-h,' howled my pa. 'Bravo! Hooray!' and he clapped his hands and stamped like he was crazy.

"Well, I thought the house would fall in. The policeman and ma was not near enough to stop him, and, in a minute, the whole house was yelling perfectly awful. Pa thought they was chipping in with him, and yelled louder than before. Then he took off his hat and hollered for three cheers. That settled it. About 300 Chinamen, yelling and screeching, jumped on pa. The policeman rustled ma and me out a side door. Then he went back after pa. But before he got in pa came out awful sudden. It looked as if somebody must have helped him. He landed clean across the alley in a fish shop. When the policeman picked him up he looked real bad. Ma thought he was dead and screamed. I tell you he looked like a crazy quilt. All his clothes was ripped into a hundred pieces. His hat was busted down over his eyes and his collar was walking over it. He wanted to die, but me and the policeman carried him to a hack and got home.

"After he was put to bed for three hours he felt better and went down stairs to talk with the policeman. I went to Ma and told her I felt sick and wanted to sleep in her room. That's why he couldn't find me when he came up again. So he went down and got full. Oh, pa's a terror. There goes his bell; you'd better get that cocktail quick. He broke a bell-boy's leg in St. Louis. See you later," and the bad boy wandered down-stairs to talk with the carriage boy."

A Popular Endorsement.

"William," said the President to the postmaster-general, "I see by the papers that your home city of Madison has elected a Republican mayor."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"It is very gratifying to me, William, to see how generally our party is approving of the idea that public office is a public trust, and is working to fill the minor and clerical positions with the best men, irrespective of party. This evidence of endorsement in the form of a popular vote at your old home is especially pleasing to me, William, and if you will touch that bell by your hand we will lubricate our joy with a little old-fashioned exhilaration, and drink to the health of this Mr. Keyes."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Too Much Grief.

"What's the news in your town?"

"Well, nothing much, except that the widow Snickers ran away with a barber."

"With a barber?"

"Yes, and a nigger at that, as black as the ace of spades."

"You don't say so. How do you suppose she came to do that?"

"I can't say, unless perhaps it is because she is wearing black yet for her husband. I guess she wanted to preserve the unities by running away with a negro instead of a white man."

A Sad Case.

"I see that you are in mourning again. Have you had another death in the family?" said a gentleman to an Austin widow.

"Not that I know of. The last death in my family was that of my husband about a month ago."

"But last week you were dressed in bright colors."

"Yes, but that was a special occasion. I was going on an excursion with some gentlemen. Now that that is over, I have resumed my habiliments of woe," and here the poor creature broke down and sobbed convulsively.

Rings in Her Teeth.

Monsieur Toto, aged 7 (to his second cousin, Miss Helen, whose mother has been compelled to rely greatly upon the dentist's art for the preservation of her molars and incisors):

"My eye! what a rich woman your mamma must be!"

"Why?"

"Why, she even wears gold rings on her teeth."

An Experienced Hand.

Macbeth Simmons, an Onion Creek farmer, has started a hog ranch. He hired Si Jackson, a colored man, to assist him.

"I hope we will get along well together, Si."

"I knows we will get along all right, boss. I'se had a heap ob sperience dealin' wid hogs."

One Lecture Spoiled.

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble; "Ergo"—then he stopped to take breath.

"Well, let ergo," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.

HER BEAUTIFUL LOCKS.

A Texas Belle Cuts Her Curls Off As Mementoes for College Students.

Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin, immediately after the students of the University of Texas had gone home for their Easter vacation, appeared in public with her hair cut very short. Meeting her at a ball, Miss Birdie McGinnis, who is a rival belle, said, in a voice of horror:

"Why, my dearest Esmeralda, you look like a perfect fright. How did you come to cut off your beautiful locks?"

"It wasn't my fault," said Esmeralda, blushing violently, "the University kids, Tom Anjerry and the rest of them, are to blame for it."

"What have they got to do with it?"

"Every one wanted a lock of my hair to take home with them, and I couldn't refuse them," said Esmeralda, blushing still more violently.

"I believe it. I know your mouth never utters a lie," replied Birdie.

"Thank you, Birdie."

"Do you know why your mouth never utters a lie?"

"No."

"Because you do all your talking through your nose."

And now they never pass as they speak by.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Partial Judge.

A man applied to the Governor of Dakota for a pardon for a man then serving a term in the penitentiary.

"On what grounds do you ask for a pardon?" inquired the governor.

"That the judge who sentenced him was prejudiced."

"That is hardly probable."

"But I can prove it."

"Well, go ahead."

"The man had once traded horses with the judge who wanted a very gentle horse. He highly recommended the animal and said he could warrant it not to kick. The next morning the judge went out and found it dead."

"Yes, I see."

"The judge told the man about it and he went over and looked at the horse and then he tickled its hind legs with a straw and turned and said: 'Well, I calculate that hoss is just as gentle as I said he was; I still claim he wont kick a fly. Just bring your children right out and let 'em play with him, judge.' The judge chased him out of the barn with a four-tined pitchfork but didn't catch him. Shortly after he got a whack at him on a trial and sent him up."

"Well," said the governor, "I think he must have been prejudiced—I'll write out a pardon for your man."—*Estelline Bell.*

How He Could Take a Terrible Revenge.

"Life," said the cynic, "Life is not worth living."

"No?" said the damsel at his side. "Why?"

"Life is a bore. Human nature is so tame, insipid, ridiculous, in all except the vicious classes. Society in the accepted sense does not live, my dear Miss Jones. It passes the time."

"And has lots of fun sometimes."

"Never. It believes it has fun; but it's very sorry, stupid, dull fun. I am a cynic. People bore me to death. Of course there are exceptions, such as you—but—others. They talk and talk and talk, and I—I sit and listen, and think what empty, brainless things men and women are. They weary me."

"Well, why don't you take your revenge?"

"How?"

"Talk back to them."

And the cynic grinned a sickly grin and dropped the subject.

A Man can Love More than One Woman

There is a commission of Mormon women from Utah in Washington to seek redress from the wrongs of the Mormon church.

In reply to a question as to what made the church of the Latter Day Saints so fascinating to women, Mrs. Wells, the chairman, said:

"We feel that the doctrines are the truth, and feel like clinging to them at any sacrifice. I know there is more liberty for women in the Mormon church than in any other in the world. The women vote not only upon all political questions, but upon religious tenets as well. We believe in pre-existence and future state of progression, and the discipline of plural wives is a corrective to supreme selfishness. Mormons believe that a man can love more than one woman just as a mother's love is not confined to one child."

He Sent in His Bill.

Indignant Father—Here is a pretty state of things.

"What's the matter?"

"A young doctor who has been engaged to my daughter for the last two years, and been calling on her almost every evening, has broken off the match."

"Well, I expect it is a good thing to get rid of him."

"I don't mind his breaking off the match, but the scoundrel has the cheek to send me in a bill for all the calls he has made on her."—*Texas Siftings.*

Dental Note.

"I want this tooth pulled. I just can't stand this any longer."

"But, my dear sir, I am not a dentist."

"What in thunder are you?"

"I am an oculist. I attend to the eyes, not the teeth."

"Well, that's all right. Get to work. This is an eye-tooth that's bothering me."

Simplicity of a Ten Year Old.

"If England is our mother country, is India our father country?" asked a promising pupil the other day.

"No, indeed; why do you ask such a question?"

"Nothing, only I see it's Farther India on the map."

He was only ten, and said it in good faith.

From the Poetical to the Real.

A Chicago girl sat pensively at the window, gazing upon the blue sky and tumbling waves of the emerald lake.

"What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her father, who was reading the market reports.

"Building castles, papa," she sighed. "Castles in the air."

"Well, don't do it, my child; you can't mortgage buildings like that for a darned cent."

He Made Them Twice Glad.

Mr. De Garmo—And so you like my friend Rankin? I knew you would.

Miss Eugenia—Yes, he always makes us twice glad when he calls.

Mr. De Garmo—Ah, that's very nice. I'll have to tell Rankin that. But how twice glad, Miss Eugenia?

Miss Eugenia—Oh, glad when he comes, and glad when he goes. You must tell him, Mr. De Garmo.—*Tid-Bits.*

The Early-Closing Movement.

Amelia—What is this early-closing movement, pa?

Pa—It's a movement to shut up houses about three hours earlier every day. All humbug! I am opposed to it.

"I'm not; I think it's right."

"Do you? Very well; then I'll begin to-night. When George calls tell him the hour for adjournment will be sharp 9 instead of midnight."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Manager's Golden Star.

Theatrical Agent (casually)—Well, John how goes the show?

Manager (elated)—Splendidly. Have a full house every night.

Agent (complacently)—You ought to be thankful for that in these hard times.

Manager (assentingly)—Oh, yes; I thank my stars.—*The Judge.*

A Distinction.

"What are the Blenkinsop girls in mourning for?"

"Their parrot."

"In mourning for a parrot! Why, it's a positive sacrilege."

"Oh, but this one could repeat the Lord's Prayer, you know."—*Town Topics.*

The Question Answered.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked a passenger on the elevated road of the stranger at his side.

"Yes," replied the other, after glancing at his watch. And he resumed his paper.—*Tid-Bits.*

Why He Gave Up Literature.

Hostess—And so you are giving up the literary profession. May I ask why?

Talented Author—Oh, well, you know, it takes up such a lot of time, and, besides, I have my living to earn.—*Judge.*

She Was Near-Sighted.

"You're not dancing, Miss Plumpington. Shall I get you a partner?"

Miss Plumpington—Oh, I always get plenty of partners; but I'm rather near-sighted, you know, and somehow I can never manage to find them!

Miscellany.

A NEW STORY,

Showing the Important Part Women Sometimes Play in Public Affairs.

Grant and Hancock, although able to command and hold in absolute obedience hundreds of thousands of men, took back seats when they were at home. Perhaps you do not know how the unfriendly feeling arose between Grant and Hancock. It is a most interesting story, and extends back before the war, when Grant and Hancock were both young men. Both were stationed at St. Louis at the time I refer to, and neither of them had been married a great while. Mrs. Hancock came from a southern family. Her feelings were all that way, while Mrs. Grant, on the other hand, was intensely northern. At that time the Hancocks moved in little better circles than the Grants. There never was good feeling between them, and Mrs. Hancock snubbed Mrs. Grant, a fact which Mrs. Grant never forgave. After the war Grant came to Washington with his family to establish his headquarters there. They went to Willard's Hotel, but the bills were too high for the general's purse, so he told his wife that he would like to go to housekeeping, and asked her at the same time to select a proper residence. Mrs. Grant went out and finally decided that Gen. Hancock and Mrs. Hancock were occupying the house which she would like. She went home and told her husband, and he made out the necessary order. You see Grant outranked Hancock, and was entitled to the house according to precedent and established usage. Mrs. Hancock, however, was not to be outdone by Mrs. Grant, so she persuaded her husband to write a sharp note to the general. Then came Mrs. Grant's turn. She made up her mind to have that house or die, although there were a thousand other houses just as good in the city, so she influenced her husband to reply in kind to Hancock. There was quite a correspondence, but Grant, of course, came out ahead and got the house. A few days afterward Grant and Hancock met in the street. Grant extended his hand as though nothing had happened, for he was not a man to bear ill-will against another for some petty, foolish thing, but Hancock deliberately turned his back upon him. When the assignment of division came, later, Grant sent Hancock way up in Minnesota, where he kept him six years. Meade was given the Division of the Atlantic, with authority to establish his headquarters either at Philadelphia or New York. As Meade was a Pennsylvanian, he chose Philadelphia. After Meade's death, Grant assigned Hancock to the command of the division of the Atlantic, with authority to establish his headquarters either at Philadelphia or New York, in precisely the same language as had been given to Meade. As Hancock was also a Pennsylvanian, the Philadelphia people supposed that the headquarters would remain where they were. Mrs. Hancock, however, remembered that the Philadelphians had given Meade a house in that city, and that they had neglected to similarly remember her husband. She determined that the headquarters should be transferred to New York, and transferred they were, and remain so unto this day. Women have more to do with national affairs than you have any idea.—*Boston Traveller.*

How to Catch Whales.

"What is the process of catching whales?" inquired the reporter.

"With the harpoon," he responded, "to which is attached a gun containing a bomb. As soon as the harpoon strikes the whale the gun is discharged and the bomb explodes, its contents entering the mammoth and sometimes instantly killing it, but often wounding it so that it goes down, often as far as 40 fathoms, and they die under water. If it dies on top the body remains floating."

"What is done when the whale dives?"

"Oh, they pay out the line, and the fishers await his coming to the top. But frequently he has to be hauled up."

"Is their much danger in the business of whale killing?"

"A great deal, sometimes. The animal—we oftener call him an animal than a fish—is maddened by the wound and furiously lashes the water, many times upsetting the boats and ducking and sometimes drowning his assailants."

"After the killing, what is done with the animal?"

"When he reaches the top, and after he is dead, he is cut up and landed on the deck of the vessel. There the carcass is put through the process of being rendered into oil and extracting the bones."

"How is that done?"

"The blubber is cut into pieces about two feet long and six inches wide; these chunks are again sliced and put into pots and rendered for oil. All the bone taken out is the jaw. This latter is purchased by an extensive French firm, who convert it into threads, dresses, fans and numerous other articles. An immense business is carried on in whalebones, and fortunes have been made by those engaging in it."

"What do you suppose a single whale will yield?"

Oh, I guess about $5,000."—*Salt Lake Herald.*

A New York Street Scene.

A little girl moved stiffly around the corner of Twenty-eighth street the other day as I was walking up Madison avenue, and proceeded ahead of me, with an air of infinite dignity and exclusiveness. She was about 13 years of age and she had caught the straight back fever from her elder sisters. She wore a jacket and turban of violent red, long gloves, high heeled boots and a short dress. Her elbows were held close to her sides and shoved so far back that they looked like the wings of a roast chicken from a profile view. She held her hands against her waist on either side and her head was thrown back in the most unnaturally strained position. She was so excessively square shouldered that it pulled her all out of gear and she strutted up the street the most extraordinary illustration of a graceful girl gone wrong that I have ever seen. Girls of her age usually attract attention on account of their free and careless carriage. Its utter lack of affectation is its chiefest charm. The spectacle of the cast-iron and automaton-like girl who stalked in front of me was therefore unusually noticeable. When I spoke of it afterward to a woman of mature years and much experience she smiled pityingly and said: "Why, you don't blame the poor child for that, do you? It was the result of her corsets, you know. They are made especially to attain that pose, and very many girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age are laced into them by their mothers. It certainly does give the children a very stylish look." All of which shows how little real knowledge a bachelor ever attains in this world, no matter how earnest and conscientious a searcher after truth he may be.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mexicans Develop Early.

Mexicans may be slow in many things, but not slow to love. The laws of Mexico claim girls at 12 and boys at 13 years are eligible to marriage, and it is not an unusual sight to see a woman who looks no more than 35 a great-grandmother. As children the Mexicans are rather pretty, but when a girl passes 20 she gets "mucho-mucho" avoirdupois, and at 30 she sports a mustache and "galways" that would cause young bachelors in the states to turn green with envy. The men, on the contrary, are slim and wiry and do not boast of their hirsute charms, especially when in company with women, as they have little desire to call attention to the contrast, and the diamond ring finds other means of display than stroking and twisting an imaginary mustache. Yet this exchange of charms interferes in no way with love-making, and the young man waits sweet kisses from his finger-tips to the fair—no, dark—damsel and enjoys it as much as if that black, silky down on her lip were fringing the gateway to his stomach.

A Modern Mrs. Malaprop.

One of the most prominent of the society ladies in Washington, and the wife of a gentleman who has the reputation of being the wealthiest man in the city, is saying so many peculiar things as to give her the name of Mrs. Malaprop. A familiar question at all social gatherings here is, "Have you heard the latest from Mrs. So-and-So?" The last amusement she created was by remarking to a friend that she spent the afternoon in "perangulating" through her own house looking after cockroaches, and a few days before, while conveasing with a lady caller upon Mrs. James Brown Potter's visit, she asked if the lady wrote her name with a diphthong between Brown and Ootter. It is said also that she recently sent her compliments to one of the lady physicians in the city suggesting that if she would send her some of her business cards she would take pleasure in distributing them among her friends.

MISS FOLSOM'S DRESSES.

The Trousseau Ordered in Paris by the President's Pretty Little Fiancee.

Miss Folsom and her mother are at present in Paris busy buying the former's trousseau. They leave their hotel after a 10 o'clock breakfast, and although you may stand at one of the windows to see them and strain your eyes to see how looks the future mistress of the White House, your curiosity is only rewarded by a fleeting vision of maiden loveliness clad in a long, pale fawn paletot lined with baby-blue silk, a hat of the same color, shaded by long pale-blue plumes, beneath which shine a pair of merry long-lashed eyes that look brown and gray and blue at different times, and a tiny pair of bronze boots that disappear quickly in the coupe.

One or two girl friends are the only ones admitted to view the exquisite gowns and laces, the underwear, hats and bonnets, gloves and lingerie and the many other articles that have been purchased, and which require the entire time of a maid to unpack for examination and repack again for their trip across the Atlantic.

The wedding dress is of course one of the most interesting costumes in the trousseau, but none known by that special name has been or is being made. However, an exquisite white dress that will serve admirably for a full-dress wedding is being made by Worth. It is of white faille francaise silk, has a court train three yords long, the front is draped with duchess lace, the corsage is cut square and has elbow sleeves, and a quantity of tulle has been ordered with the dress, which makes it look as though it were to be for the wedding. In any case it will be worn at one of the first wedding receptions.

The underwear and lingerie which are being made by a special firm, are entirely of very fine cambric and linen, and with the exception of two sets, are trimmed with Valenciennes lace. These two are done in Torchon and Brussels lace made by hand.

A lovely morning or boudoir gown, which shows the refined taste of Miss Folsom, is made by Pingat. It is of sky-blue surah silk, with a lining of rose-pink satin, and is trimmed with a profusion of creamy Valenciennes lace and pink ribbon, jabotted down in front.

Several ball dresses have been ordered, but very few are shown. One that will probably create a sensation in Washington is of a pale yellow tint, and is made similar to one recently ordered by a Russian princess. It has a gorgeous train of silver brocade, with panels of violet velvet, the bodice is cut heart-shaped, and has a little vest embroidered in pink roses.

Of the boots and shoes, slippers and gloves ordered by this demure little American there is no end. It would seem as though the President would not have to buy her a pair for years to come, but they will probably be worn out before next winter. She wears a No. 6 glove and all of them are in the Suede style, and most of them of undressed kid.

Low-heeled and high-heeled shoes in kid and bronze, tiny slippers in every hue of satin and brocade, silk and lace, covers a long stand in her dressing room. A pair has been ordered for each costume, and with the hats and bonnets, wraps and jackets she will be fitted out like a princess.

I must not forget one charming little cloth dress. It is of pale gray tricot, has a plain skirt, very long and bouffant drapery and a pointed bodice with a vest of gray velvet. The wrap that accompanies this is of yak lace the same color and is lined with rose satin.

Mrs. Folsom and her daughter have taken their rooms until the middle of May, and it is probable that they will remain later.

APPLE TREES IN LOVE.

Marvelous Transformation in Prosaic Orchards in the Month of May.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Love is evermore father of poetry, and the month of May finds the orchard no longer a plain, sober, business affair, but the gayest and most radiant frolicker of the year. We have seen human creatures whose ordinary life was dutiful and prosaic, but when some extraordinary excitement or grief, or, more likely, of deep love, had thoroughly mastered them, they broke forth into a richness of feeling, an inspiration of sentiment, that mounted up into the very kingdom of beauty, and for the transient hour they glowed in the elements of poetry. And so to us seems an apple tree. From June to May it is a homely, duty-performing, sober, matter-of-fact tree. But May seems to stir up a love heat in its veins.

The old round-topped, crooked-trunked and ungainly-bowed fellow drops all world-ways, and takes to itself a new idea of life. Those little stubbed spurs that all the year had seemed like rheumatic fingers or thumbs and fingers stiffened and stubbed by work, now are transformed. Forth put they a little head of buds, which a few rains and days of encouraging warmth solicit to a cluster of blossoms. At first rosy and pink, then opening purely white. And now where is your old homely tree? All its crookedness is hidden by the sheets of blossoms. The whole top is changed to a royal dome. The liberal, fruit-bearing tree is transfigured, and glows with raiment whiter and purer than any white linen. It is a marvel and a glory! What if you have seen it before, ten thousand times over? An apple tree in full blossom is like a message, sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. We are never tired of looking at its profusion. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree.

Widows With Great Pensions.

The mother of General McPherson receives $50 a month, and that amount is also paid to the widows of twenty-six deceased Generals of the late war—Hackleman, Richardson, Wallace, Plumer, Stevens, Baker, Whipple, Sumner, Bedwell, Harris, Berry, Lovell, Anderson, Canby, Thomas, Heintzleman, Stanley, Mitchell, Casey, Taylor, Rosseau, Custer, French Ramsey and Warren. The widows of Admirals Wood, Reynolds, Hooffe, Bell Davis, Winslow, Paulding, Rodgers, Spotts and Goldboro, and of the Commodores Gallagher, Frailey, McCaulley McCaver and quest, of the navy, receive a similar amount, as do the widows of Cols. Harris, Delaney and Twiggs, of the marine corps. The only widow of a civilian drawing a pension is Mrs. A. B. Meacham, whose husband was a chief of the Modoc peace commission, and was crippled for life in the massacre of 1873, when Gen. Canby was killed. She receives a pension of $30 a month, granted by Congress in 1883. The pension of $2,000 a year that has been voted to Mrs. Hancock is the largest paid to the widow of any soldier except Mrs. Grant, who receives the $5,000 a year granted to the widows of Presidents—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler, and Mrs. Garfield. The widow of General and ex-Senator Shields receives the next largest sum, $1,200 a year, granted to her by a special act of Congress in 1879.

Paper from Sugar Cane.

Until recently sugar cane was looked upon as practically worthless also, and was permitted to go to waste by the thousands of tons. In pursuing some investigations a short time ago for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether the fiber of the cane could not be used in the manufacture of bagging, a gentleman found properties which convinced him that paper could be made of the stalk if suitable machinery could be devised for reducing it to a pulp. After many discouragements the task was accomplished, and of the first batch of pulp manufactured a northern paper mill recently made enough sugar cane paper to print one edition of the New Orleans *Picayune.*

A copy of the paper now in hand is substantial and tough, with fair color and smooth surfaces. It is claimed for it that it will be specially desirable for use on fast printing presses, and that its manufacture, which is now regarded as a permanent enterprise, will add largely to the wealth of Louisiana, as well as tend still further to simplify the problem of paper making.

Remembered it in His Sleep.

George Moore, a clerk in an Augusta, Me., hotel, has been in the habit of writing every night an order for the porter to call Andrew Jack, a railway postal clerk, who goes out on an early train, at 4:30 in the morning. The other night Moore dreamed that he had not put down the order. He thought he saw Jack stagger up to the depot with an immense load of mail bags just as the train was drawing out, and the sight of the mail clerk's efforts to catch the train so impressed him that he awoke. He hurried down stairs to make sure that the order had been written. It had not been. He looked at the clock. It was just 4:30. Then he went and called Jack himself, to be sure that the dream shouldn't come true.

BY MISTAKE.

How Horace Greeley Came to Be Nominated Instead of David Davis.

"Did you know," said a New York member of Congress, "that the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency in 1872 was the result of a blunder, and that those who were surprised the most were the very people who had done the most to bring it about? It is an interesting story. If you remember, it required great effort on the part of Lyman Trumbull, Carl Schurz and the other friends of the liberal movement to enlist Mr. Greeley's sympathies in the cause. When he did so, however, we Democrats felt that we had secured a powerful ally, and our hearts warmed, as it were, to our old enemy of the *Tribune.* Shortly after this the Democratic-Liberal convention was held at Cincinnati. The New York delegation was not pledged to any candidate, but the prevailing sentiment was that David Davis, of Illinois, would be the most acceptable man to pit against Gen. Grant. Mr. Davis was very popular with the moneyed classes of the East. He was a man of high character and broad attainments, and we believed his candidacy would give us a good fighting chance of securing the electoral vote of Illinois. But we felt very grateful to Mr. Greeley. We decided, therefore, that we would give him a complimentary vote in the convention as an expression of our kindly regard. We went out to Cincinnati in a special train, with drums beating and flags flying, 72 delegates, and probably 200 others who had no business there, but wanted to see the fun. As soon as we arrived we began talking Greeley. This was done for a lark, you must remember, but we talked about him so much that we soon started a great boom for him. We concluded, however, that this would do us no harm, and that, at the proper moment, he could be quietly set aside, when we would bend our energies, first, to the nomination of David Davis, or, failing in that, the nomination of Charles Francis Adams. The Kentucky delegation was headed by Cassius M. Clay. They had no candidate, but they had heard so much talk about Horace Greeley around New York headquarters that they believed we were honestly in favor of the old man, and, to our horror, when that state was called, what did Clay do but announce that Kentucky cast her 26 votes for Horace Greeley. As we had pledged our first vote to Mr. Greeley we were bound to make good the promise, and when New York's 72 votes followed Kentucky's 26 the Convention became wild with excitement, and from that time until the roll-call was finished nothing could be heard but shouts for Greeley. We attempted to check the tide on the next ballot, but it was too late. Greeley was nominated on the second ballot, and the maddest set of men in Cincinnati that night were the members of the New York delegation, whose choice was David Davis of Illinois."

SUNFLOWERS FOR FUEL.

The Ingenious Scheme of a Dakota Man Who Can't Get Wood or Coal.

I grow one acre of them every year, and have plenty of fuel for the stove the whole year round, and use some in the other stove besides. I plant them in hills the same as corn (only three seeds to the hill), and cultivate the same as corn. I cut them when the leader or top flower is ripe, letting them lay on the ground two or three days. In that time I cut off all the seed heads, which are put into an open shed with a floor in it, the same as a corn crib.

The stalks are then hauled home and packed in a common shed with a good roof on it. When cut in the right time the stalks, when dry, are hard as oak, and make a good hot fire, while the seed heads, with the seed in, make a better fire than the best hard coal. The seed, being very rich in oil, will burn better and longer, bushel to bushel, than hard coal. The sunflower r very hard on land.

"The piece of ground selected to plant on should be highly enriched with manure. In the great steppes (prairie) region in the interior of Russia and in Tartary, where the winters are more severe than here in Dakota, the sunflowers are and have been for centuries past the only kind of fuel used.—*Cheyenne Sun.*

Discount My Bills.

"I make it a rule to discount my bills in 30 days," said a well known retail merchant in Northern Ohio, who recently was in this market buying goods. "My discounts add considerably to my profits in the course of a year. I buy oftener and smaller bills than under the old system of purchasing new goods only twice a year, spring and fall. Prompt paying has caused me to buy with more caution and judgment.

"I carefully make out a memorandum of what I want and adhere to it. I try to take no chances on the goods I intend to pay cash down for, or inside of a month. I buy the goods that please myself and my trade, and not what pleases the jobber or the salesman to sell me. I ask no favors in the way of credit, and am therefore independent and can buy where it best suits me."

"How did you get in the condition where you could buy for cash?" was our inquiry. "Had you a large capital to commence with?" To which he replied: "My original capital at the start was less than $400. I made money by saving it. I had no clerk for the first two years, doing all my own work. I was economical in my store and living expenses, and always have been.

"I have been selling goods for 25 years, and have made money every year. I have never indorsed a note nor bet on a horse race. I have always found enough to do in taking care of my business and of my profits."—*N. Y. Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Birds Driven to Sea by High Winds.

A curious illustration of the recent exceptional easterly weather over Great Britain is furnished by the meteorological log of the ship Timaru. Capt. Fullarton, her master, reports that on March 15, the noon position of his ship being latitude 48 degrees 31 minutes north, longitude 8 degrees 16 minutes west, "a great many small land birds came about the ship, and about 60, evidently tired out, were put into a coop on board." Altogether more than 70 birds took refuge on the Timaru, having been driven out to sea by the protracted and high northeast and easterly gales. Others hovered around the vessel for some time and fell into the sea exhausted.

It seems at first a little strange that these birds should have been exhausted by a journey of less than 200 miles. As the Challenger was crossing the Pacific in August last, 1875, a flock of about twenty swallows alighted on the rigging of the vessel when she was almost 400 miles from the Japanese coast. The fatality attending the birds alighting on the ship Timaru may, however, be accounted for by the severity and violence of the cold gales on which they were borne, while the Japanese birds had perhaps taken a rest on floating logs before they finally came to rest on the rigging of the Challenger.

He Fired the Last Shot.

Nap. Casby fired the last gun of the war on the Confederate side in Gen. Lee's army. At the time of the surrender of Appomattox the Federals and Confederates were drawn up in lines facing each other, and but a few feet apart. The latter were almost starved, having been without food for several days. While the terms of surrender were being adjusted, some very good hogs came along near the line, and, as soon as discovered by Casby, he raised his gun and shot one of them. The shooting of the animal created intense excitement for a brief time, as it was generally supposed that a conflict had been opened by the two opposing forces. The facts soon became known, and Casby was allowed to take his "forage" for the benefit of himself and friends.—*Baltimore American.*

George's Long Head.

Tact is the lubricant that makes sliding down the baluster of life easy. She had two adorers, and, as is usual, halted between two opinions. Henry loved her well, but George's head was the longer, as the sequel shows: "Speaking of memories," cried Lucille, "why I can remember when I used to play with dolls and make mud-pies in the lane." "What a wonderful memory!" exclaimed the foolish Henry, admiringly. "Pshaw! Wonderful to recall that which occurred so few years ago?" spoke George of the long head, and the next time Henry spoke to her she snubbed him.

Why Senator Spooner Does Not Drink.

Spooner is not a teetotaler, and has never had much to say one way or the other about temperance; but it is a fact that he never touches a drop of liquor of any kind. Whenever he is questioned about it and about the general subject of temperance he replies indifferently: "I have three boys that I love. They have never smelled liquor in my breath, and they never shall." That's the only temperance argument that he has ever made.—*Galveston News.*

Recent Literature.

The present agitated condition of affairs in this country, as well as in the Old World, renders everything connected with its social and economic relations of the greatest interest, even to those who care little for the questions of the hour. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have recently issued a volume entitled "Triumphant Democracy, or Fifty Years' March of the Republic," by Andrew Carnegie, who was, he says, "born the subject of the monarchy, adopted a citizen of the Republic," and is therefore, through love for both lands, well fitted to understand how much each owes to the other. Many interesting facts are given regarding the past and present of the United States, which it will be well to read and reflect upon. The style is easy and pleasant, and while necessary statistics are given they are not rendered burdensome or tedious. The clear typography makes it attractive to the eye. Sold for $2.00.

Of making many books upon the labor question there seems no end at the present time, and it is little wonder since the subject is so forcibly brought and kept before the mind by recent occurrences. The Scribner's have just brought out "Labor, Land and Law; A Search for the Missing Wealth of the Working Poor," by W. A. Phillips. The author has put into readable shape what is known of land tenure among men, and has traced the effect of the various forms of landholding on the industrial interests of the world. The different forms of employing and remunerating or robbing labor have also been described, and also the organization of capital, the formation and growth of guilds, trades unions and labor societies are considered. The writer seems to have given close attention to the economic questions of the day, and to have made an effort to treat the whole subject with fairness and sincerity. $2.50.

The same house issues in paper covers for 25 cents "The Mark of Cain," by Andrew Lang, a story with a well worked out plot, in which the actors all meet with their just deserts and are disposed of in a way to please the reader. It will while away an idle hour very pleasantly.

White, Stokes & Allen, New York, send out "Bugle-Echoes," which is a collection of poems of the civil war written both in the North and South, and by many different authors. The revived and growing interest in everything pertaining to the great struggle will, doubtless, make this volume a welcome contribution to the literature of the time. Considerable care seems to have been exercised in the choice of poems, the work having been commended for the collector's own use, but attaining such proportions as to cause it to be given to the public in its present form. The volume should find a ready sale among the old soldiers.

The "Lake and Forest Series" of books issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston, has acquired a popularity which it well deserves, and which will not be detracted from by the volume now before us. It is entitled "Down the West Branch, or Camps and Tramps Around Katahdin," and is the story of a trip through one of the wildest regions of Maine, by several members of the "Lake and Forest Club." The author, Capt. Charles J. Ferrar, is already well known by several works of a similar character, which have made Maine familiar to his interested young readers, and the latter will find much entertainment in this volume. Some exciting incidents are narrated, and one merges into a drama that involves the whole party, and gives them some unusual experiences. The volume is fully illustrated.

The same house brings out "A Winter in Central America and Mexico," by Helen J. Sandborn. The author, with her father, journeyed through this quiet unknown country, not for pleasure but upon a business expedition, but she evidently kept her eyes open to a good purpose. This record of their wanderings is exceedingly interesting, treating as it does of a people, and their mode of life, who have been little visited and rarely written about. Miss Sandborn has an easy, pleasant style of composition which renders her book an agreeable companion for a leisure hour.

"Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses" is another of those excellent handbooks issued by Lee & Shepard for practical use in the education of children. These exercises were prepared to provide instruction and amusement for children who are too young to learn to read and write, with the object of arousing them them to examine surrounding objects correctly. The author is Horace Grant, who was also the author of "Arithmetic for Young Children."

The student interested in the origin of words and their meaning will enjoy the little book entitled "Forgotten Meanings, or An Hour with a Dictionary," by Alfred Waites, and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A good many curious facts regarding words are given, though it is difficult to see why some of them are ranked as forgotten.

Baker & Taylor, New York, send out "A History of the United States" by Emery E. Childs. It is arranged in chronological order from the discovery of America in 1492 to the year 1885, and gives notices of manufactures as they were introduced, and other industries. The railroads, canals, telegraphs, etc., are also described; the inventions and important events given, so that the whole constitutes an exceedingly valuable reference book with regard to this country, a great deal of information being compressed into small space.

"More Truth than Poetry," written and published by Anna A. Wright, appears to be a history of the state of Kansas, combined with many poems, the subjects of which are the troubles of that portion of the United States. In fact, the poetry makes up the larger portion of the volume. The book is quite fully illustrated.

The average boy has the bump of construction largely developed as well as the bump of destruction, and he is never happier than when fashioning articles of doubtful utility in the secluded precincts of the attic or the woodshed, with a stone for a hammer if nothing better is at hand. "Boys' Useful Pastimes," by Prof. Robert Griffith, A. M., a neat illustrated volume, cloth bound, for $1, published by L. Burt, 162 William street, New York, is just the book for him. It has been prepared to furnish exactly the information which is necessary to turn this department of a boy's surplus energy to good account. The book contains chapters on the use and care of tools, and careful directions for making every variety of toy, from a sled to a steam-engine, together with numerous ornamental and useful articles for household use.

It would be a very brave as well as very foolish man who should undertake to tell a young woman that she was homely. It is one of the conventionalities of society, to believe that every girl is lovely, and thus it would seem as if there was no audience for the book entitled "Talks With Homely Girls," by Frances Smith. (Cloth, 50 cents. A. L. Burt, 162 William street, New York.) with the title of this. But there are perhaps some young women throughout the land, who will be disposed to peep between its covers to see if its suggestions will by any possibility aid them in becoming just a little more lovely. This excellent little book treats of bathing, the complexion, the hands and feet, the hair, the teeth, as well as of dress, manner and deportment, and the general bearing of a lady. It is written simply and in a practical style, and can be recommended as thoroughly wholesome.

R. A. Tenney, 88 Lake street, Chicago, has just published a colored lithograph, in six colors, 42x28 inches, of "Fifty Union and Confederate Generals and Statesmen." In the foreground are Grant and Lee, and in the rear and sides of each are the more prominent commanders of the two sides respectively. In the two upper corners are portraits of Lincoln and Davis, and their principal advisers. One dollar in a sheet, $1.50 on rollers.

In *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for May, the serial story, "Taken by Siege," takes the reader to one of the famous masked balls at the New York Academy of Music. "A Bachelor's Blunder" is as interesting as ever. In the "Experience Meeting," Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter, the lady whose recitation of "Ostler Joe" excited so much controversy, gives her "Experience as an Amateur Elocutionist," while Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her "Literary Confessions of a Western Poetess," gives a great deal of curious information about herself. Julian Hawthorne contributes "Professor Weisheit's Experiment," and Andrew Lang "In Castle Dangerous." The poetry is supplied by Austin Dobson, Louise Chandler Moulton and James B. Kenyon. Philadelphia. $2 a year.

Another book, bearing upon the common questions of the day, is entitled "Unwise Laws," by Lewis H. Blair. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The book is a consideration of the operations of a protective tariff upon industry, commerce and society. The writer attacks the principle of protection from its very foundation up, endeavoring to show that all taxes levied for the benefit of industries are unjust, but acknowledging that the government has a right to raise a revenue for the economical administration of its own affairs. His idea is that protection first stimulates and then demoralizes the whole community.

The contribution that will attract first attention in the May *Magazine of American History* is the scholarly paper of Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, D. D., on "Horatio Seymour." This is accompanied by an admirable steel portrait of the distinguished subject. The second article, "Historical Colorado," is quaintly illustrated. Following this Charles Dimitry writes of an "Old House in New Orleans," and Paul L. Ford gives an entertaining history of a newspaper. An article of special importance to all historical students is "The March of the Spaniards Across Illinois," by Edward G. Mason, of the Chicago Historical society. In the Civil War Studies, Gen. William Farrar Smith concludes his critical papers on "Shiloh." New York, $5 a year.

The *Art Amateur* for May contains a clever colored study of a calf by James M. Hart and a charming decorative head with passion-flower background by Ellen Welby. The leading feature of the number is the article on American pictures at the forthcoming Paris Salon, with numerous illustrations, some capital studies of dogs by Miss Lotz and Miss Strong, and a sketchy but effective double-page drawing by E. L. Weeks of his picture of the "Mogul Emperor Returning from Prayer." Montague Marks, New York.

The table of contents of the May *North American Review* contains the following: "Defence of Charleston," Gen. Beauregard; "Future of the Colored Race," Frederick Douglass; "Letter to Judge Thurman," Arthur Richmond; "Removal of McClellan," *fac simile* of the order; "Our House of Lords," No Name essays; "Edwin M. Stanton," Donn Piatt; "Ship-building *vs.* Ship-owning," Capt. John Codman; "The American Dramatist," Augustin Daly; "Statesmanship—Old and New," Gail Hamilton; "Strikes and Arbitration," T. V. Powderly; "The Hours of Labor," Edward Atkinson; "Notes and Comments." New York. $5 a year.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May has the following in its table of contents: "The Difficulties of Railroad Regulations;" a second part of David A. Wells's "Economic Study of Mexico;" an illustrated article upon the Problem of Crystallization;" "The Factors of Organic Evolution;" "Food Accessories and Digestion;" "Photographing the Heavens;" "The Care of Pictures and Prints," and several others which are full of interest. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York. $5 a year.

Wide Awake for May opens with a charming frontispiece of springtime and variable weather, "A Sudden Shower," followed by "A Century Plant," one of the best poems, perhaps, that ever came from that pen which one of the younger poets has just laid down forever—James Berry Bensel; it is half prophetic. Several stories follow; "The Top of the Ladder," by Grace Denio Litchfield; "The Professor's Last Skate;" "Prescott's Capture;" "A Roman May-day," of the times of the Emperor Commodus. Helen Gray Cone contributes a dainty poem, "Wool Gathering." There is much other miscellany of letter-press and picture in the number. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. $3 a year.

The *Century* for May is unusually interesting with an article on "Hawthorne's Philosophy." There are a number of profusely illustrated articles, which, as usual, are most interesting and attractive. "American Country Dwellings," by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer; "The Flour Mills of Minneapolis," by Eugene V. Smalley; "A Californian's Gift to Science," meaning the Lick Observatory, by Taliesin Evans; and "The Breeding of Fancy Pigeons," by E. S. Starr, which is quite remarkable, both for the beauty of the engravings and the special knowledge of the writer. The Century Co., Union Square, N. Y.

The May *St. Nicholas* comes like a nosegay of spring flowers. Talks about flowers are certainly timely, and doubly interesting when they deal with adventure as well, and such exotics as the curious "Lace-leaf," the amusing "Caricature plant," and the tree that bears "Vegetable Clothing,"—all of which are cleverly depicted by the brothers Beard. And the practical side of life is not neglected. Readers with a mechanical turn will be especially interested in "The Handiwork of Some Clever School-boys," which was exhibited at the American Institute Fair, New York. In the matter of fiction, "The Girls' Tricycle Club," by E. Vinton Blake, will be enjoyed by boys and girls alike who delight in outdoor life and exercise. There are the usual departments, and many other bright articles and pictures. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

The *Southern Bivouac* for May contains "Among the Hills of Allin," by D. E. O'Sullivan; War Prisons and War Poetry, by J. W. A. Wright; "The Gates of Dawn," by H. C. Wright; "The Virginia Cavaliers," by K. M. Rowland; "A Memory," by M. Thompson; "Arkansas Post," by W. J. Oliphant; "City Building in the South," by W. W. Harney; "The War in Missouri," by R. H. Musser; "General Turner Ashby," by A. E. Richards; "The Resolutions of 1798 and 1799," by R. T. Darrett. B. F. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

The May number of *Demorest's Magazine* is very attractive. Mrs. Hart's serial, "That Other Person," is continued, and there are several excellent short tales. "A Walk in Paris" and "The Familistere in Guise," both illustrated, are very readable articles. Mr. Croly contributes "What Money will Buy," and W. Jennings Demorest, "A Moral Revolution Pending," "Art Work in Metal," "Home Art and Home Comfort," and "From Pencil to Brush," will prove acceptable to many. The frontispiece of this number is a beautiful oil picture, "At the Spring." W. J. Demorest, 17 East Fourteenth street, New York.

The *American Bookmaker* is a well-edited and handsomely printed monthly, devoted, as the name implies, to the interests of those engaged in the production of books. The publisher, the printer and the binder never had a guide of equal capacity. Howard Lockwood, publisher, 126 and 128 Duane street, New York.

An unusually attractive number is *Cassell's Family Magazine* for May. In addition to the serials, "A Week on the West Coast of England" is described with pen and pencil, and "An Hour in the National Portrait Gallery" at London gives some bright sketches of some of England's most famous men. A curious article is that on "Character in Hands," the subject being fully illustrated; and there are also a number of poems. Cassell & Co., New York.

May brings to us *Our Little Ones*, just brim full of interesting stories, beautifully illustrated. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

Art for Art's Sake.

A delegation of Indian chiefs visiting Washington on important tribal business paused before a cigar store and inquired the meaning of the wooden statue in feathers and tomahawk that stood at the door. Being told that it represented an Indian they shook their heads and said they guessed not. But when they were reassured, under oath, that it did really and truly represent a real, wild Indian, and that it was the work of an eminent American sculptor, old Git-tup-and-howl went back to his tent and gazed long and admiringly at a native outline painting of a four cornered buffalo with a three cornered head and said that if that thing didn't look more like a real buffalo than the cigar sign looked like an Indian he would have the squaws club him to death with rolling pins when he went home.—*Burdette.*

Purify Your Blood.

Among spring preparations do not neglect that which is most important of all—your own body. During the winter the blood absorbs many impurities, which, if not expelled, are liable to break out in scrofula or other diseases. The best spring medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels every impurity from the blood, and gives strength to every function of the body. Sold by all druggists.

Progressive Parisian Poor.

The beggars of Paris have found a new way of asking alms: A certain number of the thousands of old cronies who shuffle along the boulevards with an invoice of either their own children or borrowed children, now mumble:

"Pity a poor mother who has just had a child bitten by a mad dog. You can ask M. Pasteur!"—*Ingleside.*

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Those Who are Just Lifting Life's Curtain.

A YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHER.

"And what are you going to be, my little man," asked the minister as he patted the boy on the head, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be a waiter, sir."

"A waiter? Well, that is not a very lofty ambition. Let me ask you, my little man, why you are going to be a waiter?"

"Because, sir, I've heard papa say that all things come to him who waits!"

SHE KNEW HER STRONG POINT.

A little 4-year-old girl, a resident of Minnesota's capital city, is not noted for her beauty, though possessed of a very sweet disposition and a remarkably bright mind. She was recently presented to a minister who chanced to be visiting at her home. He took her little face between his two hands and looked down at her in a most scrutinizing manner. She evidently anticipated that her face would not bear the close inspection, as, turning her eyes in the direction of his face, she lisped out:

"I ainth pretty, Mither Brown, but I'th mighty 'mart."

THE CORRECT THING IN BRIDAL GLOVES.

Bertie, aged 9, is a great admirer of athletic sports. His cousin, Lizzie, being about to enter the matrimonial estate, a family council was held upon the bridal toilette. Everything had been satisfactorily settled except the gloves, upon which quite a discussion arose. Bertie finally being appealed to rather astonished the meeting by his promp and emphatic response: "Get boxing gloves!"

THE COMING FUNNY PARAGRAPHER.

A gentleman noticed a small boy coming out of a saloon carrying a bucket of beer and asked him who the beverage was for. The lad replied that it was for his mother.

"You ought to stop carrying that stuff, my son," said the temperance apostle.

"I'm afraid it would be'er death if she had to do without," replied the precocious youngster.

The gentleman was struck dumb with answer for a moment, then folding his mantle about him he slowly moved away, casting a derisive glance at a couple of bystanders who had heard the conversation and were enjoying a hearty laugh.

AN APPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE.

Winnie's mother had been combing the little girl's long and handsome, but wind-tangled, romp-snarled hair. When the operation was finished—and it was not unaccompanied with several severe pulls—Winnie asked, "Did you get out many hairs, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer, "quite a good many."

"Then He'll have to number them all over again, won't He?"

NOT THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

"Mamma," said little Willie, as he stood looking through the window at the big moon, "do good people, when they die, go to heaven and play on harps?" "Yes, my child." "I sh'd think they'd play on the piano. Most everybody can play on that, an' they wouldn't have to learn all over."

GOOD REASON FOR IT.

A California teacher was reproving one of his boys for not making better progress in his handwriting. Said he: "Why, when I was a boy at your age I could write almost as well as I do now." "Yes, sir," replied the promising lad, "I guess you could, but maybe you had a better teacher than I have."

NOT HIGH ENOUGH FOR THAT.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed a little boy passenger with his face to the window, "what a great high hill that is."

"Yes, my son," said the man with a weary look in his face and crape on his hat, "it is very high. That is a mountain, Arthur."

"Shall we get off the cars and go and climb up the high mountain, papa?"

"Oh, no; why should we do that, Arthur?"

"'Cause, pa, I didn't know but maybe we might climb to the top and then look up and see mamma. Do you think we could?"—*Chicago Herald.*

WOULD THEY SELL?

This was the way the advertisement concluded: "*Fac similes* furnished at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms." And this was the comment of our youngest thereupon: "Why, papa, I don't see how they *can* get up *face-smiles* at that shortest notice, unless there is something to laugh at; and how can they *sell* 'em, anyway?"

HOW JOB DIED.

It wasn't the same girl, but a blockhead of a boy, who, in the good old times when they used to read in course from the Scriptures in the country district schools, having in hand a copy of the Old Testament printed in the days when s's looked like f's, thus rendered with a loud and confident voice, the following, from Job ii, 7: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and *shot Job with four balls.*"

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HUMANITY'S ACHING HEART.

The Writer Who Feels Its Throb and the Cog-Wheel Thinker.

Seriously, Adelbert, says Bill Nye to the aspiring young man, I would suggest that you make a bold dash for success by writing things that other people are not writing, thinking things that other people are not thinking, and saying things that other people are not saying.

You will say that this advice is easier to give than to take, and I agree with you. But the tendency of the age is to wear the same style of collar and coat and hat that every other man wears and to talk and write like other men; and to be frank with you, Adelbert, I think it is an infernal shame.

If you will look carefully about you, you will see that the preacher who is talking mostly to dusty pew cushions is also the preacher who is thinking the thoughts of other men. He is "up-ending" his barrel of sermons annually, and they were made in the first place from the sermons of a man who also "up-ended" his barrel annually.

Go where the preacher is talking to full houses and you will discover that his sermons are full of humanity and originality. They are not written in a library by a man with interchangeable ideas, an automatic cog-wheel thinker, but they are prepared by a man who earnestly and honestly studies the great aching heart of humanity, and full of sincerity, originality and old-fashioned Christianity, which appeals to your better impulses.

How is it with our poetry? As a fellow-traveller and sea-sick tourist across life's tempestuous tide, I ask you, Adelbert, who is writing the poetry that will live? Is it the man who is sawing out and sandpapering stanzas of the same general dimensions as some other poet, in which he bewails the fact that he loved a tall, well-behaved, accomplished girl, sixteen hands high, who did not requite his love?

Ah, no. He is not the poet whose terra-cotta statue will stand in the cemetery, wearing a laurel wreath and a lumpy brow. Show me the poet who is not intimate with nature and who studies the little joys and sorrows of the poor, who smells the clover and writes about live, healthy people with ideas and appetites. He is my poet.

Living Wonders.

The wife of a clergyman at Fulton, New York, writes:—"Within the past seven years my husband has had two shocks of paralysis. His pulse was fast as I could count—his breath twice to my once. His body seemed a burden to him."

A month later came this report:—"His hands, which were bloodless and cold, are now natural, and the veins stand out, showing a renewed circulation."

Four months later was this further report:—"My husband continues to improve. About the last of July his left leg, which had a paralytic limp, straightened out, so that he now steps evenly on both legs. The paralytic condition of the right hand and the left side of his face, which were effected by the last shock, has also disappeared."

The wife of a clergyman in Sandersville, Georgia, writes:—"Was paralyzed in body and brain. * * I am now the happiest being you ever beheld. Compound Oxygen wrought wonders for me. I am a marvel and a wonder to the whole county."

A daughter of Colonel Hornbrook, of Wheeling, West Virginia, a wreck from paralysis, was completely restored to health by the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

Dr. J. W. Williamson, of Boydtown, Virginia, reports a cure of one of his patients, who "had but little use of his right side; could neither walk, talk nor write. Had not been able to ride for five years. He now talks, walks, and rides well."

W. R. Flanders, esq., writes from North Thetford, Vermont:—"A spinal complaint partially paralyzed my limbs, so that their extremities were dead to the touch. Compound Oxygen has restored my strength, not only of body but of mind."

A clergyman of Allamakee, Iowa, writes:—"Your Compound Oxygen has worked like a charm. After three weeks use I have increase of weight, clear mental horizon, freedom from incipient paralytic attacks, and good rest. What more could I ask?"

"*Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results,*" is the title of a brochure of nearly two hundred pages. It is published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving full information as to the means by which these and similar results are secured, and will be mailed free to any address on application.

THE PENITENT CZAR.

Being Guilty of Infidelity to the Czarina He Confesses, and Promises Official and Personal Friendship to King George of Greece.

A romantic story is told to explain the presence of the czarina of Russia during the rough and ready military tour of the czar to the south of Russia. At first it was thought that the attendance of the czarina and her court and the czarevitch with her suite was intended only as a cloak to the real nature of the journey and give it the appearance of a pleasure jaunt. This position is no longer tenable for the czar takes no pains to conceal the fact that he is making a rigid tour of inspection and final organization of his southern armies. It is certain that the Russian army massed in Bessarabia and on the shores of the Black sea do not exist on paper, but that every man, animal, every gun and saber, and every pound of provisions named in the muster rolls are on hand and ready for immediate service. Strangely enough the czarina seems more interested in these warlike preparations than in all her balls and other pageantries. The rumored reason is as follows:

It is said that during the attendance of the czar and czarina upon the reunion of the latter's family at Copenhagen last summer, the gallantries of his imperial majesty among the Danish court ladies were scandalously public and promiscuous. At least the butterfly character of his attentions provoked some of the discarded beauties to make it a state matter, and without, of course, referring to their own little lapses, they pointed out to the king the flagrant breaches of decorum, of which the Russian monarch was guilty every day with various ladies of the court. Gentle King Christian undertook to remonstrate with his august son-in-law, but he only could stammer out half his speech. What he did say had the effect of making the czar furious with anger and he rushed from the room in search of his wife. He found her in tears and inditing a letter. He savagely demanded to know for whom that letter was intended.

"For my father," she replied.

"Ah!" he roared, "then I have found the traitress who has denounced me to the king and perhaps made me the laughing stock of Europe."

The czarina arose, her beautiful eyes streaming with tears and held out the letter to her husband.

"Sire," she said, "read that letter and then if I am guilty you have your sword to give me the justice of death."

The letter consisted of a tender and pathetic but powerful appeal to the king not to say one word to the czar of the slanders that had been floating about the court. Two sentences in the letter especially commanded the attention of the czar. The czarina said she knew nothing of the details of the scandals which had only reached her ears because she had promptly silenced all who had sought to tell her, but she knew that her husband, the great czar of all the Russias, was not and could not be guilty. The sentence which affected the czar was that, if the king gave his endorsement to the slander, it would inflict a personal stigma upon her which she would not voluntarily survive. This blind, unquestioning faith and self-sacrificing devotion completely disarmed the czar, who really loves his wife, and filled him with contrition. He confessed that he had been guilty, and humbly sued for pardon.

Of course this was granted and a complete reconciliation was quickly effected. Then the czar insisted upon having some act of penance to perform. He besought his wife to make him some extravagant requests, such as buying extravagant laces or diamonds, doubling her suite of ladies in waiting, or building a new and splendid palace, and he solemnly swore that however costly and apparently impossible the request he would fulfill it.

The czarina replied: "Be always a friend officially and personally to my brother Wilhelm."

The czar was rather staggered at this request, but he admired its self-denying character, and he was bound by his oath, so he swore on the cross of the hilt of his sword the most solemn and binding oath that he could formulate that he would aid to the fullest extent of his ability Prince Wilhelm, of Denmark, now called King Georgios I of Greece, in peace or war, in prosperity or adversity and in any mutations of fortune that might occur to him or to his people.

It certainly can not be denied that the czar has repeatedly during the last few months given aid of an important nature to King George, and as the story goes, the purpose of the czarina's presence in the Crimea is to see that he continues to fulfill his pledge.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send it and the Weekly Blade one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either Blade or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Northern and Southern Names of Battles.

The conflict of the 14th of September, 1862, is called the battle of South Mountain at the North and the battle of Boonsboro' at the South. So many battle-fields of the civil war bear double names that we cannot believe the duplication has been accidental, writes Gen. Hill in the *Century*. It is the unusual which impresses. The troops of the North came mainly from cities, towns and villages, and were, therefore, impressed by some natural object near the scene of the conflict and named the battle from it. The soldiers from the South were chiefly from the country, and were therefore impressed by some artificial object near the field of action. In one section the naming has been after the handiwork of God; in the other section it has been after the handiwork of man. Thus the first passage of arms is called the battle of Bull Run at the North—the name of a little stream. At the South it takes the name of Manassas from a railroad station. The second battle on the same ground is called the Second Bull Run by the North, and the Second Manassas by the South. Stone's defeat is the battle of Ball's Bluff with the federals and the battle of Leesburg with the confederates. The battle called by Gen. Grant Pittsburg Landing, a natural object, was named Shiloh after a church by his antagonist. Rosecrans called his first great fight with Bragg the battle of Stone River, while Bragg named it after Murfreesboro, a village. So McClellan's battle of the Chickahominy, a little river, was with Lee the battle of Cold Harbor, a tavern. The Federals speak of the battle of Pea Ridge of the Ozark range of mountains, and the Confederates call it after Elk Horn, a country inn. The Union soldiers called the bloody battle three days after South mountain after the little stream, Antietam, and the Southern troops named it after the village of Sharpsburg. Many instances might be given of this double naming by the opposing forces. According to the same law of the unusual, the war songs of a people have always been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the federal lords sang of their exploits, and stimulated them and their retainers to deeds of high emprise, wore no armor and carried swords. So, too, the impassioned orators who roused our ancestors in 1776 with the thrilling cry, "Liberty or death," never once put themselves in the way of a death by lead or steel, by musket ball or bayonet stab. The noisy speakers of 1861 who fired the Northern heart, and who fired the Southern heart never did any other kind of firing. One of the most prominent of them frankly admitted that he preferred a horizontal to vertical death.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

How Hands May be Kept Soft and White.

A woman whose pretty hands are being ruined by washing in hard water writes to ask a remedy. Water can be easily softened with a few drops of ammonia, or, what is better, a small piece of lump borax. Warm water, into which enough borax has been dissolved to make the water feel a little slippery when pressed between the thumb and finger, is very good for washing the hands. Hands kept dirty are never smooth and white. Absolute cleanliness is necessary. Many people who do not work wash their hands but seldom. The day's accumulation of dirt is allowed to remain on the hands all night. Upon rising the hands are washed in cold water. The possessor wonders why, when she does not work, her hands do not look any better, if as well, as her chambermaid's. The hands should always be washed in warm soap suds before going to bed. White soaps are safest. Highly scented and colored soaps are almost invariably made from rancid and ill-smelling fats. After the hands are thoroughly dried use a few drops of mixed glycerine and camphor, which the druggist can prepare for you. Drop into the palm of the hand and rub on the hands. This will be all that will be necessary to show decided improvement.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Halford Sauce for family use. Sold everywhere.

THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

Home Life and Etiquette at the White House—Great Horsemen and Skilled Equestriennes in Washington.

There are very few people who have been privileged to know just how the President and his sister live together in the White House. Miss Cleveland treats her place as one of duty rather than pleasure, and applies the strictest method to everything. She attends in person to all the thousand-and-one little things that concern the comfort of her brother, and her management of social affairs is marked by most systematic painstaking.

The only place where anything like home pleasure and freedom enter their life is at the dining table. There the President chats and laughs and for the time throws off completely the cares of state.

Miss Cleveland always addresses him as "Mr. President." When one of her friends asked her why she called him by his formal title she said:

"Why, isn't he my President as well as everybody else's?"

Only at rare intervals, when possibly the President has made a worse pun than usual, does she call him by name as she exclaims in mock reproof, "Why, Grover!"

One curious little formality Miss Cleveland was slow to learn, but, having learned, adheres to most faithfully. It is White House etiquette never to enter a room or pass through a door in advance of the mistress of the Mansion. Ladies who accompany her always step back and make way for her to pass first. This was rather awkward for her at first, but is now second habit.

Miss Cleveland's greatest trial has been her dresses. She says she never could have mastered the difficulties that beset her in this respect but for her maid, who is a skilled dresser, at home on the whole art and science of female adornment.

The now well-authenticated announcement that the President will bid farewell to single life and take a wife into the White House has occasioned quite a ripple of gossip this week. Miss Folsom, the beautiful young lady who is the President's choice, will have a very attentive and kind-hearted husband in Grover Cleveland. Blunt and plain as he often is in dealing with men, no man is gentler or kinder with women.

The trait is well vouched for by a young lady who was recently Miss Cleveland's guest. The ladies planned a little trip to Mt. Vernon. At breakfast the President said:

"You will be gone all day, so you must take a lunch. You can't get anything fit to eat there, and if you could you would find yourselves in a crowd scrambling for supplies."

He then gave very explicit orders for a lunch of various choice dainties to be put up and detailed a servant to go with it to Mt. Vernon and wait on Miss Cleveland and her friends.

The queer thing about his thoughtfulness on part of Mr. Cleveland was that he had never been to Mt. Vernon himself and knew of the difficulty of getting a lunch there only from hearsay.

Walking out on horseback, as the French say, is now coming into vogue. The exhilaration of a canter over the delightful country roads around Washington, through woods fragrant with all sorts of budding trees, up hills and down valleys green as emerald with their rich carpeting of grass, is well worth the jouncing and backaching it gives our daring horse women. Trailing arbutus is now in its best bloom and the woods are full of the anemone and wild violets, so that the equestrian parties have something to go for.

Assistant Secretary Fairchild, of the Treasury department, is out every evening with Mrs. Fairchild, who is a charming horsewoman. She sits a large red bay and makes a splendid appearance. Mr. Fairchild looks more than ever like Napoleon Bonaparte on horseback and tourists passing him on Connecticut avenue have been known to exclaim *sotto voce*, "That must be Col. Jerome Bonaparte!"

William Walter Phelps is an inveterate horseman. He prefers the out-of-town roads and knows the bridle paths through the woods better than any other rider in the city.

The tall form of ex-Sec. Coon adorns a horse well and multiplies the admiration accorded the rider on all sides.

Mr. Bayard has not been out on his horse this season. The death of Miss Bayard and his wife so nearly in the same fortnight last winter has given him a distaste for appearance in public. Miss Kate Bayard was a remarkably fine horsewoman, and her father, if he takes to the saddle at all this summer, will keenly feel the loss, as he is reminded of the many excursions they rode together.

Miss Mamie Bayard is doubtless the best equestrienne in Washington. She will ride very little this season.

The venerable George Bancroft and Librarian Spofford are seen out regularly. Not the slightest sign of lessening grace or strength can be seen in Mr. Bancroft's riding. He loves a large horse and has a magnificent big bay.

Beautify Your Home.

Finish the walls and ceilings with Alabastine. You can do it; inexpensive; try it. White and twelve tints. Cheaper and better than paint, kalsomine or paper. Disinfects and prevents diseases. Beautiful sample card free. By druggists, hardware and paint dealers. $350 given away.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

RELIGIOUS HOLIDAYS.

Bob Burdette Discourseth Upon the Vanity Thereof in America.

It seems to me, my son, that the effort to endow this American people with a religious holiday, other than the generally accepted Christian Sabbath, is a failure. The people accept the holiday willingly enough, but they drop the religious part of it. Now down in New England they have a solemn Fast Day, a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer. Well, the humiliation all comes in the day after fast day. As for fast (pronounced fawst) day itself, it beats Christmas for fun. People save up their money and actually go hungry for a month in order to have a great big feed on Fast day. They eat till they founder. That is the opening day for the sea side hotels. The man who gorges the most and guzzles the most is considered the best faster. Good Friday is another holiday. Honestly, now, how does the mass of the American people commemorate the death of our Saviour? And Easter—why a heathen coming to America would gather from the decorations of the shop windows, that Easter was the week of the great poultry show. The mind of the average Easter decorator never soars beyond the egg and a setting hen or a half hatched chick. And a farm bred man, my son, I can assure you there is nothing pretty, nothing beautiful, cleanly or pleasant flavored about a sitting hen or a hatching chick. Far from it. And the Easter souvenirs that you can see in every window, the impossible monstrosities representing baboons, pigs, elephants, dogs being hatched from hen eggs are too degrading and too disgusting to be funny. We can't have too many holidays—the more the merrier. But to establish a holiday as a religious commemoration, to attempt by law and proclamation to invest it with religious meaning and sacred character, and then observe it as though it was merely the day of the circus and the continent a village is worse than absurd. And yet—oh, well, maybe it's all right, after all. There are some men to whom these feasts are necessities; men who never feel religious unless they have the dyspepsia, and they have to overfeed once in a while to keep up the feeling. To their mind, therefore, the egg, as an Easter emblem, merely represents something to eat.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

FOUR LIONS FEAR ONE GIRL.

Iron-Clad Nerve of a Western Maiden Who Herds Goats.

One evening lately, says a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, a herd of Arizona goats which were being herded by Miss Teresa Tallert, on Lost river, Dakota territory, came home early and rushed for the corral, a heavy log concern, eight feet high.

The gates were opened and the herd let in. Then the little lady, dashing over the prairie, mounted on her fiery broncho, scoured the foot-hills, but found no cause for alarm.

In the night Miss Tallert was aroused by her dog whining at her ear, and getting up discovered some wild animals in the corral. She went in and found four mountain lions, and without a moment's hesitation attacked them with an ax.

Two of the lions jumped the corral and fled. The other two rushed towards her. She dealt one a blow with the axe, laying its head open to the bone; then both fled.

The next morning 50 of the valuable goats were found dead and 30 wounded, 14 of the latter dying afterward.

How to Make Money While Doing Good.

The many visitors to the city of New Orleans during the past winter months, have frequently, both in their letters home and their recounting the incidents of their travels, dwelt upon the celebrated Charity Hospital, which has been a refuge for many years to the sick and injured, and which is sustained by the Louisiana State Lottery, about which, and its Monthly Grand Distribution of Fortunes, anyone can learn more on an application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. Here is a rare case where a person may *make much money by doing good to strangers.*

The Camp Fire.

A Bundle of Faggots and a Big Blaze.

I have noticed several sketches of late in the CAMP FIRE of the BLADE, on the battle of Prairie Grove and Gen. Herron's division. They leave out the 20th Iowa. I wish to say that I took part in that battle, and out of about 300 of my regiment engaged, our loss was nearly 100 killed and wounded. We certainly ought to be remembered, especially by comrades who served in the same brigade.—GIBSON WILLIAMS, Mayview, Kan.

Comrades, move around a little, and let me sit by your CAMP FIRE. Were any of you on board the steamer Mercury that was sunk by the packet Hard Times, 25 miles below St. Louis on the Mississippi on the night of May 24, 1865? The horrors of that night can never be effaced from my memory. Let us hear from you through the columns of the CAMP FIRE.—A. A. JONES, Green Springs, Ind.

I was one of the boys captured near Murfreesboro along with Mr. Stokes, of Michigan, but I escaped, after twelve days, at the pontoon bridge over the Tennessee. A man named Baker went with me. A lieutenant of Mr. Stokes's regiment escaped with a captain of mine, but was recaptured by Gen. Forrest. I say, too, vote for Illinois' Black Eagle.—P. D. WHITZEL, McPherson, Kan.

M. A. Morrison, of Elk City, Kan., says that she is a soldier's widow, her husband enlisting August 1, 1862, and serving until the close of the war. He died six years ago from a disease contracted during service. She urges the boys to wake up and to make the CAMP FIRE roar and crackle; and if they cannot write then let the children write.

M. L. R., of Colusa, Cal., believes that the government should pension every soldier living who enlisted in the service for three years, and the widows of those who are dead. He enlisted in the Fourth Iowa cavalry in 1861 and served until '63, when he was honorably discharged, having lost his health so that he was no longer of any use to the government. He has not even received the $100 bounty which was promised, because he had not served three years.

A. R. Osment, of Owala, Ind. Ter., says that his brother was a member of the First Tenn. Cav., and that he was shot when Hood made his last raid on Nashville. He adds: "That made me a Republican all over and I would like to see the Democrats vote as they shot. I am for Gen. Logan."

Henry Kirby, Calamoo, Neb., takes exceptions to H. A. Sturges's criticism on the homestead law, and says that if Mr. Sturges will read the law over carefully and study its practical workings he will be convinced that the law does give the soldier an advantages. He cites two or three instances which have come under his observation, proving his claim.

H. M. Irwin, Ogdensburg, N. Y., writes that when the Sixth Army Corps was at Danville, he cut an eagle out of cedar and presented it to Gen. Wright, commanding. The general was very much pleased, but when he urged Irwin to remain with him and commenced to talk about the army, Wright called to mind a lecture he had received from the general for having aided in capturing a calf, and he left the general hurriedly. He wants to know if Gen. Wright is still living.

The Sultana Survivors.

Toledo Daily Blade, April 27.

On the morning of April 27 twenty-one years ago to-night occurred one of the most horrible accidents in the history of the war—the explosion of the boilers and the burning of the Sultana on the Mississippi. At the time, the country was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow at the fateful death of Lincoln, and for this reason, perhaps, the event was not accorded that importance which it would have been under other circumstances. But 21 years later, the comrades who were on board the Sultana and who survived the terrible catastrophe, have banded themselves into an association that they might the better preserve the historical features of the disaster, and that they might the closer unite in the sympathy which a common grief and affliction always bring.

The story in brief is as follows: On the morning of April 21, 1865, the Sultana, from New Orleans, with a capacity of 376 passengers, according to the Hon. John Covode, chairman of the War committee, arrived at Vicksburg with passengers and crew numbering 110. Her boiler was leaking badly, although examined at St. Louis on her last trip, and pronounced good; and the engineer refused to proceed further without repairs. The repairing was done by competent mechanics, and the work was praised by the engineer. The steamer remained at Vicksburg thirty-three hours. While there she was boarded by 1,996 Federal soldiers and thirty-five officers, just released from Andersonville and Cahaba prisons, making a total of 2,141, six times her capacity. The soldiers were mostly from Ohio and Indiana regiments. It is needless to say they were huddled together like sheep in the shambles. Many of the soldiers were yet suffering from wounds received in battle, and most of them were sadly emaciated from starvation in the prison pens, where they had been confined for weeks, but now they were en route home, the cruel war was over, and the visions of loved ones, and dear, familiar scenes filled them with childish joy so that their deportment and conversation were a study in human nature, rare even for those stirring days. Memphis was reached on the 26th. After coaling, the steamer proceeded. So far the presence of danger was not manifest, nor was it in the least anticipated, but in the darkness of that very night, precisely at 2:30 a. m., just opposite Tagleman's Landing, eight miles above Memphis, suddenly and without any warning, the steamer exploded her boilers with terrific force, and in a few minutes had burned to the water's edge.

No adequate cause has been assigned for the explosion. The steamer had proper certificates of worthiness and was running at her usual rate of speed, nine or ten miles an hour. Mr. Roberry, the chief mate, who had charge of the boat and who was among the survivors, was in the pilot-house with Mr. Clayton, the pilot. No peril seemed imminent, and the event wears still an air of mystery.

The scene that followed the explosion was simply horrible beyond words to depict. It was of short duration, as the glare that illumined the sky and made visible the awful despair of the hour, soon died away, while darkness more intense than ever settled down on the floating hulk, and the 2,141 victims of the disaster, who, maimed or scalded, were borne down by the unpitying flood, covered with the bodies of the dead and the dying, and of none apparently that were unhurt. This casualty takes a solitary place in history; but it transpired just at a time of intense excitement connected with Lincoln's assassination, and it was overlooked to the extent its importance demanded.

Dec. 30, 1885, nineteen of the survivors met at Fostoria and formed an organization of which Rev. Mr. Raudebaugh was made president. The second meeting of the association was held in Toledo, O., on Tuesday, April 27. The following survivors were present: Rev. S. H. Raudebaugh, of Findlay president of the association; William Fies, of Marion, O., secretary; A. W. King, of Defiance, corresponding secretary; G. H. Frederick, Ft. Wayne; A. B. Wiechard, North Toledo; John Davis, Defiance; J. L. Walker, Hamilton; J. F. Nevirs, Frontier, Mich.; Isaac McDonnel, Cincinnati; S. D. Fournia, Toledo; J. B. Horner, Weston, F. Wright, Adrian, Mich.; W. R. Shaul, Cable, O.; J. T. Waltermeier, of Fostoria; Albert O'Coonel, Adrian, Mich.; William T. Layer, Adrian; L. G. Morgan, Findlay; W. N. Fast, Napoleon; L. W. McCrory, Munger.

The election of officers resulted in a re-election of last year's officers as follows:

Rev. S. H. Raudebaugh, of Findlay, O., president; A. C. Brown, of Mediapolis, Ia., vice president; A. W. King, of Defiance, O., corresponding secretary; W. Feiss, of Marion, O., recording secretary; W. McCrory, of Munger, O., treasurer. It was decided to hold the next meeting at Dayton, April 27, 1887.

In the evening, the survivors met at the annex to Memorial hall, Memorial building, and related their experiences. Quite a number of Grand Army men were present. The programme was opened with a solo, "All Quiet on the Potomac To-Night," by A. A. Jones. A detailed history was then given by Messrs. J. S. Cooke, J. W. Rush and others, of their experience on board the boat at the time of the explosion and of the incidents following. These were interspersed with army songs, and thus the hours flew by until nearly midnight, when the little band broke up and separated to meet again next year.

Steedman's Famous Flag.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been commissioned by Capt. Reed, the custodian of Memorial hall at Springfield, Ill., to write a short history of the flag of the 115th Illinois infantry, the regiment to which I belonged. It was the flag carried by the brave general James B. Steedman as he led the last bayonet charge in the battle of Chicamauga on Sunday evening. As far as I know it was the only bayonet charge in that battle, at least it was the only one that I remember of being in. If this meets the eye of any of the boys that belonged to the section of battery M, 1st Illinois light artillery, that fired the last shot in that battle, I would like to correspond with them. Our regiment supported them while they "put the cracker" on the thing, and when they "moved their freight" to Rossville that night, the 115th followed them, left in front, which threw my company, A, in the rear. We went in with 68 men that morning, and only six of us stacked arms that night at Rossville, with one lieutenant, Joseph B. Gore. Sergt. James H. McCoy, of Pana, Ills., now totally blind, and myself were the two last men that got off the field in good order. Boys, let us continue to vote as we shot, but let us not forget to follow the example of our old commander and be magnanimous as well as brave, and have a due regard for the feelings of the boys in gray. Ever remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."—A. B. LEEPER, Sergt. Co. A, 115th Ills., Owaneco, Ills.

The Real Facts About Shiloh.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—For twenty-three years we have been reading different accounts of that terrible first day's battle at Shiloh. Is it not about time to settle it? On the one side we are told that the Union army, under Grant, was utterly routed and at sundown was a helpless mob, handled together under the bank of the river, quaking with fear or struggling to escape from the foe, and would have been captured if Beauregard had not foolishly issued his order calling off the victorious Johnnies. But Gen. Grant contended that his army was still in as good fighting trim as the foe; and Gen Sherman and other fighting Union generals agree with him. Which view is correct?

Strange as it may seem, this is very easily settled, beyond fair controversy; and that is, to leave it to the enemy, and to those who were at the very front at that time; not to some enemy of Gen. Grant, 1,000 miles away, nor to a general jealous of his overshadowing reputation. Now call the two best witnesses. Who are they? Certainly, the two rebel generals who were there, right at the front, on that very evening.

Gen. Chalmers, who commanded their extreme right, where they were nearest the river, the wing that had driven the Yanks the farthest, says: (See Jeff. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," volume 2, page 62.) "About 4 p. m., after distributing ammunition, we received orders to drive the enemy into the river. My brigade, together with that of Brig. Gen. Jackson, filed to the right and formed, facing the river, and endeavored to press forward, but in endeavoring to mount the last ridge, we were met by a fire from a whole line of batteries, protected by infantry, and assisted by shells from the gunboats."

In the extract in that book, he does not tell their next move in the "pursuit" but they retreated, as is shown in Gen. Jackson's report, who, as Chalmers says, commanded next on his left. He (Jackson) says in his report, also made at the time. (See same book, next page): "My brigade was ordered to face towards the enemy and advance upon him, Gen. Chalmers being on my right. Without ammunition, steadily my men advanced, under a heavy fire from light batteries, siege pieces and gun boats. Passing through a ravine, they arrived near the crest of the opposite hill, upon which the batteries were, but could not be urged further. Sheltering themselves in the ravine, they remained under this fire sometime, but, finding advance impracticable, remaining there useless, was ordered to retire!" No pursuit, but retreat. Yet we are told by a rebel major, in the *Century* magazine, and Gen. Buell intimates as much, that Gen. Beauregard, most unfortunately for them, sent orders to stop the "pursuit!"

Jackson says that "they sheltered themselves in a ravine, and could not be urged further." Certainly that is the mildest style of "pursuit" of a victorious army ever recorded. These reports are from their own generals, and the only two generals in a position to see, and report truly.

They did see and report, as above, and thus put an end to all controversy as to what style of Yankee "mob" that was, and how the fearful "pursuit" was conducted.

The same writer who tells in the *Century* magazine that Beauregard ordered the "pursuit" stopped, also quotes Bragg as being very anxious to advance and capture the "Yanks," when he got that unfortunate order to stop the pursuit. And Maj. Chisholm, in the same magazine, quotes, of course from memory, that he heard Gen. Bragg say that evening that "he had carried everything to the river." Now to see how reliable that style of history is, turn to the little extract taken from Bragg's report, made at the time. He says, in the report (Davis's book, vol. 2, page 5), when he got the order to retreat (mind, not to stop pursuit), "A heavy battery in our front and the gunboats seemed determined to dispute every inch of ground." Bragg commanded in the rebel center, to the left of where Chalmers and Jackson stopped the "pursuit." Does not the indisputable report of those two generals made at the time put the disputed question at rest forever as to the "mob" and "pursuit?" Beauregard confirms them by saying in his report that in the evening he left the enemy on a high ridge in a strong position—though his report amounts to nothing in comparison with those of Chalmers and Jackson, as they were at the very front and he was not. Davis, in his book, indeed, also says that Chalmers afterwards (some years after) wrote Gen. Johnston's son, that "if they had made one more resolute advance, they would have captured Grant and his army;" but he might just as well have said, "If lightning had struck Grant's army and killed them all, we would have easily won a brilliant victory." Or, "If their army had been bullet and shell proof they might have driven the Yanks into the river." But they were only men, and as all their generals say, they were exhausted with twelve hours' marching and fighting without food, and every third man had been killed or wounded. And as their generals honestly reported at the time, they could not be urged to make another attack, and the day and battle were lost.

Why publish as history hearsay 23 years old when the reports made at the time settle the whole question in dispute? Are they not the best witnesses, and are not their reports conclusive?

The part Buell's army took in that first day's fight is shown by his loss of three men killed and wounded. The Johnnies did not even see them until Monday morning, and then they saw and felt them effectively.

The plain, undeniable truth is, our Southern cousins did splendid fighting that day, but after the most terrible struggle for twelve hours, they drove the Union army only a mile and a half, and then retreated, having utterly failed in the object for which they made the attack. And Jeff Davis adds that they also lost the war on that first day in the death of Gen. Johnson.—A. I. CROPSEY, Terrell, Tex.

The Difference.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you allow the old crippled blue hen's chicken to make a flying visit to the CAMP FIRE once more and talk a few words to my old comrades, who shared the fate of a soldier's life with me in the dark days of the rebellion and many of whom I presume are sharing the fate of myself, compelled to use crutch and cane; and many are disabled less but unable to labor, and many of those old afflicted soldiers are now receiving injustice from the government that they helped to protect in time of great need. I have seen that some comrades who write to the CAMP FIRE, would say that all entitled to a pension had secured it long ago, etc., etc. I know that that is a mistake, for I am well acquainted with old soldiers here, some disabled by gun-shot and some by disease, who never applied for a pension, because they thought that they could probably live without help, and did not like the idea of being called a government sucker and pauper, etc., by the opposite party, but some of them having dragged along up to the present, are at last compelled to call on the government for help. Well if he can produce the evidence that is called for, just to a letter, he can get a pittance allowed him. I think it is a shame on shoulder-strap men to ask the poor private for such testimony. We notice that the shoulder-strap men are all provided for without so many questions, and again I notice that the widows of generals can very readily get the sum of $5,000 a year and they are no better than my wife, and if I was to die, my wife could perhaps get the sum of $12 a month, provided she could prove by two or three doctors that my disease that was contracted in the service caused my death. And perhaps she would have to prove how many doses of pills I have taken since discharged (or evidence similar to it). I see some of the comrades are giving their views as to who should have pensions, &c. I think that every Union soldier who is now disabled to any extent should have a pension whether his disability was contracted in the war or since (unless it was contracted by bad habits). Well, again I must say to the old comrade at Gadsden, Tenn., who replied last fall to the letter I wrote on Democracy that I must have sense enough to wait until the great and good Grover got his seat warm before I complained of hard times, that I think Grover is of too dry a substance to warm his seat, and if the seat is not warmed by a Republican in 1888, we can all bid farewell to prosperity. Boys, keep your powder dry and be ready for the charge.—J. W. FAULKNER, Stillwater, Ky.

Information Wanted.

Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Benjamin F. Rose, late of Co. E, 1st Regt., La. Cavalry, last heard of at Bowling Green, O., will hear of something greatly to his advantage by applying to Samuel S. Lacey, Marshall, Mich.

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UNDER THE DOME.

Sights Not Often Seen in the Capitol at Washington.

Washington Letter to Philadelphia Record.

There are more things twixt the dome and the cellar of the capitol than are dreamed of by the capitol guides. Down under the dome itself is the most interesting spot in the building, its very center and core, where George Washington's body was to lie after death; but George Washington wouldn't lie there, and so we have to go down to Mount Vernon on a steamer in order to see the place where he does rest. I went down into the crypt of the capital the other day, preceded by a white-haired negro who unlocked the successive doors. It is a circular chamber with square corners, and is almost filled with a rectangular wooden platform, on which the bodies of Lincoln, Garfield, Chase and Sumner, and all the other dead statesmen whose remains had lain in state in the capitol, rested in the rotunda directly underneath the Goddess of Liberty on the dome. The very simplicity of these whitewashed walls and this plain, rough platform is impressive. In a chamber near the crypt I saw the original model of the Goddess of Liberty, which stands in bronze on the apex of the dome. The model is all in pieces, but the head is fairly well preserved, although its nose is gone, and you get a good idea of its size. Now, come up stairs into the sub-rotunda, commonly called the crypt, and let us all look at the attempt at American art which Thomas Jefferson suggested and Mrs. Trollope admired. Jefferson, you remember, thought that

THE BUILDERS OF THE CAPITOL

ought not to copy so closely the architectural decorations of the effete East; he suggested to the architect that pillars made to look like big bundles of tall corn-stalks would be a good feature. The architect had the idea faithfully—yes, too faithfully—worked out, and here are the pillars to this day. Each of them looks like a stack in a California field, with all the ears of corn standing right straight up on end end in a row, the whole being bound together with a rope. They are very peculiar, to say at least. Under the halls and corridors of the visible portion of the capitol are the catacombs—miles upon miles of clean, well-painted passages, through which run the electric wires, and where the gas-lights are never turned out. There is a little world of life down here of which the great world above knows nothing. Day and night the great fans go round at dizzy speed sucking in the fresh air, which, passing over hot or cold water pipes seven miles long coiled into a chamber twenty feet square, is forced into the halls and corridors and committee rooms above in immense quantities. The heating and ventilating apparatus is by no means perfect yet, but it is vastly improved over what it was ten years ago. In one of these corridors is a very fine metal working model of the Tehuantepec ship railway, with real water, a real ship and a great map of the world. When Congressmen come down to the bath-rooms in one corner of the basement, they are gently led around to the Eads corridor and glibly shown just how the thing will work.

—You will never succeed in finding permanent relief from rheumatism until you have used St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure. Price fifty cents.

The Two Comets.

Prof. Swift, in a letter to the Rochester *Democrat*, says: "Barnard's comet the day of its greatest brightness (May 24) will be about 20 deg. north (towards the north star) from the Pleiades or seven stars. Fabry's comet April 30 will be some 4 deg. from east of the place where Barnard's will be when brightest a month later. It will be a unique if not an altogether unheard-of spectacle of two bright comets in the same quarter of the heavens being almost simultaneously visible. It may be advisable to note that the two comets, both being visible to the naked eye, will April 22 be within 9 deg. of each other. April 25 Fabry's comet will cross a point which Barnard's comet passed March 22, and May 20 Barnard's will be where Fabry's had passed 23 days previously. It is Fabry's, not Barnard's, comet that is supposed to be identical with Miss Caroline Herschel's comet of 1788."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

A Reliable Article.

Dr. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

His Spotless Future.

Judge Noonan, of San Antonio, is not very popular with the young attorneys, because when they argue motions for new trials before him he gets excited and overrules the motions and orders them laid on the table. A few days ago a young lawyer in arguing a motion for a new trial of a horse thief said emphatically:

"It is true that my client has a bad record in the past, but even your honor should admit that there is no stain upon his future record."

In spite of this eloquent appeal Judge Noonan overruled the motion, remarking that the penitentiary was just the place for a man to keep his future spotless.—*Texas Siftings.*

—One word; one step may make or mar one's whole future. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is the proper move when you have dyspepsia, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague, malaria, low spirits, headache, or any stomach or liver troubles. 50 cents.

Struck by the Undertoe.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men"—commenced a long-haired poet, entering the editor's sanctum.

"Oh, yes," replied the busy man, stopped work long enough to waft the airy creature through the open door on the point of his substantial gaiter; "but you have got down too low for the tide; you've been struck by the undertoe!"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Methodist Ministerial association, which adjourned Thursday at Iliopolis, Ill., favored the throwing of their influence with the Prohibition party in politics.

SKIN HUMORS

CAN BE CURED BY

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1883.

MR. C. N. CRITTENTON:

DEAR SIR: For nearly fourteen years I have been troubled with a skin humor resembling Salt Rheum. I have spent nearly a small fortune for doctors and medicine, but with only temporary relief. I commenced using your "GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP" nearly two years ago—used it in baths and as a toilet soap daily. My skin is now as clear as an infant's, and no one would be able to tell that I ever had a skin complaint. I would not be without the soap if it cost five times the amount.

Yours respectfully,

M. H. MORRIS, Lick House, San Francisco, Cal.

All Druggists Sell Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

Price, 25 cents a cake, or three cakes for 65 cents; will be mailed to any address on receipt of price and 5 cents extra per cake for postage, by the Sole Proprietor, C. N. CRITTENTON, 110 Fulton street, New York.

CORNS

WHY WILL ANY ONE SUFFER FROM CORNS when they can get a bottle of the "GERMAN CORN REMOVER"—a certain and painless remedy for both Corns and Bunions—of any Druggist for 25 cents. There are worthless imitations—similar in name. Be sure to get the "GERMAN CORN REMOVER." C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP IMPROVES THE SKIN.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle partisan disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Peter Pindar—Trafalgar.

I. L., Halltown, Mo.:

1. Will you give us a history of Peter Pindar? 2. Also a short history of the battle of Trafalgar.

1. Peter Pindar was the pseudonym adopted by Dr. John Wolcot, who was born at Dodbrooke, in Devonshire, in 1738. He was educated at the charge of his uncle, an apothecary of Cornwall. After studying medicine at the London hospitals, he accompanied Sir William Trelawny to Jamaica in the capacity of medical attendant; but finding his professional income too small for his wants, he solicited and obtained a church living on the island. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market day the attendance at church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk—the latter being an excellent shot—used at such times, after waiting ten minutes, to proceed to the seaside, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tailed pigeons. The death of his patron, Trelawny, induced him to abandon both Jamaica and the church. Returning to England, he tried to establish himself as a physician at Truro, but having poor success, he soon removed to London, where he gave himself up to writing audacious squibs and satires in verse, on all sorts of persons, from King George III. down to the lowest in London. He became so formidable that the ministry is said to have endeavored to bribe him into silence. The booksellers gave him an annuity of £250 a year. He died January 14, 1819.

2. Upon receipt of the intelligence that the combined French and Spanish fleets were at Cadiz, Nelson resumed his command of the British fleet, and encountered the enemy off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. The fleet under him consisted of 27 ships of the line and four frigates; the force opposed of 33 ships of the line and seven frigates. Besides the advantage in number of their ships, the combined fleet were superior in the number of guns, by not less than 350, and also in having in addition to their crews and marines, 10,000 infantry on board. Nelson wore his admiral's coat, bearing upon his left breast the insignia of the orders with which he had been invested, rendering himself a conspicuous target. Nelson made the celebrated signal to his fleet: "England expects every man to do his duty," which was answered with loud cheers. Nelson at once singled out his old antagonist, the Santissima Trinidada, the largest ship in the world. So determined was Nelson to capture this stupendous antagonist, that he had his ship lashed to his enemy, and broadside to broadside, cannon touching cannon, the Victory and Santissima for a length of time continued this terrific combat. The roar of cannon, the crash and rending of masts and timbers, the dense clouds of smoke that enveloped the combatants, the heat and lurid flash of artillery and musketry, made up a scene that for horror and grandeur was probably never surpassed. Toward the close of the action Nelson was struck by a musket shot. The bullet entered the left shoulder, passed through his lungs, and lodged in the spine. "They have done for me at last," he said, as he sank down. When taken below and told of the progress of the battle, and the number of the enemy struck, he exclaimed: "What! only fifteen! There should have been at least twenty, by my calculation." The last words uttered by Nelson were, "Thank God, I have done my duty." Altogether twenty French and Spanish ships were taken, eight escaped into Cadiz, and the rest were either sunk or subsequently captured. The remains of Nelson were interred in St. Paul's cathedral, January 9, 1806. Every large town and city raised a memorial to his honor, and the government invested his brother with the titles and honors of the deceased earl, a grant of £6,000 per annum, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate; and each of Nelson's sisters were presented with £10,000.

Duels of Clay and Jackson.

H. H., Kentucky:

1. How many duels were fought by Henry Clay, and what caused them? 2. How many duels were fought by Andrew Jackson, and what caused them?

1. In 1808, having been stigmatized as a demagogue by Humphrey Marshall, Clay challenged him. They met and fired twice, Marshall being slightly wounded. Their seconds then interfered and terminated the combat. In 1825 the electoral college having failed to give any one a majority for President, the election devolved upon the House, and Clay voted for John Quincy Adams. This action John Randolph stigmatized as a "coalition of Puritan with blackleg," for which language he was challenged by Clay. They met April 8, 1826, and exchanged two shots without effect, when, Randolph having declared that he would not fire at Clay, the duel was terminated by the seconds. 2. Jackson and Gov. Sevier were about to fight a duel at Knoxville, in 1804, but at the last moment friends interfered. Jackson accused Sevier of having been engaged in land frauds. His duel with Charles Dickinson, whom he killed, grew out of disparaging words used by Dickinson concerning Mrs. Jackson. The distance was eight paces, and Dickinson's second won the right to give the word. Dickinson fired at the word, breaking a rib and raking the breast bone; but Jackson gave no sign of being hit, and his antagonist, who had made sure of killing him, exclaimed: "Good God! have I missed him?" Jackson then fired, and Dickinson fell mortally wounded. He died that night, not even knowing that his ball had hit Jackson. It was nearly a month before Jackson's wound healed, and he never fully recovered from it. Jackson's quarrel and fight with Benton at Nashville was the result of "meddlesome friends." Jackson, accompanied by Col. Coffee, met the Bentons in the street. Bidding him defend himself, and avowing his purpose, Jackson advanced upon Col. Benton, who sought to draw a pistol, but was anticipated by his antagonist. Benton retreated, and Jackson followed him, until they reached the back door of the city hotel, when Jesse Benton fired at Jackson shattering his left shoulder. Jackson fell, and Coffee then fired at Col. Benton, but missed him. He was then about to strike down the colonel, when the latter stumbled down a staircase. Meantime Mr. S. Hays, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson, who knew that it was Jesse Benton that fired at Jackson, joined in the fight, and a fierce conflict ensued between him and Jesse, he making use of a sword cane first, and then of a dirk, and throwing him down. Benton would have been killed had not a bystander caught Hays's arm. Nothing but Jackson's resolution prevented the loss of his left arm, as all the doctors but one recommended amputation. Jackson had numerous quarrels and fights, but the above were the most serious.

To Make Silver Solution.

Sub., Barnes, Kas.:

Please give the recipe for making silver solution for silver plating with battery.

To prepare a silver solution which is intended to have an ounce of silver to the gallon, dissolve 123 ounces of cyanide of potassium in 100 gallons water; get one or two flat porous vessels, submerge them in this solution to within half an inch of the rim, and fill them to the same height with the solution; in these porous vessels place small plates or sheets of iron or copper, and connect them with the zinc pole of a battery; in the solution outside the shallow vessels place a sheet or sheets of silver connected with the silver pole of the battery. This arrangement being made at night, and the power employed being a Smee's battery of 6 cells, the zincs 7 inches square, it will be found in the morning that there will be dissolved 60 to 80 ounces of silver from the sheets. The solution is now ready for use; and by observing that the articles to be plated have less surface than the silver plate forming the positive electrode, for the first two days, the solution will then have the proper quantity of silver in it. Occasionally a little silver is found in the porous cell; it is therefore not advisable to throw away the solution in them without first testing it for silver, which is done by adding a little muriatic acid to it. The amateur electrotypist may, from this description, make up a small quantity of solution for silvering his medals or figures. For example, a half ounce of silver to the gallon of solution will do very well; a small quantity may be prepared in little more than an hour. As the cyanide of potassium dissolves silver without the aid of a battery, a plating liquor may be formed by merely allowing a piece of silver to steep in this solution for a few days; but this is tedious and uncertain, although for small operations, and where porous vessels are not convenient, it will serve the purpose.

The War of 1812.

J. H. T., Cleveland, Ind.:

Give particulars of Pres. Jefferson's rejection of the treaty with England which led to the war of 1812.

He received from the British minister, Erskine, the form of a treaty, which he rejected without the formality of submitting it to the Senate—first, because it contained no provision on the objectionable practice of impressing our seamen; and, second, because it was accompanied by a note from the British minister, by which the British government reserved to itself the right of releasing itself from the stipulations in favor of neutral rights, if the United States submitted to the British decree, or other invasion of those rights by France. This rejection of the treaty by Jefferson caused great public excitement, and the Federalists sought to arouse the commercial community against his action, and cited the fact that his own trusted friends, Monroe and Pinckney, had negotiated it. The President's party stood by him, however, and agreed that submission to the Senate was immaterial, as its advice could not bind him. This refusal to consider the treaty was the first step leading to the war of 1812, for embargoes followed, and Britain openly claimed the right to search American vessels for her deserting seamen. In 1807 this question was brought to issue by the desertion of five British seamen from the Halifax, and their enlistment on the United States frigate Chesapeake. Four separate demands were made for these men, but all of the commanders, well assured of Pres. Jefferson's support, refused, as did the secretary of state refuse a fifth demand on the part of the British minister. Later, Capt. Barron, of the Chesapeake, having denied the right of search, was fired into by the British ship Leopard, and four men, Americans by birth, were taken from the Chesapeake. This event served to strengthen Jefferson's position and silence adverse criticism.

Arizona.

I. S. S., Winchester, Tenn.:

I want some information about Arizona, its climate, water and health.

Arizona is entirely within the valley of the Colorado, two of whose principal tributaries, the Gila and the Little Colorado, traverse it from east to west. The rainfall of Arizona is small, and mostly occurs in winter. Hence the streams are mainly useful as sources of supply

... the boy Da[vid] and played the evil spirit out [of the] Spanish king was melancholy. [The win]dows were all closed. He sat in [sad]ness. Nothing could bring him [out.] Franeli came and discoursed three or four days to him. On [the fourth] day he looked up and wept a[nd] and the windows were thrown [open;] that which all the splendors of [a court] could not do, the power of so[ng accom]plished. If you have anxieties [or bereave]ments try this heavenly charm. Do not sit down on the bank of [the river,] but plunge in, that the devil o[f sorrow may] be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. [Did you ever] know that a singing church [was not a] triumphant church? If a con[gregation is] silent during the exercise, [or partially] silent, it is the silence of deat[h. When] the hymn is given out, you he[ar the] hum of here and there a fathe[r] in Israel while the vast majori[ty are silent;] that minister of Christ who [is ill-]needs to have a very strong co[nstitution, if] he does not get the chills. [It needs not] only the grace of God but [gutta-percha and] whalebone. It is amazing how [men] with voice enough to discha[rge all their] duties in the world, when the[y come into] the house of God have no voice [to discharge] this duty. I really believe [that if the] church of Christ could rise up [and sing as] it ought to sing, that where [there is one] hundred souls brought into th[e kingdom] of Christ there would be a thou[sand. Why] was it in olden time? Cajetan sa[id: "Luther] conquered us by his songs."

But I must now speak of som[e of the ob]stacles in the way of the advan[cement of] this sacred music, and the first [is, that it has] been impressed into the service [of super]stition. I am far from believing [that music] ought always to be positively re[ligious. Re]fined art has opened places w[here music] has been secularized and lawful[ly so—the] drawing-room, the musical clu[b, the or]chestra, the concert, by the grat[ification of] pure taste, and the production o[f innocent] amusement, and the improveme[nt of tal]ent, have become very forces i[n the ad]vancement of our civilization. [Music has] as much right to laugh in Surr[ey Gardens] as it has to pray in St. Paul's.

In the kingdom of nature we [have the] glad fifing of the wind as well a[s the long] meter psalm of the thunder. B[ut while] this is so, every observer has no[ticed that] this art, which God intended fo[r the im]provement of the ear and the [elevation of] the head and the heart, has ofte[n been] pressed into the service of error. [Tartini,] the musical composer, dreamed [one night] that Satan snatched from his ha[nd his in]strument, and played upon it s[omething] very sweet—a dream that has b[een] fulfilled in our day—the voice an[d the in]struments that ought to have bee[n devoted] to Christ, captured from the c[hurch and] applied to purposes of sin.

Another obstacle has been an i[nordinate] fear of criticism. The vast majorit[y of peo]ple singing in church never want [anybody] else to hear them sing. Everybod[y is wait]ing for somebody else to do his d[uty. If] we all sang the inaccuracies that [would be evi]dent when only a few sing w[ould be] drowned out. God asks you to d[o as well] as you can, and then if you get th[e wrong] pitch or keep wrong time, he wil[l forgive] any deficiency of the ear and impe[rfection] of the voices. Angels will not lau[gh if you] should lose your place in the musi[c] or come in at the close a bar behin[d. There] are three schools of singing, I am t[old—the] German school, the Italian school, [and the] French school of singing.

Now, I would like to add a fourt[h school,] and that is the school of Christ. T[he song] of a contrite, broken heart, alth[ough it] may not be able to stand human c[riticism,] makes better music to God's ear t[han the] most artistic performance when t[he heart] is wanting. I know that it is [easier to] preach on this than to practice; bu[t I preach] for two reasons—first, because I [must,] and next because I want to en[courage] those who do not know how. I ha[ve] very little faculty in that directi[on. I] have no culture at all, yet I am res[olved to] sing though every note should go [like] a Chinese gong. God has com[manded,] and I dare not be silent. He calls [upon the] beasts, on the cattle, on the drag[ons to] praise Him, and we ought not to be [behind] the cattle and the dragons.

Another obstacle that has been [in the] way of advancement of this holy [art has] been so much angry discussion on t[he sub]ject of music. There are those wh[o would] have this exercise conducted by i[nstruments.] In the same church are those who do not like musical [instru]ments, and so it is organ and n[o organ,] and there is a fight. In another ch[urch it] is a question whether the music sh[all be] conducted by a precentor or by a choir. Some want a drilled choir an[d some] want a precentor, and there is a figh[t. Then] there are those who would like [the] church to have the organ played in [a] lifeless, droning way, while there ar[e those] who would have it wreathed in fan[tasies,] branching out in jets and spang[les of] sound, rolling and tossing in ma[ny] convolutions, as when in pyrotech[nic dis]play you think a piece is exhaus[ted it] breaks out in wheels, rockets, blue and serpentine demonstrations.

Some would have the organ pla[yed with] almost inaudible sweetness, and [others] would have it full of staccato passag[es that] make the audience jump with gre[at starts,] and hair on end as though by a vi[sion of] the witch of Endor; and he who [tries to] please all will succeed in nothing. [Never]theless you are to admit the fact th[at the] contest which is going on, in hund[reds of] the churches of the United States to[-day, is] a mighty hindrance to the advancem[ent of] this art. In this way scores and sc[ores of] churches are entirely crippled as to [their in]fluence and the music is a damage [rather] than a praise.

Another obstacle in the advancem[ent of] this art has been the erroneous notio[n that] this part of the service could be con[ducted] by a delegation. Churches have said [: "Oh] what an easy time we shall have. [The] minister will do the preaching an[d the] choir will do the singing and we will [have] nothing to do." And you know as w[ell as] I that there are a great multitu[de of] churches all through this land wher[e the] people are not expected to sing. [The] whole work is done by delegation of [four] or six or ten persons and the audienc[e is] silent. In such a church in Syracus[e an] old elder persisted in singing, and s[o the] choir appointed a committee to go a[nd ask] the squire if he would not stop.

You know that in a great multitu[de of] churches the choir are expected and [do all] the singing and the great mass of th[e peo]ple are expected to be silent, and i[f you] utter your voice you are interfering. [There] they stand, the four, with opera g[lasses] dangling at their sides, singing, "R[ock of] Ages, Cleft for Me," with the same [voices] that the night before, on the stag[e,] took their part in the "Grand Duche[ss" or] "Don Giovanni."

My Christian friends, have we a ri[ght to] delegate to others the discharge o[f this] duty which God demands of us? Su[ppose] that four wood thrushes propose to [do all] the singing some bright day whe[n the] woods are ringing with bird voices. [They] decided that four wood thrushes sh[all do] all the singing of the forest. Let all [other] voices keep silent. How beautiful th[ey] warble. It is really fine music. But [how] long will you keep the forest still? [Why, if] Christ would come into that fores[t and] look up as He looked through the [olive trees,] and he would wave His hand and [say,] "Let everything that hath breath [praise] the Lord;" and keeping strength wit[h the] stroke of innumerable wings there w[ould] be five thousand bird voices leaping [into] the harmony.

Suppose this delegation of musical [per]formers were tried in heaven; suppos[e that] four choice spirits should try to d[o the] singing of the upper temple. Hush [ye] thrones and dominions and principa[lities.] David, be still, though you were the "s[weet] singer of Israel." Paul, keep quiet, th[ough] you have come to that crown of rejoi[cing.] Richard Baxter, keep still, though t[he author of] the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Four [spir]its now do all the singing. But how [long] would heaven be quiet? How long? ["Hal]lelujah!" would cry some glorified M[ethodist] from under the altar. "Praise [the] Lord!" would sing the martyrs from a[mong] the thrones. "Thanks be unto God, [which] giveth us the victory!" a great mult[itude] of redeemed spirits would cry—myria[ds of] voices coming into the harmony, an[d the] one hundred and forty four thousand b[reak]ing forth into one acclamation.

Stop that loud singing! Stop; Oh [no,] they cannot hear me. You might as [well] try to drown the thunder of the sk[y, or] beat back the roar of the sea, for e[very] soul in heaven has resolved to do its [own] singing. Alas that we should have [on] earth that which they cannot [have in] heaven, and instead of joining all [our] voices in the praise of the most high [God,] delegating perhaps to unconsecrated [men] and women this most solemn and delightful service. Now, in this ch[urch] we have resolved upon the plan of

Please tell how to break glass bottles, etc., previously cracked, without destroying the article.

To break glass in any required way, dip a piece of worsted thread in spirits of turpentine, wrap it around the glass in the direction required to be broken, and then set fire to the thread, or apply a red-hot wire around the glass; if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it while the wire remains hot. By this means glass vessels that have been broken may often be fashioned and rendered useful for a variety of purposes. To break a glass bottle or jar across its circumference, place the bottle in a vessel of water, to the height where it is designed to break it; also fill the bottle to the same level. Now pour coal oil inside and out on the water; cut a ring of paper, fitting the bottle; saturate with alcohol or benzine, so that it touches the oil; pour, also, some inside the bottle; set on fire. The cold water prevents the glass from heating below its surface, while the expansion caused by the heat will break the vessel on the water line.

Benedictines.

F. C., Pageville, Ky.:

Please tell us something about the order of Benedictines, when founded, etc.

This order of monks was founded by St. Benedictine (who lived in 480-543). He introduced the monastic life into western Europe in 529. His *Regula Monachorum* (rule of the monks) soon became the common rule of Western monachism. No religious order has been so remarkable for extent, wealth, and men of note and learning as the Benedictine. Among its branches the chief were the Cistercians, founded in 1098, and reformed by St. Bernard in 1116; and the Carthusians, from the Chartreux (hence Charter House), founded by Bruno about 1084. The Benedictine order was introduced into England by Augustine in 596; and William I. built an abbey for it on the plain where the battle of Hastings was fought, 1066. Of this order it is reckoned that there have been 40 popes, 200 cardinals, 50 patriarchs, 116 archbishops, 4,600 bishops, 4 emperors, 12 empresses, 46 kings, 41 queens and 3,600 saints. Their founder was canonized. The Benedictines have taken little part in politics, but have produced many valuable works.

Illinois Troops—Decoration Day.

P., Highland, Ill.:

1. How many foreign-born soldiers were there in the Union armies? 2. How many soldiers did Illinois furnish in the late war? 3. When was Decoration Day first observed, and by whom appointed?

1. Have not been able to find any reliable statistics. 2. White, 259,147; colored, 1,811. 3. The first general observance was ordered by the Grand Army in 1868, and May 11, 1870, the 30th of May was fixed upon for annual observance by an article adopted as a part of the rules and regulations of the order. It is said that the G. A. R. was first organized in Illinois early in 1866, by Dr. B. F. Stephenson, of Springfield. The first national convention of the order was held at Indianapolis, Ind., November 20, 1866. It is not definitely known who first suggested the observance of Decoration Day, but it had its origin, we think, at the Indianapolis convention.

Stamped Envelopes.

T. C., Reno, Minn.:

Who furnishes the government stamped envelopes? What do they cost the government, and how many are used?

For twelve years the Plimpton Envelope company, of Hartford, Conn., and the Morgan Envelope company, of Springfield, Mass., have had the making of stamped envelopes. Since the government began in 1851 to sell stamped envelopes, there has been a steady increase in the amount required each year, until now the government has for several years been selling more envelopes than all other producers combined. Last year 279,000,000 stamped envelopes, worth $5,773,000, were sold. With every letting the size of the contract increases and the price of envelopes is reduced. Envelopes which in 1869 cost $4.80 per 1,000 can now be sold for $1.80 per 1,000, and the extra letter-size that then cost $6 are now sold for $2.40.

Miscellaneous.

Sub., Stanton, Neb.: The Union Pacific railroad was completed May 10, 1869.

N. P., Hutchinson, Kan.:

Were Gens. Joseph E. and Albert Sidney Johnston, of the late war, related to each?

No.

A. B., Woodland, W. Va.:

Please give the author of the following: "Virtue alone is happiness below."

Pope.

S. N. R., Atwood, Pa.: Parson Brownlow died in Knoxville, Tenn., April 29, 1877. He was elected governor of Tennessee in 1865, and United States senator in 1869.

M., Vekol, Ariz.:

Where can I address a letter to find Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer?

He was in London the last the Bureau heard of him.

Sub., Malvern, Ill.: It is provided in English law that either spouse may obtain a divorce on the ground of adultry, but in case the wife is petitioner, the adultery must be accompanied by cruelty or desertion.

Reader, Covington, Ind.: There is no truth in the statement that any frauds have been discovered implicating members of Pres. Arthur's cabinet. Do not know where you can obtain copies of Hendricks's speeches.

F. C. W., Maitland, Dak.: The trial of Henry Ward Beecher, on charges brought by Theodore Tilton, began January 11, 1865, and lasted about six months. The jury were unable to agree, after being out seven days. They stood nine for acquittal and three for conviction.

Reader, Lake City, Ill.:

Please give the law of Ohio with regard to widows' dowers in real estate.

An interest for her natural life in one-third, after the payment of all debts. At her decease the property descends to the heirs of the husband.

Sub., Toledo, O.:

1. Are the Knights of Labor a chartered organization? 2. How was Mr. Powderly appointed as chief? 3. Does Powderly receive a stated salary?

1. No. 2. He was elected at a general convention. 3. Yes, $1,500, we think.

H. S., Defiance, O.: The Geological Survey of Ohio, volume 3, page 482, says: "On John W. Hogue's farm, one and one-half miles east of Bellefontaine, Logan county, the elevation is 1,540 feet, which equals 1,108 feet above low water mark at Cincinnati and 975 above Lake Erie, and is the highest point yet measured in Ohio."

Sub., Arlington, Neb.:

1. Where can I procure the rules and regulations of the secret service? 2. Where are the land offices located in Kansas? 3. To whom should I apply for an agricultural report?

1. Secretary of the treasury, Washington. 2. Topeka, Salina, Independence, Wichita, Kirwin, Concordia, Larned, Wakeeny, Oberlin, and Gordon City. 3. Commissioner of agriculture, Washington, or to your member of Congress.

Reader, Conover, O.:

Please publish the names of the Associate Judges of the United States Supreme court.

Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa, appointed in 1862; Stephen J. Field, Colorado, 1863; Joseph P. Bradley, New Jersey, 1870; John M. Harlan, Kentucky, 1877; William B. Woods, Georgia, 1880; Stanley Matthews, Ohio, 1881; Horace Gray, Massachusetts, 1881; Samuel Blatchford, New York, 1882.

J. S. S., Edina, Mo.:

1. Please publish the poem, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." 2. What became of Morgan for exposing Freemasonry? 3. Give the distance from New York city to Quincy, Ill.

1. The Bureau does not publish poetry. 2. He was supposed to have been drowned, but no evidence was ever produced to condemn any one, though long trials were held. A body was found, which at one time was identified as Morgan, but later was identified as the body of Timothy Moore. 3. About 1,175 miles.

A., Brownville, Ind.:

1. Is the enclosed picture a wood cut? If not, please give me the process by which it is made. 2. Is the lye wash that printers use for cleaning type the proper wash for cleaning wood cuts? 3. If not, what is?

1. No. The engraving is what is called a "process cut." The design is engraved in a plate of plaster which is used as a matrix into which molten type metal is poured. The composition of the plaster is a secret known only to the inventor. 2. No. 3. Sweet oil or benzine.

R. C. D., Beeman, Mont.: The Adamites was a sect that sprang up in the second century. Epiphanius tells us that they were called Adamites from their pretending to be re-established in the state of innocence, such as Adam was at the moment of his creation, whence they ought to imitate him in going naked. They detested marriage, maintaining that the conjugal union would never have taken place upon earth had sin been unknown. This obscure and ridiculous sect did not last long. It was, however, revived with additional absurdities in the twelfth century, and lasted till the fifteenth.

Reader, Warrenton, Mo.:

1. What five states have the least per cent. of illiteracy? 2. When and where did the sentence originate, "For God and home and native land?"

1. The five states having the lowest per cent. of persons ten years of age and upward returned as unable to read are Iowa, Maine, Kansas, Michigan and Ohio. 2. Fitz Greene Halleck wrote:

"Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God and your native land."

That is the nearest approach to your quotation we can find.

R. H., Paisley, Or.:

When, where, and by whom was the art of stenography invented?

The invention has by some authorities been ascribed to Cicero, the famous Roman orator. The first English treatise on stenography was published in 1588, by Dr. Timothy Bright, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It consisted entirely of arbitrary characters, each of which represented a word. But this system was crude and difficult of attainment, as, for its practical application, it required a remarkable tenacity of memory; and it was not until 1753, when the well-known reporter, Thomas Gurney, published his system, that stenography became an art calculated to be extensively useful. Since then many other systems have been published.

W. S., Buda, Ill.:

Will you please republish the recipe for taking ink out of paper?

Take of chloride of lime one pound, thoroughly pulverized, and four quarts soft water. They must be thoroughly shaken when first put together. It is required to stand 24 hours to dissolve the chloride of lime; then strain through a cotton cloth; after which add a teaspoonful of acetic acid (No. 8 commercial) to every ounce of the chloride of lime water. The eraser is used by reversing the pen-holder in the hand, dipping the end of the pen-holder into the fluid, and applying it, without rubbing, to the word, figure or blot required to be erased. When the ink has disappeared, absorb the fluid with a blotter, and the paper is immediately ready to write upon again.

F. J., Hillsboro, Wis.:

1. Give number, name and by whom spoken of the different languages. 2. How many men participated in the grand review at Washington after the rebellion?

1. The original European languages were thirteen, viz: Greek, Latin, German, Sclavonian, spoken in the East; Welsh; Biscayan, spoken in Spain; Irish; Albanian, in the mountains of Epirus; Tartarian, the old Illyrian; the Jazygian, remaining yet in Liburnia; the Chaucin, in the north of Hungary; and the Finnic, in East Friesland. From the Latin sprang the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese. The Turkish is a mixed dialect of the Tartarian. From the Teutonic sprang the present German, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, English, Scotch, etc. There are 3,664 known languages, or rather dialects in the world. Of these 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,624 American languages and dialects. The above is Adelung's classification. Other authorities differ from him in several particulars. 2. Probably 500,000.

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FOLSOM ADULATION.

Buffalo News.—The choice of a bride from among Buffalo's fair ladies, and especially one to whom reference is made here only in terms of the highest praise, must draw him nearer in thought and sentiment to his old home.

Missouri Republican.—This talk of another mistress for the White House is plainly opposed to the spirit of civil service reform. Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the present incumbent, is not an offensive partisan, and there are no charges against her.

Buffalo Times.—From the evidence at hand, and it seems indisputable, we are led to the belief that Pres. Cleveland will surrender his freedom to the fair Miss Folsom in June. That the fair prospective bride may find the President a plastic subject is the earnest wish of her many friends in Buffalo.

Troy Telegram.—There are now two distinct branches of the Folsom family, one in Maine, which valiantly supported the "plumed knight," and the one at Buffalo, which was as devoted to the interests of Mr. Cleveland, and whose fair representative it is now said will be a participant in the honors that have come to their candidate.

Troy Telegram.—Miss Folsom's hair is soft and brown, of a shade between light and dark. It is combed well back from her full forehead, and loose wavy tendrils fall away from their confinement against the ivory whiteness of her face. She has violet blue eyes, a well-shaped nose and mouth and a full round chin. The warm pallor of her complexion contrasts with the deep red of her full lips, in which all her color concentrates itself. Her shoulders are broad and her bust and waist of classic proportions. She has finely molded hands and feet—not small, but well suited to her height.

If you are suffering from any form of Malarial disease and have taken Quinine, and any or all other remedies until even hope is gone, get a bottle of Shallenberger's Pills; *they will cure you.* If the druggists don't have them send one dollar to Dr. Shallenbarger, Rochester, Penna., and get them by return mail. If not satisfied with results your money will be returned to you.

A Plucky Woman.

Mrs. Springer, wife of the congressman, is very anxious that her husband should retire permanently from political life. She is essentially a domestic woman, and she much prefers the quiet of home life to the noisy, hollow insecurity and insincerity of a political career. For some time she has been urging Mr. Springer to quit politics and to return to the practice of his profession, in which she sees more profit of every kind. But when she saw last winter that an effort was being made to defeat her husband for a renomination her soul was in arms and she declared that she would never consent to his retiring from politics so long as there was any fight on him. "He must retire voluntarily," she said; "not be thrust aside to satisfy the whims of a few that either cannot or will not appreciate what he has done for his party and for his district."—*Chicago News.*

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped enveloped to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East Fifteenth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A Cowardly Insinuation.

"Does your cow cringe and curl?" asks the New England *Farmer*, "and appear nervous and fidgety when you sit down to milk her?" Well, not much, she doesn't. She isn't that kine of a cow. She isn't one of your shy, timid, bashful cows. She just fixes her eyes on vacancy with a glare that will raise a blister on an oak knot, sticks her tail straight up in the air, stiff as a poker, plants three feet firmly on the ground and then feels around with the other the milk pail, milk stool, milk maid; finds them; fires them up somewhere into the blue empyrean, and remarking "Ha ha!" amid the shouting, jumps over a six-rail fence and tramples down an acre of young garden. Don't talk about cringing and curling to a cow that has to be milked with a pipe line and a pumping station.—*Burdette.*

Sheepskins for Winter Use.

Why is it that our people have never utilized sheepskins in the Russian manner? The pelisses of the moujiks if better tanned would be ideal garments in harsh winter weather. I only wish I could get some Australian skins with silky fleeces to provide myself with a Russian surtout or pastich. The leathery side being turned out, and the skirt forming when buttoned a bell, rain flows off like water from a duck's back, and the temperature inside does not change. A sheepskin will take any dye, and with proper dressing it can be made conveniently supple. The pelisse of the staroste was dyed the color of a gingerbread nut, and was brightened on the breast and seams with many-colored embroidery in wool.—*London Truth.*

FITS!—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Just Look at 'Em.

How easy it is to tell when a great number of new appointments in the United States consular service have been made. Here and there and everywhere the *Crosslots Banner*, the *Mashawakee Clarion*, the *Four Corners Guardian* and the *Wayback Stayer* blossoms out with six-column letters from "Our Own Special Correspondent" at such places as Wady il Bucksheesh, Syria; Gandeloupe St. Hoopela, Spain; Mugrhwhatti, Hindustan; Ijjzzzzjjj, Upper Egypt, and similar well known and important centers of journalistic interest. A blind man can spot the new consul and his daughter.—*Burdette.*

Catarrh

Is frequently an indication of a Scrofulous taint in the system. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus restores health to the affected membranes. It also stops the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and prevents the infection from reaching the lungs and stomach. Catarrh should be treated as a blood disease.

I suffered for years from chronic Catarrh. My appetite was very poor, and I felt miserably. None of the remedies I took afforded me any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which I have now taken five bottles. The catarrh has disappeared, and I am growing strong and stout; my appetite has returned, and my health is fully restored.—Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

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The Preacher's Text.

A clergyman who was visiting, last summer, at a place near Cape Ann, called for his horse one Sunday morning, as he wished to ride to church. Joe, the old servant, returned with the information that the animal could not be found, and had probably wandered into an adjoining pasture. The preacher accordingly set out to walk to the church, where he was engaged to deliver the morning sermon. The opening hymn having been sung and an effective prayer made, the good man rose and announced his text, which was, "Oh, that I could find him." He was somewhat disconcerted by the wild appearance of Joe in the doorway, who, red-faced and short of breath, shouted, in a relieved tone: "Oh, you can find him fast enough: he's over in Bill Brown's barn."

Unused Talents.

"Lancelot," asked Elaine, "how do the strikers 'kill' an engine? I can't understand it at all." "Easy as lying," replied Lancelot, promptly. "You just climb over the tail board into the cab, open the blow off cock by lowering the connecting rods until the crank pin is level with the cross head of the fulcrum connections, push in the brass throttle rachet till it reaches the crown sheet which lets the water glasses fall into the fire box—" "Oh, now I see," she said, joyously, "and of course that puts out the fire. But, Lancelot, if I knew as much about engines as you do, I wouldn't stand at the ribbon counter another day. I'd just go out where the strike is, and be a president of a railroad myself." And Lancelot kissed her and said he would, just as soon as his new tennis suit came home.—*Burdette.*

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Crook's Superior Officer.

A story is told of Col. Sam Carpenter, who appreciates a joke, no matter at whose expense. While traveling on the cars the other day he became engaged in conversation with Gen. Crook, who happened to be aboard, en route for the East, when he quietly passed over to him a photograph of Geronimo, which he purchased from the newsboy, saying: "General, here is a picture of your superior officer!" Crook immediately changed his seat.—*Silver City (N. M.) Sentinel.*

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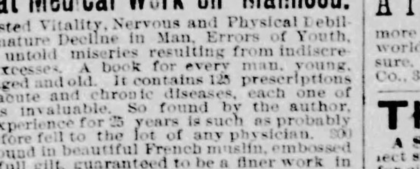

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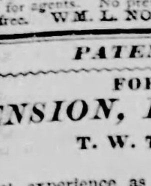

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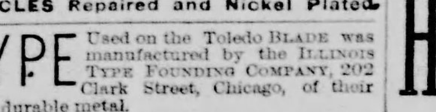

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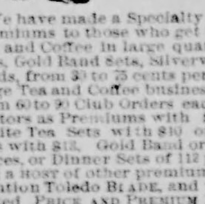

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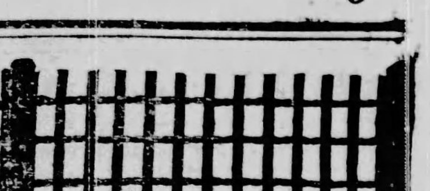

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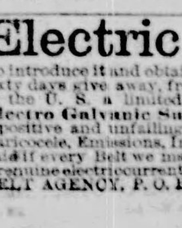

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE weekly reports to *Bradstreet's* are not as encouraging as for the previous week. There is but little purchasing at distributing points except for immediate wants. *Bradstreet's* reports that there are at least 50,000 employes on strike, against 43,000 last week, in addition to those seeking to enforce the adoption of the eight-hour rule, and that at least 225,000 men at industrial centers are actively moving to secure fewer hours of labor daily. Of this number 6,000 are on strike, 32,000 have had demands granted, and 105,000 threaten to strike. There are 75,000 who have not yet accompanied the requests with threats of strikes. The more aggravated condition of the labor situation is primarily responsible for the noticeable depression in the general trade and industrial circles throughout the country, in its opinion. Interior merchants are buying restricted lines and manufacturers are basing contracts on the non-interference of employes.

THAT the labor troubles of the country are having a demoralizing effect upon business is shown in the increase of business failures. The past week gives a total of 207 for the United States and Canada (the latter section having eighteen,) as against 194 for the previous seven days and 182 for the week before that. A significant fact, too, is that of the 189 last week in the United States, about half are in the Western and Pacific states.

THE reports of stagnation in certain lines from the labor troubles come from all over the country. Two or three million dollars' worth of new building contemplated in New York at this season has been deferred because of the unsatisfactory state of the labor market.

ALTHOUGH the President is lobbying to secure the passage of the tariff bill, a leading Democrat in Washington is reported as saying that he "hasn't enough influence in Congress to get a dog killed." And, even should he trade official patronage for votes for the measure in the House, a canvass of the Senate reveals that but three Republican votes can be secured even for consideration of a tariff bill at this session. This practically settles the question of tariff legislation, and makes the efforts put forth in the House to pass a bill to have only a political character.

IT is said that Sec. MANNING has definitely notified the President that he will not go back to the Treasury department, even if he regains in a measure his health. Mr. CLEVELAND has accepted the resignation, and is now thinking over the succession. He would like to promote Assistant Secretary FAIRCHILD, but that gentleman is rather independent politically, and the stalwart Democrats say that the President will select one of their number. If FAIRCHILD is put at the head of the department, they will regard it as a declaration that they are not wanted.

THE SPRINGER resolution, for a boardto arbitrate controversies between labor and capital, is attracting considerable attention. It provides for a Commission of Labor that is to have power to investigate all controversies between labor and capital, whether submitted for arbitration or not, and report thereupon to the President, who shall transmit the reports to Congress. In controversies or disturbances, however, which may interfere with inter-state transit or commerce, the commission is to act as a board of Arbitration whenever its conciliatory offices are invoked by the parties to the controversy. In cases where the controversy is confined within the limits of a state, the interposition of the commission may be ordered by the President on application of the legislature of the state, or of the executive when the legislature cannot be convened. The decisions of the board shall have effect only as provided in the articles of the submission of controversies. The bill, it will be seen, embodies the suggestions not only of the President, but those of the leaders of the Knights of Labor.

THE opponents of the tariff bill in the House assert that they are now sure of 29 majority against the bill. In a full House, they say, the vote would stand 176 to 147. They claim 39 or 40 votes against it. The plan, at present, of the opponents of the bill is, when the general debate is over to move to recommit the bill, with instructions to strike out all that relates to changes in duties, and report back that part only which relates to the administration of the tariff. On this motion they expect to have a majority of 29.

A RUMOR comes from Columbus that Judge THURMAN has told the Democratic members of the "non-partisan" committee that they have no case, and that he has advised them to report in favor of ousting the four fraud Hamilton county Senators. It will be remembered that he was chosen referee by the Democrats (the Republicans choosing Mr. HARRISON), and that all disputed points in committee were to be submitted to their decision. It is the hard fate of THURMAN to be the wise man in a party of fools.

A BILL has at last been reported to the House providing for the retirement and recoinage of the trade dollar.

A SHINING example of Democratic efficiency is the change, made at the beginning of the present session of Congress, in the rules of the House, whereby a large portion of the work hitherto done by the Appropriations committee was placed in control of other committees. The reason urged for this change was that it would materially expedite business, especially the preparation of the annual appropriation bills. Look at the result: Congress has been in session five months, and over half the appropriation bills have not been presented. The fact is, the Democratic statesmen have no idea of business. Their idea seems to be that the chief end of man is to get offices out of a reluctant and pigheaded executive.

IT is interesting to note that of the 2,156 nominations sent to the Senate since Congress opened, only six have been rejected thus far.

REP. SPRINGER, of Illinois, has introduced a bill in the House to establish a department of Labor, and to create a board for the arbitration of controversies between labor and capital.

A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate to abolish the Signal Service and establish a weather bureau on July 1 next. The bureau is to be organized as a civil establishment to promote meterological investigation and be under the direction of the secretary of War. Enlisted men and non-commissioned officers of the Signal Service are to be discharged June 30, but they are to be given preference in selecting employes of the new bureau. The utter unreliability of the predictions of late renders some change imperative to get rid of HAZEN, and put the bureau in competent hands.

IT HAS been given out that the Senate had confirmed the nomination of Gen. ROSECRANS as Register of the Treasury, but the statement is untrue, nor is it absolutely certain that he will be confirmed, though a majority of the members of the Senate was at one time in favor of such action in the case. Later developments in the matter tend to the opinion that the General will have considerable trouble before he can get his commission, which will not be issued by the President until the Senate takes favorable action.

THE Senate has passed the bill providing for the erection of a duplicate White House, to be used as a private residence for the President and family, the present building to be used for all other purposes. If the bill can be reached by the House, there is said to be no doubt of its passage.

THE Senate bill providing for the division of Dakota territory and the admission of the southern part as a state has been adversely reported by the House committee on Territories. This was to be expected. The Democrats propose to hang on to power in the national government by preventing any territory which is Republican from becoming a state. The people will have an opportunity of expressing their views of this line of conduct at the Congressional elections this fall.

SEC. LAMAR has declined to permit the Knights of Labor to go through the Interior department and solicit contributions in aid of the strikers.

DURING the last 135 years 632 theatres have been destroyed by fire, and the number of people burned to death in these fires is 6,573, or an average of 48 a year. Of these 632 theatres 174 have been burned during the last five years, a fact which shows that such casualties are rapidly increasing.

THE question of the right of boycotting, which has been lately carried on in a wholesale way in New York, will soon be settled in that city. Thirty-five members of the Tailors' Union, who have been trying to drive trade away from a firm there, have been indicted and are to be tried under certain provisions of the Penal Code relating to conspiracies and coercion.

THE Easter recess of the English Parliament is drawing to a close. The time has been spent by both friends and enemies of Home Rule in endeavoring to strengthen themselves preparatory to the fight that must be entered upon at the opening of the session. Although both Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GOSCHEN have made strong speeches against it, upon the whole Mr. GLADSTONE has reason for encouragement from the events of the fortnight. A majority of the Liberal associations is committed to the support of his measures, while the strongest Liberal body in Scotland is on his side. The probability is, however, that while Home Rule in some form will be adopted, large concessions will have to be made by the government, and this, there is every indication, it is preparing to do. It is not likely that Mr. GLADSTONE will give up, as some affirm, everything save the principle of Home Rule, but he will simply modify it, in order to satisfy wavering Liberals.

IT is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE will be defeated during the coming session of Parliament, although not probable. The sentiment in favor of Home Rule is growing with the general public, so that even in the event of a failure to secure it now, the question will only be carried over. It can never be put out of sight again in any event, but must precede in importance all others, until it is finally settled.

ENGLAND is not having an easy time with Burmah. In her efforts to establish a good government there, she has several things to contend with, such as the machinations of the royal family, the duplicity of the native politicians, and the outrages of organized plunderers. The latter have acquired great strength, and are ravaging large portions of the country. The British are gradually acquiring the upper hand, but there is little doubt but that the army of occupation will have to be re-inforced, which, under the present condition of affairs in India, and the uncertain state of things in Europe, combined with disturbed home matters, will be somewhat difficult to do. To diminish the British force in India to any extent would be to invite Russian demonstration in the Balkans.

THE Czar of Russia seems to be experimenting in the direction of cotton culture, as he is said to have authorized the sending to Texas for a quantity of cotton seed, and for two experienced cotton cultivators in order to test the capabilities of Southern Russia in that direction. From present appearances, it appears that Russia is to be the great rival of the United States in the future.

THERE is serious trouble in Galicia, bred by agitators who are suspected of being Russian emissaries, and the peasants are rising in all directions. A repetition of the terrors of 40 years ago is threatened, unless prompt measures are taken to suppress the rebellion. The Galician peasants have a blind adoration of the Kaiser, so that the imperial banner is unfurled wherever there is serious apprehension felt, in order to show that he is not in sympathy with such a movement.

THE Pope and the Prussian (not German) government have finally compromised their differences by an agreement that the names of all parish priests designated for appointment in Prussia shall previously be submitted to the Prussian civil authorities for approval.

THE Greek question is now in a fair way to be settled without war. The Powers have been firm in their demand for a disarming of Greece, but that plucky little state would not yield until France interfered and advised her to refrain from hostilities. The Greek minister, DELYANNIS, agreed not to disturb the peace providing the fleet should be withdrawn in token that the Powers had withdrawn their ultimatum. This the latter have refused to do, but there is little doubt but that Greece will finally submit, and thus Lord ROSEBERY will score a brilliant diplomatic victory. England could not well afford to allow the peace of Europe to be disturbed at present, and the course taken with regard to Greece was the only way to prevent it. Meanwhile it is hard to prophecy how long before some other disturbance will arise that will bring another threatening war cloud.

THE PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANTI-SLAVERY AND THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENTS.

Every now and then the BLADE receives a letter inquiring, in case Prohibition were enforced over the entire United States, whether the result would not be disastrous to the farming interest, as the enormous amount of grain now used in brewing and distilling would be unable to find a market, and the price go down considerably, thus entailing loss.

We also received a letter recently, asking if, in the case supposed above, the effect would not be bad upon the labor market, as the thousands of men now employed in breweries and distilleries, in rectifying houses, in the wholesale liquor trade, and in saloon and beer-shop keeping, would all be compelled to turn to other occupations for a livelihood, and thus compete with the already overcrowded ranks of honest workmen and merchants.

These letters all show that their writers fail to grasp the full scope of the mighty change for the better that would be wrought by the adoption of Prohibition by every state in the Union, and the utter extinction of the liquor traffic. The results would be more far-reaching and radical than our correspondents push their inquiries. They leave out of their calculations the fact that the men whose earnings now go into the coffers of the Rum Power would divert it into other channels. Their money would be spent for more and better food for themselves, their wives and children; it would be spent for more and better clothing; it would be spent for the thousand and one comforts and luxuries that now are strangers to their homes and lives.

Do our correspondents know how great a sum this would be annually? It is estimated that no less than *six hundred millions* of dollars are spent in the United States each year for Rum. Consider a moment what a tremendous impetus would be given to trade if this enormous sum—a sum that would wipe out the national debt within a little over two years—were were all poured into legitimate channels. Picture the benefits to everybody were six hundred million dollars more spent every year for all kinds of food and groceries, for fuel, for clothing, for furniture and carpets, for cottages and lots, for the thousands of things which honest, thriving, industrious citizens purchase to supply their legitimate needs and desires.

The increased demand for these things would necessitate an increase in production of all the necessaries and luxuries of life; it would render it profitable to open more stores and groceries, more wholesale houses of all kinds, more factories, and mills, and shops; and all this would give employment to every man thrown out of employment by the extinction of the Rum traffic. The same beneficial effect would follow as regards the farmers. It would take more cattle and hogs, more wheat and corn, to supply the demand for more food and better; it would take more wool to supply the demand for clothing; it would take more of everything that can be eaten or worn, and of all things which can be manufactured into articles of necessity and every-day use.

This is but a brief outline; the reader can pursue it in all of its myriad ramifications. The addition of $600,000,000 to the legitimate domestic traffic of this country in one year would give business an impetus that would bring better times than we have witnessed for years; it would give our stagnant industries such a boom as they never yet have experienced. And if this tremendous contribution to the material prosperity of the country were kept up year after year, as it would be were the curse of Rum removed, our land would enter upon such an era of prosperity as would surpass the wildest dreams of an enthusiast.

Better even than this material prosperity would be the improvement in the moral welfare of the people. Vice and crime would decrease greatly, for their greatest exciting cause would be removed. The poverty, and want, and wretchedness which results from Rum would be banished, and happiness and plenty smile upon thousands of homes where now there is only misery, and hunger, and despair. Our jails and prisons would have fewer inmates; our penitentiaries would show a decrease in the number of their convicts instead of a steady increase; our insane asylums soon would no longer be filled with the victims of Rum, nor our poor-houses with their helpless families, brought there through Rum's accursed agency.

We might also call the attention of those who fear that the grain market would be injuriously affected by Procibition to the fact that no man can be morally right who knowingly sells his grain to be made into whisky or beer. He is no more guiltless than the property-owner who rents a house to be used as a palace of vice, nor than the blacksmith who makes a burglar a set of house-breaking tools. But it is not probable that a man who would be willing that the giant curse of the land should go on its work of destruction unfettered because he foolishly fears that he might be compelled to take a cent or two less a bushel for his grain if it were exterminated, would be callous to the question of moral guilt involved in its discussion.

The grand Prohibition movement is reaching the end of its first stage—that of the education of the people to a belief in it. All great moral reforms have to pass through this long and tedious incubating period. Then comes the struggle for the mastery, the battle between the eternal Right and the legions of Wrong—and the latter goes down, surely and totally.

The struggle for the overthrow of slavery proceeded slowly at first. It took nearly half a century to educate the people of the United States up to the point where they looked upon human slavery as a terrible wrong, a burning shame to the nation. When this point was reached, events moved swiftly, and it was but a few years until slavery was a thing of the past.

There is a close parallel between the Prohibition movement and the anti-slavery movement. They have moved hitherto along the same general line, and the result will the same. The first abolitionists were branded as fanatics, and so were and are the leaders of Prohibition. Slavery was defended on Scriptural grounds, and so to-day is drinking. It was argued that the people of the South had a constitutional guarantee of protection for that institution; it is held to-day that Prohibition is unconstitutional in that it interferes with "personal liberty." It was declared that the destruction of the values represented by the slaves would be ruinous to the country; the argument against Prohibition given in the opening paragraph of this article is a parallel case of reasoning.

Finally the moral sense of a great portion of the people of this country was aroused to see the iniquity of slavery; that point is just being reached regarding the Rum traffic. Then, in the case of slavery, came the insufferable arrogance of the slaveholders, the demand that they should be allowed to take their "peculiar institution" into the territories, that slave states might be made of them. The Rum Power, is showing the same arrogance, is making the same haughty demands that it shall not be hindered in its damnable work.

For slavery, this arrogant presumption was the signal for the struggle for its extinction. The same thing is true, we verily believe, regarding Rum. From 1856 to 1860, the people of the North realized that slavery must be controlled, kept down, or it would dominate the nation permanently; the same thing is true of the people to-day regarding the Rum Power, and the grand struggle will be as decisive, as complete and as rapid in the present case as in the case of slavery. In 1860, no one dreamed that five years would see every slave freed, any more than any one now believes that Prohibition will be supreme five years hence; yet the battle is coming swiftly. No man can tell how soon the death-struggle will come, the Armageddon of the Rum Power be fought. It is coming, as sure as the summer is coming; it will end in the triumph of Prohibition as sure as it is true that God reigns in the heavens. The time is swiftly coming when every honest man, every moral man, every true patriot, will enroll himself under the banner of Prohibition, and join in the grand struggle to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"THE CURSE OF COBDEN."

COBDEN, the English statesman, was the father of the present free trade policy of that country. When the system went into operation, England was the manufacturer of the world's goods. All nations sent her their raw materials, and bought the finished products of her merchants and manufacturers. The English stamp was the mark of superlative excellence, as no other country had advanced so far in excellence of manufacture as she. When free trade began there, it was the best possible policy for her, as she had no competition worthy of the name.

But the times have changed. The sceptre of manufacturing supremacy has departed from her. Her industries developed enormously. Competition became so fierce that first, wages of workingmen went down gradually to the lowest notch, in the efforts of her rival manufacturers to undersell each other. When a point had been reached so low that the work people—not men alone, but women and children there spend their lives in unending toil—could barely subsist, the process of adulteration of all products capable of it, of fraud in manufactures of all kinds, was begun. This operated to make foreign buyers shy of English goods, and they cast about to find better qualities of the same articles.

Meanwhile, other nations, notably the United States, began to see that they were mere dependants upon England as regarded manufactured goods—that they were tribute-payers to her industries. Our protective tariff started our manufacturing industries into operation, and they have grown and extended until we are now one of her most formidable competitors. Her market in this country has been enormously reduced, and American manufactures in all important lines are better than the English makes of the same kinds of goods. The stagnation of British industries is far more formidable than the depression here. Wise Englishmen are looking for the cause, and they can see that the free-trade policy will no longer serve England, under the changed condition of the world's industries. Under the startling heading, "The Curse of Cobden," *St. Stephen's Review*, a London paper of high grade, has the following remarkable article, showing the drift of sentiment against the free-trade fallacy. Every American should read it:

> The world still refuses to arrange itself to suit the arguments of sentimental Cobdenites. It certainly forms a stage on which England continues to play a part, but a very sad one. We have been told that other countries are suffering as much from bad trade as we are. Nevertheless Germany and the United States have long since recovered from their temporary depression.
>
> Now the world has deigned to smile upon French industries, and despite the enormous taxation which republicanism has piled up, trade is improving on the other side of the channel. As compared with the corresponding period of last year there has been a great increase in the exports of French silk goods during the past three months. The other textile industries of France also indicate an improvement, while those of England remain in a torpid and profitless condition.
>
> Foreign competition is destroying the lace curtain trade of Nottingham, and the hosiery industry is "going from 'bad to worse.'" There is no life in the Belfast linen market, and all that was hoped for in the silk trade, because of a change in fashion, has ended in bitter disappointment. The output of coal during the past twelve months shows a decrease of 1,500,000 tons as compared with the previous year, and the iron trade continues in almost a hopeless condition.
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> How many smokeless chimneys, standing mills, unemployed operators, and idle colliers does the reduced production of coal represent? The answer to that question would afford some startling revelations. And yet we are asked to forget our domestic troubles, and to add to our burdens by squandering money among sedition-mongers in Ireland. Happily for the country the working classes are beginning to realize how much they have been humbugged by modern radicalism and Cobdenism. The commercial revolution is coming more quickly than many people imagine.
>
> "The man who leads, and the party who follow in the great crusade for justice to British industry, will win, and as a result will hold the reins of power in England for many a long year. Cobdenism, when its mischievous features were not to the fore, gave authority to the Gladstone party. Now that the mischief is not only apparent but acutely felt, the revulsion of the feeling is coming, and what Cobdenism did for Gladstone fair trade will do for the party that has the courage to take up its principles and push them forward to a successful issue. Will the Conservatives miss such a splendid opportunity?

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

Everybody claims to be in favor of an extension of American commerce; yet a large number of people fail entirely to see that the conditions of that problem are exactly the same as those governing the development of trade in their own community, and object to measures for the fostering of our foreign commerce, while they would highly approve of similar steps for the improvement of domestic traffic.

Every one knows that in developing the trade of any section of this country, quick, frequent and reliable communication is the first requisite; that the mails must be carried regularly, even though the region be so sparsely settled that the routes do not pay the expense; and that when one distributing point reaches out for the business of a given portion of territory, by furnishing lower rates or quicker communication, competing points must do the same; in brief, that the great problem is *to get trade started your way*, even if it costs largely to do so—for after the drift is in your direction, the natural increase in business will in time return you this expenditure, and bring with it a handsome profit.

Exactly the same conditions govern American trade with foreign lands. The world is a market open to all countries. The ones who can reach any given portion most quickly and frequently will get the bulk of the trade. If the merchants and railways of Chicago, for instance, find St. Louis getting the best of them in obtaining the traffic of a given area in Kansas, they find out where the facilities of the latter are superior to their own, and meet them with better rates or more favorable terms. Why shall not the government of the United State pursue the same policy in extending the foreign traffic of the country, and why do not the people uniformly support such a policy?

Here is Sec. WHITNEY, and the present administration, refusing to sustain our steamship lines to even the extent which third and fourth-rate nations sustain theirs, and while expending millions of dollars on mail routes on land which do not pay expenses, foolishly refusing to apply the same principle to commerce on the sea. Private citizens have patriotically endeavored to restore the American flag to the proud place it once occupied on the ocean, but have gone down before the competition of foreigners who were backed by their governments.

Even now such efforts are being made, notably by the American line to South America, but it seems to meet with but little encouragement from the United States government, and it is not improbable that it will go down as its predecessors have done before the unequal competition of foreign lines that are sustained by adequate pay for carrying the mails. If it does, it will be a long time before another set of men sufficiently patriotic and enterprising will be found to again put capital and effort into establishing American steamship lines.

THE BUTTERINE QUESTION.

An energetic effort is making to have Congress place an internal revenue tax of ten cents per pound upon all varieties of imitation butter—called "butterine," "oleomargarine," etc. The persons agitating this matter claim to be the representatives of the dairy farmers of the United States, whose business, it is claimed, is going to ruin by reason of the enormous increase in the sale of butterine.

The argument is, "the introduction of butterine has injured the sale of butter, and reduced its price, so that the dairyman can not make such large profits; we therefore ask that butterine shall be taxed ten cents a pound, that the price of butter may be kept up." But if Congress is to legislate for the good of the greatest number, would it not be better for the great majority of the people—who have to buy their butter—that butterine should be untaxed, if thereby they can get butter cheaper?

Let us look at this butterine question. First, if properly and honestly made it is as healthy and as palatable as butter. The process of making is, in brief, to take beef-fat, and by manipulation deprive it of all tissue and extract the stearine. There are then left pure oleine and palmitine, which are the oils found in butter. It is merely taking beef-fat and performing by machinery the process that is performed by the animal economy of the cow. The oleine and palmitine are mixed with a certain proportion of cream or fresh milk, which gives it flavor; a sufficiency of a harmless coloring matter is introduced, and the finished product can not be told from a good article of dairy butter. Some manufacturers add a certain proportion of pure leaf-lard, but this product is inferior.

Now, butterine has been sold largely by unscrupulous dealers as real butter, and has thus forced the price of the latter down. The law should step in and compel it to be sold for what it really is. This will put butter and butterine on an equal footing; they will be bought on their merits. If butterine is as good as real butter, and can be bought cheaper, it will occupy a very wide field, and enable tens of thousands of the poor in cities to have upon their tables a better article than they could otherwise have. "But," says the dairyman, "you will ruin the dairy business!" We think not. We have no idea that butterine, no matter how well and carefully made, can ever compete with the very highest grades of real butter. The dairymen must improve their products, that is all; they must turn out a "gilt-edged" article of butter, which will always find a market, and at a good price. Butterine will drive inferior and rancid butter from the market, and it will be a blessing when this result is attained.

It is to be remembered by the farmers, too, that if the price of butter is lowered through the increased use of butterine—and its consumption is already enormous—the demand for and the price of fat cattle will be largely increased, to furnish the material for making butterine. The farmer or dairyman may in effect find that while his butter-making is not so profitable, he can make much more money by raising fat cattle to supply the increased demand from the manufacturers of the new product.

Statistics compiled from the official record of prices in New York, show clearly that since butterine has been regularly sold, the very best grades of butter have not been injured in price, but that inferior grades have been materially reduced in price, because people prefer good butterine to the stale, rancid, malodorous natural product. It seems to us that the efforts now making to destroy the butterine trade by the imposition of heavy internal revenue tax should fail, and that the best interests of all will be better subserved by putting butterine and butter upon their merits, and allowing free competition. The people will be the gainers.

A MENACE TO AMERICAN LABOR.

During the month of March alone, there arrived at Castle Garden, New York, 22,919 immigrants, and probably the same proportion of new comers was kept up at the other seaports. The tide of foreign immigration is rising, and April is showing a greater number of arrivals, in proportion, than did March. These immigrants are not of the moneyed class, but nineteen out of every twenty are working people, fleeing from hard times and starvation wages of their European homes, in the hope of bettering their condition on this side of the Atlantic.

These people have been used to much lower wages than rule in this favored land. They are anxious to find occupation at once, that their little store of savings may not be exhausted, and they, strangers in a strange land, become objects of charity. Hence they will accept whatever may offer in the way of employment that lies within the range of their capabilities, and at wages as low as the conscience of the employer will allow him to offer.

The United States is full of unemployed men, and the proportion of enforced idlers is greatest in our cities. The steady influx of this large mass of foreign labor can have but one result—to add greatly to the number of the unemployed, at the same time exerting a decided depressing influence on the rate of wages paid for the class of labor for which the mass of them are fitted. A New York correspondent says:

> It is astonishing to see the number of idle people in this city just now, at almost every corner, representing not only one class, but all. Inside of Castle Garden are crowds of newly landed immigrants, besieging the labor bureau for work, and apparently as glad to get it as if they had found a bag of gold.

This is a state of things which our laboring classes should ponder well. There have been reams of frothy, declamatory stuff written about this country being "the home of the oppressed," the "refuge of the poor and downtrodden of every nation," and that the United States stands with open arms, "to welcome all who seek freedom and plenty on her shores." This was all well enough when the country was young, when the mighty area west of the Mississippi was an unsettled waste. But is it not time to call a halt, to think of the interests of our own citizens, rather than of those of European countries?

There is a fact in this matter that bears directly upon the discontent among American workingmen, so painfully evident from the numerous strikes. It is, that these strikes have largely swelled the tide of foreign immigration. The wages which our strikers reject seem large to these foreign laborers. Speaking of the strike on the New York Third avenue street railway, the *Times* of that city declared that the demand of the strikers was for wages which would seem wealth in European peasants' eyes; and it asserted that if the strikers stayed out long, "Castle Garden alone will fill their places." The facts regarding our strikes and the rates of wages paid are known all over Europe, somewhat through the press and more largely through letters from friends here who are anxious to bring others over. A danger thus menaces American workingmen that should receive prompt consideration. They should be protected from this foreign invasion of competing labor, else all efforts to better their own condition will be rendered futile.

FAEY'S comet is now visible to the naked eye—if the eye be a sharp one—a little after 3 o'clock in the morning, at a point somewhat north of the sun's rising place, and in the evening just before 8, a little north of the sunset point. It is in the constellation of the Triangles, nearly midway between Cassiopeia and Taurus. In other words it is about half way between the Pleiades (the "seven stars") and the "chair," farther north.

JEFF DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY.

We give, in our telegraphic columns, a very full report of the remarkable ovation to JEFF DAVIS, at Montgomery, Ala., and his oration in memory of the Confederate dead. The occasion is an effort to raise money to build a monument in their honor in the first capital of the rebel Confederacy. There are certain significant features in this affair. It will be noted, that while all possible honor was paid to DAVIS, there was no disloyal spirit displayed. The stars and stripes floated everywhere, and the most notable of the decorations were those which bore the symbols of the restored Union in connection with those indicating the defeat and extinction of the Confederacy.

It is proper and right that the people of the South shall honor the memory of their fathers, brothers, sons, who died for what was, twenty-five years ago, considered her cause. They would lack the feelings which honor humanity if they failed to do so. We of the victorious North have erected such memorials to those who fell in support of the Union, and the reverence thus shown the memory of our dead heroes is no more an expression of present hatred to the South than is the erection of similar memorials in the South an expression of hatred to the reconstructed Union. And it is fitting that Montgomery snould be selected as the location for such a monument. It was in that city that the Provisional Congress of the rebel states first met, February 4, 1861. It was there that the provisional government of the Confederate states was organized four days later, and that JEFF DAVIS was made President on the following day, February 9. There he was inaugurated on February 18, and there the Confederate constitution was adopted on March 11. It was the center of the rebel movement during the early days of the war, until the capital was removed to Richmond.

On the same spot where, 25 years ago, DAVIS stood to be inaugurated President of the rebel Confederacy, whose corner-stone was human slavery, he stood on April 29, 1886, to deliver an oration in memory of the men who fell in the futile effort to establish that government's independence of the United States. The scene, so far as buildings and surroundings so, was very nearly the same. But what a change in the political and social status of the people! The slave of that day is now a free man and a citizen; the doctrine of secession, the extreme outcome of the pernicious state rights theories of the old South, is dead; the Southern Confederacy is dead, and the people who greeted him as he rose to speak are loyal and contented citizens of the United States.

Truly DAVIS'S words were in effect a funeral oration over the "Lost Cause"—a cause that the best and truest men of the new South of to-day would not revivify if they could, and for whose defeat they have now no real regret. DAVIS, once the head and front of the rebel power, now a gray, worn old man, past the allotted span of threescore years and ten, stood there a veritable relic of the past—the representative of political ideas that are as dead as if they slept in the tombs of the Pharaohs.

There is no significance in his appearance nor in his words, nor yet in the enthusiasm which welcomed him, that need cause alarm to any loyal man. Slavery, secession and the Confederacy are all dead, beyond the power of human resurrection. The issues of the war are closed, and closed forever. There are issues before the people growing out of the changed condition of things in the South, issues yet unsettled, but which are as certain, sooner or later, to be settled in accordance with the eternal principles of right and justice as it was certain that slavery, and any government that was based on human servitude, would go down in the shock of arms, when battle was waged with a people whose moral instincts revolted thereat. That justice, full and complete, will be done the colored voters of the South, is as sure as that God reigns in the heavens.

And, aside from this one matter, there is no issue, of all those growing out of the war between the states, but is in the past. They are dead, and in the grave. The next great national political struggle must be upon new issues, and drawn on other than sectional lines. The people are ready for a new alignment in politics. The Union is preserved, and is more firmly bound together to-day than ever it was in the antebellum period. There is no longer any Southern question, in the old sense of the term. There is no need to resurrect old issues; the people will have none of them. Not the mistakes of the past, but the discussion of national policy in the future, must be the subject of debate between the two great parties of this country.

The honor shown JEFF DAVIS was more the expression of a sentiment pertaining to the past than to an active, living, powerful principle which is potent to-day. It would be contrary to human nature should the people of the new South of to-day fail to honor their chief civil leader in the stormy days of the war. But they may honor even JEFF DAVIS as a leader of a quarter of a century ago, without desiring him or his kind to lead them to-day. It by no means follows that they would indorse his political ideas were they asked to pass upon them; nay, more, it is certain that they would not. And it is to be remembered that he stood before that immense audience, a living example of the magnanimity and clemency of this victorious North. A traitor to his country, strict justice would have demanded the forfeit of his life. Wise counsels prevailed, and he yet lives—honored, it is true, but without one iota of political power among his own people. They honor the man for the sake of the cause he led. The cause is lost, and now they wish not that it had been successful. DAVIS is a ghost from the dead past, not a factor in the living present.

ONCE in a while a member of the deserving fraternity of newspaper men strikes a solid streak of luck. These occurrences, however, are so few and far between that when one does occur it deserves special mention. On last Wednesday, Mr. GEORGE BLEISTEIN, president of the Buffalo *Courier* company, was married to Mrs. CHARLES W. MCCUNE, widow of the late president of that company, and a daughter of CHANDLER J. WELLS, a wealthy citizen of Buffalo. She married MCCUNE a little over a year ago. About one month after the marriage, he suddenly died of pneumonia. Mr. BLEISTEIN was formerly Mr. MCCUNE'S private secretary, and in the will of the latter the sum of $20,000 was bequeathed to Mr. BLEISTEIN, the residue of a $1,000,000 estate being given to Mrs. MCCUNE.

THE following is a statement of the present position of the regular annual appropriation bills: Five—the General Deficiency, Legislative, Sundry Civil, Naval and Fortification bills—have not been reported from the House committees in which they originated. Three—the Military Academy, Consular, Diplomatic and Army Appropriation bills — are upon the House calendar. The River and Harbor bill is unfinished business in the committee of the Whole. Three—the Pension, District of Columbia and Agricultural bills—have passed the House, and are before the Senate committee on Appropriations. The Postoffice bill is before the Senate, and the Indian bill has passed both Houses. It can clearly be seen from the above that the Bourbon majority in the House is in no hurry to transact the public business.

THE idea of Arbor Day was started ten years ago, it is said, by J. STERLING MORTON, of Nebraska. It is now observed in Nebraska, Kansas, West Virginia, Minnesota, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Vermont. But the people generally are not as fully roused to the importance of such a day as they should be.

NASBY.

...m, left in front, which threw my com... y, A, in the rear. We went in with 68 ... that morning, and only six of us ...cked arms that night at Rossville, with ... lieutenant, Joseph B. Gore. Sergt. ...nes H. McCoy, of Pana, Ills., now totally ...d, and myself were the two last men ...t got off the field in good order. Boys, ...us continue to vote as we shot, but let ...not forget to follow the example of our ... commander and be magnanimous as ...l as brave, and have a due regard for ... feelings of the boys in gray. Ever re...nber that "eternal vigilance is the price ...liberty."—A. B. LEEPER, Sergt. Co. A, ...th Ills., Owaneco, Ills.

The Real Facts About Shiloh.

...ITOR CAMP FIRE:—For twenty-three ...s we have been reading different ac...ts of that terrible first day's battle at ...oh. Is it not about time to settle it? ...he one side we are told that the Union ..., under Grant, was utterly routed and ...ndown was a helpless mob, handled ...ther under the bank of the river, ...ing with fear or struggling to escape ... the foe, and would have been cap...d if Beauregard had not foolishly is... his order calling off the victorious ...nies. But Gen. Grant contended that ...rmy was still in as good fighting trim ...he foe; and Gen Sherman and other ...ting Union generals agree with him. ...ich view is correct?

...range as it may seem, this is very easily ...led, beyond fair controversy; and that ...o leave it to the enemy, and to those ...o were at the very front at that time; ... to some enemy of Gen. Grant, 1,000 ...es away, nor to a general jealous of his ...rshadowing reputation. Now call the ... best witnesses. Who are they? Cer...ly, the two rebel generals who were ...ere, right at the front, on that very ...ning.

...Gen. Chalmers, who commanded their ...treme right, where they were nearest ... river, the wing that had driven ... Yanks the farthest, says: (See ... Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Con...erate States," volume 2, page 62.) ...bout 4 p. m., after distributing ammu...ion, we received orders to drive the ...emy into the river. My brigade, to...ther with that of Brig. Gen. Jackson, ...d to the right and formed, facing the ...er, and endeavored to press forward, but ...endeavoring to mount the last ridge, ...e were met by a fire from a whole line of ...tteries, protected by infantry, and as...ted by shells from the gunboats."

In the extract in that book, he does not ...l their next move in the "pursuit" but ...ey retreated, as is shown in Gen. Jack...n's report, who, as Chalmers says, com...anded next on his left. He (Jackson) says ... his report, also made at the ...me. (See same book, next page): ...dy brigade was ordered to face towards ...e enemy and advance upon him, Gen ...halmers being on my right. Without am...unition, steadily my men advanced, ...nder a heavy fire from light batteries, ...ege pieces and gun boats. Passing ...hrough a ravine, they arrived near the ...rest of the opposite hill, upon which the ...atteries were, but could not be urged ...arther. Sheltering themselves in the ...avine, they remained under this fire some...me, but, finding advance impracticable, ...emaining there useless, was ordered to re...re!" No pursuit, but retreat. Yet we are ...old by a rebel major, in the *Century* maga...ne, and Gen. Buell intimates as much, ...at Gen. Beauregard, most unfortunately ...r them, sent orders to stop the "pursuit." ...Jackson says that "they sheltered them...elves in a ravine, and could not be urged ...urther." Certainly that is the mildest style ...f "pursuit" of a victorious army ever ...ecorded. These reports are from their ...wn generals, and the only two generals in ...position to see, and report truly.

They did see and report, as above, and ...hus put an end to all controversy as ...hat style of Yankee "mob" that was, and ...ow the fearful "pursuit" was conducted. The same writer who tells in the *Century* ...magazine that Beauregard ordered the ..."pursuit" stopped, also quotes Bragg ...eing very anxious to advance and capture ...he "Yanks," when he got that unfortunate ...order to stop the pursuit. And Maj. Chis...holm, in the same magazine, quotes, ...course from memory, that he heard Gen. Bragg say that evening that "he had car...ried everything to the river." Now to see ...how reliable that style of history is, turn ...to the little extract taken from Bragg's re...port, made at the time. He says, in the re...port (Davis's book, vol. 2, page 5), when ...he got the order to retreat (mind, not ...stop pursuit), "A heavy battery in our front ...and the gunboats seemed determined ...to dispute every inch of ground." Bragg commanded in the rebel center, to the left of where Chalmers and Jackson stopped the "pursuit." Does not the indisputable report of those two generals made at the time put the disputed question at rest forever as to the "mob" and "pursuit?" Beauregard confirms them by saying in his report that in the evening he left the enemy on a high ridge in a strong position—though his report amounts to nothing in comparison with those of Chalmers and Jackson, as they were at the very front and he was not. Davis, in his book, indeed, also says that Chalmers afterwards (some years after) wrote Gen. Johnston's son, that "if they had made one more resolute advance, they would have captured Grant and his army;" but he might just as well have said, "If lightning had struck Grant's army and killed them all, we would have easily won a brilliant victory." Or, "If their army had been bullet and shell proof they might have driven the Yanks into the river." But they were only men, and as all their generals say, they were exhausted with twelve hours' marching and fighting without food, and every third man had been killed or wounded. And as their generals honestly reported at the time, they could not be urged to make another attack, and the day and battle were lost.

Why publish as history hearsay 23 years old when the reports made at the time settle the whole question in dispute? Are they not the best witnesses, and are not their reports conclusive?

The part Buell's army took in that first day's fight is shown by his loss of three men killed and wounded. The Johnnies did not even see them until Monday morning, and then they saw and felt them effectively.

The plain, undeniable truth is, our Southern cousins did splendid fighting that day, but after the most terrible struggle for twelve hours, they drove the Union army only a mile and a half, and then retreated, having utterly failed in the object for which they made the attack. And Jeff Davis adds thet they also lost the war on that first day in the death of Gen. Johnson. —A. I. CROPSEY, Terrell, Tex.

The Difference.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you allow the old crippled blue hen's chicken to make a flying visit to the CAMP FIRE once more and talk a few words to my old comrades, who shared the fate of a soldier's life with me in the dark days of the rebellion and many of whom I presume are sharing the fate of myself, compelled to use crutch and cane; and many are disabled less but unable to labor, and many of those old afflicted soldiers are now receiving injustice from the government that they helped to protect in time of great need. I have seen that some comrades who write to the CAMP FIRE, would say that all entitled to a pension had secured it long ago, etc., etc. I know that that is a mistake, for I am well acquainted with old soldiers here, some disabled by gun-shot and some by disease, who never applied for a pension, because they thought that they could probably live without help, and did not like the idea of being called a government sucker and pauper, etc., by the opposite party, but some of them having dragged along up to the present, are at last compelled to call on the government for help. Well if he can produce the evidence that is called for, just to a letter, he can get a pittance allowed him. I think it is a shame on shoulder-strap men to ask the poor private for such testimony. We notice that the shoulder-strap men are all provided for without so many questions, and again I notice that the widows of generals can very readily get the sum of $5,000 a year and they are no better than my wife, and if I was to die, my wife could perhaps get the sum of $12 a month, provided she could prove by two or three doctors that my disease that was contracted in the service caused my death. And perhaps she would have to prove how many doses of pills I have taken since discharged (or evidence similar to it). I see some of the comrades are giving their views as to who should have pensions, &c. I think that every Union soldier who is now disabled to any extent should have a pension whether his disability was contracted in the war or since (unless it was contracted by bad habits). Well, again I must say to the old comrade at Gadsden, Tenn., who replied last fall to the letter I wrote on Democ...

THOSE who want a watch, old or young, male or female, can secure one by working a few hours. See announcement in first column of this page. Twenty three-months subscribers to the BLADE at our regular price, 30 cents each, secures the warranted Waterbury, as good a time-piece as was ever carried. This is an opportunity never before offered. It is no trouble at all to get three months subscriptions to the BLADE.

FOREIGN exchange continues high, and the export of gold to Europe continues steadily.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE volcano in the island of Java is in eruption.

THE President has vetoed the bill to make Omaha a port of entry.

EX-PRES. ARTHUR was well enough Sunday to take quite a long walk.

IMPRISONMENT for debt has been abolished in the state of New York.

THE Maine Democratic state convention has been fixed for June 3, at Bangor.

THE New York assembly has defeated the bill to reduce elevator charges at Buffalo.

FATHER RYAN, the poet priest, was buried at Mobile, Ala., with impressive ceremonies.

THERE are rumors in Washington that the President will veto the river and harbor bill.

THE evangelists, Sam Jones and Sam Small, opened their crusade against sin in Baltimore Sunday.

GEN. BUTLER says it is poor policy for workingmen to resort to the boycott to secure their rights.

THE total exports of produce from New York during the past week were valued at $6,116,031.

ABOUT 1,500 men are thrown out of work in Milwaukee by the closing of the foundry and railroad shops.

MRS. A. J. GOLDSMITH, who has resided near Painesville, O., since 1811, celebrated her 99th birthday Friday.

THE Republicans of the Sixth Indiana district unanimously nominated Gen. Thos. M. Browne for Congress.

GLADSTONE is confident that his Irish policy will be sustained by the House of Commons and the people of England.

THE Joliet (Ill.) *Daily Press* has become tired of playing the mugwump tune, and comes out as a Republican paper.

THE St. Louis Knights of Labor have expelled Martin Irons for refusing to obey the orders of Master Workman Powderly.

THE resignation of J. P. Veazey, postmaster at Baltimore, has been accepted, and Frank Brown appointed to the position.

THE Senate unanimously rejected the nomination of C. P. Pollard, of Indiana, to be judge of the Supreme court of Montana.

THE bill providing for an extension of the Executive mansion has passed the Senate. It appropriates $300,000 for the purpose.

THE lower house of Congress has adopted a resolution that on and after May 10 the sessions of the House shall be from 11 a. m. until 5 p. m.

THE House committee on Territories has ordered an adverse report on the Senate bill to admit the southern half of the territory of Dakota.

IT is estimated in Chicago that 40,000 wage workers have secured the adoption of the eight-hour rule, and about 65,000 are out on strike.

THE water is falling at the rate of an inch an hour at Helena, Ark., and it is said that planting operations can be resumed by May 15.

THERE is a general shut-down of the planing mills in Milwaukee, owing to the demands of the men for eight hours' work and ten hours' pay.

THROCKMORTON, of Texas, now at home on a visit, has announced to his friends that he will not again be a candidate for Congress, owing to ill health.

THE fact that Rev. Dr. Leonard, of Washington, has been summond to the bedside of ex-Pres. Arthur, gives uneasiness to the friends of the latter gentleman.

THE governor of New York has signed the Saturday half-holiday bill. The standard gas bill became a law without his signature, the time having expired.

THERE were 207 business failures in the United States and Canada the past week. The Western and Pacific states furnish about one-half the entire number.

OVER 600 men are locked out of furniture manufactories in Pittsburg, owing to the eight-hour demand. The stone cutters compromised on nine hours.

AN effort is being made by St. Louis business men to effect a compromise between the strikers and railroad officials in that city, with fair prospects of success.

IT is reported from Columbus that Judge Thurman has advised the Democratic Senators to oust the four Democrats claiming seats as Senators from Hamilton county.

TROUBLE is expected in Chicago to-morrow, owing to the threatened strikes to enforce the eight-hour system, and a large police force will be on hand at an early hour.

THE governor of Iowa gives notice that all prohibitory laws on the statute books will be rigidly enforced, and calls on the pulpit and press of the state to sustain him.

THE students' rebellion at Wooster, O., has collapsed, owing to the fact that so many are under the charge of the board studying for the ministry, and pledged to remain.

AT a meeting of the Irish National league in Dublin, the chairman refused to put a motion to expel certain members, in deference, it is said, to Parnell's peace policy.

THE New York legislature has passed a bill providing for a board of gas commissioners, and fixing the maximum price of gas in the city of New York at $1.25 per 1,000 feet.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphs that Cleveland does not intend to give up Garland, no matter what the report of the Pan-Electric committee.

FULLY 15,000 head of Texas cattle have been started northward. Water and grass are exceedingly scarce in Western Texas, and the cattle, in consequence, are in poor condition.

ANOTHER local option bill has been introduced in the Ohio legislature. It is a township measure, and more liberal in its provisions in regard to wine and beer than the Fingle bill.

THERE is a petition in circulation in New York asking for the pardon of James D. Fish. It is said to be signed by over 900 depositors in the Marine bank, and by many bank officials of the state.

THE Western Union telegraph company announces that on and after May 5 the cable rates to Great Britain, Ireland and France will be 12 cents per word, and to Germany 15 cents per word.

STATISTICS show that during the last three months 698 families, comprising 3,477 persons, were evicted from holdings in Ireland. During the same period 256 outrages were committed.

IT is said in Washington that Randall has secured a pledge from Pres. Cleveland to remain neutral during the discussion of the tariff bill in the House. Randall thinks the bill will be defeated.

THE Queen formally opened the Colonial exhibition in London. Large crowds gathered along the route taken by her majesty, and greeted her with enthusiastic cheers. Gladstone was not present.

AN Indian who has arrived at Wood Mountain, Man., from Poplar Point says the Yankton, Sioux, and other American Indians are threatening trouble, and have invited Sitting Bull to join them.

SEN. BECK drifted into an elaborate discussion of the tariff, and was so frequently interrupted by other senators, that he finally said: "I would like to be permitted to finish a sentence once in a while."

THE new Chinese minister has been formally presented to the President by the secretary of state. He was attired in full court costume, and was accompanied by three of his suite and an interpreter.

A BAND of Mexican soldiers crossed into Texas, Saturday, 200 miles below Elpaso, and drove back into Mexico 275 head of cattle. The attention of the Federal authorities has been called to the matter.

THE Congressional committee investigating the labor troubles at St. Louis will first examine the business men of the city, a large number of whom have been summoned to appear before the committee.

THE Chicago *Evening Journal*, which celebrated its 43d anniversary a few days ago, is about to change its form to an eight-page paper and reduce its price to ten cents a week. It will use new perfecting presses.

DR. C. W. HORIX, editor of the *Wachter-am-Erie*, of Cleveland, died very suddenly Monday night, aged about 30. He graduated with honors at the university of Goettingen, and had been in this country five years.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions concerning labor troubles. One resolution was to the effect that when men strike they vacate their places absolutely, and have no claim on their former employers.

ABOUT 15,000 men took part in the labor demonstration in New York Saturday night. John Swinton was the orator of the evening. He said Chicago was far in advance of New York in the way of workingmen demanding their rights.

THE New York piano-makers claim that 23 shops have acceded to the demand for eight hours, leaving 30 shops still holding out, of which Steinway & Co., Decker & Son, Webber & Co., and Decker Bros. are the principal firms.

THE effort to inaugurate the eight-hour rule in the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania May 1, has not been successful, as all the companies have not been heard from, and the Reading refused to take action unless the movement was generally endorsed.

THE Mexican House of Deputies has passed a bill providing for the appointment of two monetary commissions—one to be sent to Washington and the other to Europe—to study means of protecting the country from the evils of a depreciated silver currency.

FAVORABLE crop reports come from Minnesota and Dakota. The season generally is two weeks earlier than last year, and seasonable rains have fallen in most localities. As a general thing, farmers are giving more attention to stock raising and less to wheat.

ANOTHER pretended "medium" has been exposed, this time at Manchester, N. H. The "medium" traveled with her husband, and when an unbeliever brought about the exposure he was clubbed by the husband, and a free fight ensued, ending in the frauds being driven from the house.

THE American Historical Association elected the following gentlemen, among others, as members: Chief Justice Waite, Sen. Evarts, Sen. Hawley, Sen. Platt, Sen. John A. Logan, Hon. William Henry Smith, general manager of the Associated Press, Commodore George E. Belknap, United States Navy.

GREECE informs the powers that she had, prior to the receipt of their ultimatum, accepted the counsel of France not to distrub the peace. She will gradually reduce her armament, and trusts that the demand of the powers that she disarm within eight days will now be regarded as having no further object.

TALMAGE ON CHURCH MUSIC.

He Preaches on "Congregational Singing" —The Obstacles to Its Advancement.

BROOKLYN, May 2.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached this morning on the subject of "Congregational Singing." Before the sermon Dr. Talmage expounded one of the jubilant psalms of David, and then took his text from 2 Chron. v. 13: "It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord." Following is the sermon in full:

The temple was done. It was the very chorus of all magnificence and pomp. Splendor crowded against splendor. It was the diamond necklace of the earth. From the huge pillars crowned with leaves of flowers and rows of pomegranate wrought out in burnished metal, down even to the tongs and snuffers made out of pure gold, everything was as complete as the God-directed architect could make it. It seemed as if a vision from heaven had alighted on the mountains. The day for dedication came.

Tradition says that there were in and around about the temple on that day two hundred thousand silver trumpets, forty thousand harps, forty thousand timbrels, and two hundred thousand singers; so that all modern demonstrations at Dusseldorf or Boston seem nothing compared with that. As this great sound surged up amid the precious stones of the Temple, it must have seemed like the river of life dashing against the amethyst of the wall of heaven. The sound arose and God, as if to show that He was well pleased with the music which his children make in all ages, dropped into the midst of the Temple a cloud of glory so overpowering that the officiating priests were obliged to stop in the midst of the services.

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that at the beginning, when the morning stars sang together and all the suns of God shouted for joy, that the earth heard the echo. The clouds on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the birthplace of song. The stars that glitter at night are only so many keys of celestial pearl on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insect humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music.

While visiting Blackwell's Island, I heard coming from a window of the lunatic asylum, a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason, and I have come to believe that even the deranged and disordered elements of nature would make music to our ears, if we only had acuteness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are discordant and repulsive, make harmony in God's ear. You know that you may come so near to an orchestra that the sounds are painful instead of pleasurable; and I think that we stand so near devastating storm and frightful whirlwind that we cannot hear that which makes to God's ear and to the ear of the spirits above us, a music as complete as it is tremendous.

The day of judgment, which will be a day of uproar and tumult, I suppose will bring no dissonance to the ears of those who can calmly listen; although it will be as when some great performer is executing a boisterous piece of music, he sometimes breaks down the instrument on which he plays; so it may be on that last day that the grand march of God, played by the fingers of thunder and earthquake and conflagration, may break down the world upon which the music is executed.

Not only is inanimate nature full of music, but God has wonderfully organized the human voice, so that in the plainest throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles, which can make over 16,000 different sounds! Now, there are 30 indirect muscles, which can make, it has been estimated, more than 173,000,000 of sounds. Now, I say, when God has so constructed the human voice, and when he has filled the whole earth with harmony, and when he recognized it in the ancient Temple, I have a right to come to the conclusion that God loves music.

I propose this morning to speak about sacred music, first showing you its importance, and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement.

I draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commanded it. Through Paul he tells us to admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; through David he cries out: "Sing ye to God all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages I might name, proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed, I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray. God not only asks for the human voice, but for the instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal and the harp and trumpet. And I suppose that, in the last days of the church, the harp, the lute, the trumpet, and all the instruments of music that have given their chief aid to the theatre and bacchanal, will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ and then sounded in the church's triumph on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with your voices. Praise him with stringed instruments and with organs.

I draw another argument for the importance of this exercise from the impressiveness of the exercise. You know something of what secular music has achieved. You know it has made its impression upon governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiriting national air is worth 30,000 men as a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth a thousand muskets. In the earlier part of our civil war the government proposed to economize in music, and many of the bands were sent home; but the generals in the army sent word to Washington: "You are making a very great mistake. We are falling back and falling back. We have not enough music." Then the government changed its mind; more bands of music were sent to the field, and the day of shameful defeat terminated. I have to tell you that no nation or church can afford to severely economize music.

Why should we rob the programme of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than when our great grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative then the meeting-house rang "South Street" and "St. Edmunds." Were they struck through with great tenderness they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ they sang "Ariel."

And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been, amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

Many of you are illustrations of what sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the warning and the argument of the pulpit, but when in the sweet words of Charles Wesley, or John Newton, or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your soul, then you surrendered, as an armed castle that could not be taken by a host, lifts its window to listen to a harp's trill.

There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolation of the gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said: "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

"O mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He sung it to the tune of Dundee, and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," replied the dying Scotch soldier, and the very foundation of his heart was upturned and then and there he yielded himself to God.

Oh, it has an irresistible power! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages and will keep on singing until the blast of the Archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates. I would to God that those who hear me to-day would take these songs of salvation as messages from heaven; for, just as certainly as the birds brought food to Elijah by the brook Cherith, so these winged harmonies, God sent, are flying to your soul with the bread of life. Open your mouth and take it, O hungry Elijah!

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to soothe perturbation. You may have come in here with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet, perhaps in the singing of the first hymn you lost all those worriments and anxieties. You have read in the Bible of Saul, and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until Franeli came and discoursed music for three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do, the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. Do you not know that a singing church is always a triumphant church? If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If, when the hymn is given out, you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that if the church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand. How was it in olden time? Cajetan said: "Luther conquered us by his songs."

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music, and the first is that it has been impressed into the service of superstition. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized and lawfully so. The drawing-room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste, and the production of harmless amusement, and the improvement of talent, have become very forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey Gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's.

In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fifing of the wind as well as the long meter psalm of the thunder. But while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear and the voice and the head and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of error. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hand an instrument, and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day—the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the church and applied to purposes of sin.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang the inaccuarcies that are evident when only a few sing would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time, he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voices. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale, or come in at the close a bar behind. There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian school, and the French school of singing.

Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance when the heart is wanting. I know that it is easier to preach on this than to practice; but I sing for two reasons—first, because I like it, and next because I want to encourage those who do not know how. I have but very little faculty in that direction and have no culture at all, yet I am resolved to sing though every note should go off like a Chinese gong. God has commanded it and I dare not be silent. He calls on the beasts, on the cattle, on the dragons, to praise Him, and we ought not to be behind the cattle and the dragons.

Another obstacle that has been in the way of advancement of this holy art has been so much angry discussion on the subject of music. There are those who would have this exercise conducted by musical instruments. In the same church there are those who do not like musical instruments, and so it is organ and no organ, and there is a fight. In another church it is a question whether the music shall be conducted by a precentor or by a drilled choir. Some want a drilled choir and some want a precentor, and there is a fight. Then there are those who would like in the church to have the organ played in a dull, lifeless, droning way, while there are others who would have it wreathed in fantastics, branching out in jets and spangles of sound, rolling and tossing in marvelous convolutions, as when in pyrotechnic display you think a piece is exhausted, it breaks out in wheels, rockets, blue lights, and serpentine demonstrations.

Some would have the organ played in almost inaudible sweetness, and others would have it full of staccato passages that make the audience jump with great eyes and hair on end as though by a vision of the witch of Endor; and he who tries to please all will succeed in nothing. Nevertheless you are to admit the fact that this contest which is going on, in hundreds of the churches of the United States to-day, is a mighty hindrance to the advancement of this art. In this way scores and scores of churches are entirely crippled as to all influence and the music is a damage rather than a praise.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by a delegation. Churches have said: "Oh, what an easy time we shall have. The minister will do the preaching and the choir will do the singing and we will have nothing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land where the people are not expected to sing. The whole work is done by delegation of four or six or ten persons and the audience are silent. In such a church in Syracuse, an old elder persisted in singing, and so the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the squire if he would not stop.

You know that in a great multitude of churches the choir are expected and do all the singing and the great mass of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice you are interfering. There they stand, the four, with opera glasses dangling at their sides, singing, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," with the same spirit that the night before, on the stage, they took their part in the "Grand Duchess" or "Don Giovanni."

My Christian friends, have we a right to delegate to others the discharge of this duty which God demands of us? Suppose that four wood thrushes propose to do all the singing some bright day when the woods are ringing with bird voices. It is decided that four wood thrushes shall do all the singing of the forest. Let all other voices keep silent. How beautiful the four warble. It is really fine music. But how long will you keep the forest still? Why, Christ would come into that forest and look up as He looked through the olives, and he would wave His hand and say: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;" and keeping strength with the stroke of innumerable wings there would be five thousand bird voices leaping into the harmony.

Suppose this delegation of musical performers were tried in heaven; suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper temple. Hush now, thrones and dominions and principalities. David, be still, though you were the "sweet singer of Israel." Paul, keep quiet, though you have come to that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter, keep still, though this is the "Saints' Everlasting Rest." Four spirits now do all the singing. But how long would heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some glorified Methodist from under the altar. "Praise the Lord!" would sing the martyrs from among the thrones. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" a great multitude of redeemed spirits would cry—myriads of voices coming into the harmony, and the one hundred and forty four thousand breaking forth into one acclamation.

Stop that loud singing! Stop; Oh, no; they cannot hear me. You might as well try to drown the thunder of the sky, or beat back the roar of the sea, for every soul in heaven has resolved to do its own singing. Alas that we should have tried on earth that which they cannot do in heaven, and instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the most high God, delegating perhaps to unconsecrated men and women this most solemn and most delightful service. Now, in this church, we have resolved upon the plan of conducting the music by a precentor. We do it for two reasons; one is that by throwing the whole responsibility upon the mass of the people, making the great multitude the choir, we might rouse more heartiness.

The congregation coming on the Sabbath day feel that they cannot delegate this part of the great service to any one else, and so themselves assume it. We have glorious congregational singing here. People have come many miles to hear it. They are not sure about the preaching, but they can always depend on the singing. We have heard the sound coming up like "the voice of many waters," but it will be done at a better rate after while, when we shall realize the height and the depth and the immensity of this privilege.

Another reason why we adopted this plan. We do not want any choir quarrels. You know very well that in scores of the churches there has been perpetual contention in that direction. The only church fight that ever occurred under my ministry was over a melodeon in my first settlement. Have you never been in church on the Sabbath day and heard the choir singing, and you said: "That is splendid music." The next Sabbath you were in church and there was no choir at all. Why? The leader was mad or his assistants were mad or they were all mad together.

Some of the choirs are made up of our best Christian people, some of the warmest friends I have ever had have stood up in them, Sabbath after Sabbath, conscientiously and successfully leading the praises of God. But the majority of the choirs throughout the land are not made up of Christian people, and three-fourths of the church fights originate in the organ loft. I take that back and say nine-tenths. Many of our churches are dying of choirs.

Let us as a church give still more attention to the music. If a man with voice enough to sing keep silent during this exercise, he commits a crime against God and insults the Almighty.

Music ought to rush from an audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull do have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity! There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During my recent absence I preached to a large audience, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation. Do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning. In order to a proper discharge of this duty let us stand up, save as age, or weakness, or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright, we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative.

We want to rouse all our families upon this subject. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing school. Childish petulance, obduracy, and intractabity would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on Sabbath day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord. After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river, and then rolling in united stregth to the sea. So I would have all the families in my church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship, hat rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought until our families sing as they ought.

There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by his spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into music, and when the conductor takes his place on the Sabbath day there will be a great host of voices rushing into harmony. My Christian friends, if we have no taste for this service on earth, what will you do in heaven; where they all sing, and sing forever. Let me prophesy in regard to any one here who has no delight in the worship of heaven, if you do not sing the praises of God on earth, I do not believe you will ever sing them in glory. I would that our singing to-day might be like the Saturday night rehearsal for the Sabbath morning in the skies, and might begin now by the strength and by the help of God, to discharge a duty which none of us have fully performed.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching 'thro Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

Come now, clear your throats and get ready for this duty or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman singing the Marseillaise hymn on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since, as he sang that national air. Oh, how the Frenchman shouted. Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven.

When Cromwell's army went into battle he stood at the head of them one day and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory!

—5,000 Singer Sewing Machines will be presented free to dealers handling "Tansill's Punch" 5 cent Cigar. For particulars address at once R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago.

A FORTUNE IN A DAY.

A Lake Shore Car Inspector's Good Luck and How He Takes It.

Toledo Daily Blade, April 29.

John H. Minning is a car inspector for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway at Air Line Junction, but he won't need to work there any longer. Mr. Minning is in luck, and henceforth he is comparatively independent.

"The way it was," said Mr. Minning to a BLADE reporter, "I thought I would invest a dollar in the Louisiana State Lottery, and I bought a fifth of ticket No. 11,545. The drawing came off on the 13th inst., and when I saw the report I found that 11,545 had drawn the second capital prize, $25,000."

"Felt pretty good, didn't you?" asked the scribe who has trained himself to never covet anything.

"I could hardly believe it, but I took my fifth of a ticket to the Adams Express office here and shipped it C. O. D. to New Orleans for my share of the prize."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, it arrived Monday, $5,000 in good greenbacks, and all mine except $26.25 I paid for express charges."

"Great luck!"

"Yes, I think so. My wife went with me to the express office when I went to get the money. I felt good, of course, but you should have seen her. She and I have both worked all our lives, and this money is a godsend that we will keep for a rainy day."

"Will you continue to work for the railroad?"

"Yes; a fortune of $5,000 won't spoil me. I am laying off now for a few days, though."

The lucky man resides at No. 81 Jervis street in a little cottage which he is already beginning to fix up. His brother railroaders all envy his good fortune, but are glad of his luck.

Marrying for Money.

MILWAUKEE, May 3.—A lawyer of this city has commenced suit against Dr. Thomason, also known as T. S. Schuyse, for the recovery of $20,000, alleged to have been obtained by conspiracy from Mrs. Jane Stockman, now residing at East Saginaw, Mich. It is recited in the complaint that in 1882 Dr. Thomason married Mrs. Stockman, aged 70 years, at Detroit. He was a married man at the time, wife No. 1, it is alleged, entering into the conspiracy whereby it was intended to secure Mrs Stockman's fortune of $25,000. He succeeded in investing $20,000, after which he left her, and she secured a divorce at Chicago. To wife No. 1 he then pretended to have gone to California, but instead he came to Kenosha county, this state, bought a valuable stock farm, and engaged in raising blooded stock. It was through wife No. 1 that he was found, and his fraudulent operations exposed. A writ of attachment has been placed on the farm, which is more than sufficient value to satisfy Mrs. Stockman's claim.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

True Merit Will Win.

T. P. Sullivan, esq., the well-known and popular roadmaster of the Southern Pacific Company at Sumner, Cal., in conversation with a reporter a few days since, spoke of a most remarkable compound for the cure of piles. He says he bought one large bottle and it cured him of a most severe case of piles in a few days. He gave it out to his friends who were afflicted in the same way, and the contents of that bottle has cured eighteen cases. This medicine has never been advertised, but it is now being shipped in large quantities to all parts of the United States. The price is only $1. It is manufactured by the Common Sense Remedy Company of Delano, Cal., and sent by mail or express on receipt of price.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call.*

A MODERN MIRACLE.

How it was Performed—The Means Used and the Triumphant Result.

"I am going to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." With the above sentence, which has the solemnity of an oath, begins a statement by Mr. J. Newton Perry, of Potter Brook, Pa., whose case is one of the most interesting and remarkable in the annals of medicine.

"I inherited scrofula from my parents, and when 16 years old, a swelling appeared on my leg below the knee, which soon became a running ulcer—a nauseous, disgusting, terrible thing. I was crippled now for life, but worse was to follow. Later I received a blow just below the old ulcer, which opened the way for my scrofulous blood once again to come to the surface. The flesh sloughed off, leaving the bone uncovered; then the bone itself began to rot, and the whole shin bone was full of holes, like a honey comb. I lost flesh daily, and was almost literally a skeleton, concealed by a skin.

"I consulted physicians in regard to having the limb removed, but received no encouragement. My blood was so tainted with scrofulous poison they said the stump would never heal. Having heard much of the skill of Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and of the success of his Favorite Remedy as a treatment in diseases of the blood, I sought his advice. Dr. Kennedy stated that in his opinion, amputation was at least a hopeful resort, providing Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the most powerful blood purifier in the art of medicine, was used in the after treatment. This gave me more encouragement, and on the 15th of October, 1885, the limb was removed by one of the best surgeons in the state of Pennsylvania. With my physician's approval I began taking Favorite Remedy.

The result is beyond anything I expected, for I was a complete reservoir of blood poison, but the stump of my leg is entirely healed—healed by the purifying power of Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and I am a living wonder to all who saw me in other years and who see me now. Before using the Favorite Remedy I was so constipated that my bowels seldom moved oftener than once in eight days during a period of forty years.

To-day these troubles are all gone and I am a sound man—thanks to a merciful providence and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy."

Correspondence.

FORTY YEARS AFTER.

Studying History in Monterey, Where the Gringoes Whipped the Greasers—A Dying Metropolis—Roses, Churches and Policemen of "the King's Mount."

MONTEREY, Mex., April 5.—(Staff Correspondence)—The city of Monterey is 68 miles from Saltillo, on the same spot it has occupied for 300 years, it having been founded in 1596 on the site of the hamlet called Cindad de Leon, (Lion City), and given the name of Nossa Senora de Monterey. In a beautiful valley the town and its 40,000 inhabitants rests, tranquilly and sleepily, dreaming of its past glory as Mexico's northern metropolis and principal mart of commerce. Years ago people came hundreds of miles on mule back or with the rude native carts, to buy and sell in Monterey, but the railroads have narrowed the territory and established other markets, dividing the commerce for the common weal of all with serious effect on the largest city. The place has become somewhat modernized since the advent of the railroad, and two street car lines are in successful operation, furnishing transportation through the roughly paved streets, very much superior to that of the bumping and thumping of hacks. The traveler is glad to find this evidence of improvement, and after an experience with the rough streets in other Mexican towns he is happy in being able to ride so comfortably to the hotel.

Gen. Zach Taylor arrived at Monterey on September 19, 1846. Strangely enough his appearance created more of a stir in society than did mine, though that may have been owing to the fact that 6,600 soldiers accompanied him. An uninvited guest is always unwelcome, but when he brings a whole crowd of his friends along all the ethics of etiquette are hopelessly shattered.

In one respect, however, I claim a point on the general, and that is that the citizens of Monterey did not object in the least to my entering the city and doing pretty much as I pleased so long as I paid for what I got. When Zachariah was about to go into town the Mexican Gen. Ampudia, with 10,000 regular soldiers, interposed objections which were seconded by the civilian citizens. But as Gen. Taylor had come all the way from the United States for the purpose of seeing the plaza of Monterey he was not put back much by the self-evident snub, and he was bound to go in anyway. Batteries were thrown up during the night and in the morning, bright and early, the people of Monterey were awakened in time for their breakfast of *tortillas*, beans and *chili con carne* by the boom of cannon and an occasional stray ball dropping through the roofs. Gen. Worth's division crept around behind a high hill commanding the fortified Bishop's palace, planted a battery on the summit and began to shoot at the ecclesiastical heap of stone. The Americans soon made the Mexicans tired of staying in one location so long and the latter resigned like offensive partizans. As they were going away, in pretty much of a hurry, the Americans were impolite enough to turn the Mexican cannons on the Mexican cannoniers, and as strange as it may seem, the guns were disloyal enough to shoot as wickedly at them as they did some time previously at the detested Gringoes.

With the capture of the Bishop's palace the American army commanded the city, and iron balls were sent viciously into the midst of the houses, and into the cathedral, where to this day may be seen the marks made by them. While all this was going on, Gen. Quitman carried the lower portion of the city by a determined assault, and Gen. W. O. Fuller, with the First Ohio regiment, entered at a still another point. The Mexicans retreating from Gen. Worth's soldiers, fought as they ran, and the narrow streets of the city were easily commanded by their guns. To escape the fire of the Mexicans the Americans had to cut their way through the walls of the houses, from house to garden and garden to house, making a slow but sure progress. In this way the Americans finally reached Zaragoza plaza on the 23d, and Gen. Ampudia capitulated the next day. For this act the Mexicans to this day denounce the general and declare that he sold out. The conditions of the surrender were such that the Mexicans were permitted to leave the city with their guns, "on parole," and the old adage that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day" was proven true.

If the plaza was as beautiful when Gen. Taylor visited it as it is to-day how he must have enjoyed it. To-day I sit in the welcome shade out of the reach of the hot rays of the midday sun. The water is plashing in a large marble fountain supported by grotesque stone catfish a couple of hundred years old, and to the music of the waters two smaller and more modern fountains keep a bubbling time. The stone seats are covered over with arbors of vining roses loaded with their fragrant bloom, and the ground is one solid bed of richest and sweetest roses. The bushes are pruned up straight to an equal height, and they are set so closely together that the greater portion of the plaza looks like one great bouquet of cut roses and buds. The air is pregnant with the fragrance from these beauties, and I inhale the delicious perfume almost to intoxication. Noisy birds are flitting overhead, and occasionally flutter down to the brink of the big fountain, take a drink of the water, look defiantly at the time-stained ogre-faced catfish, give a shake and a flutter, and then fly up among their fellows. The birds are the only creatures who show any desire to move about in this lazy atmosphere, and we mortals—the natives and I—are almost too "tired" to look at them.

Facing one side of this plaza, as is usually the case, is the cathedral, a neater and more finished looking structure than the one in Saltillo, but with less mud gingerbread work. The exterior has lately been kalsomined and striped with yellow and has a fresh appearance. The interior contains nothing particularly noticeable, and about all there is to be seen here that does not pertain to about every other church in the country are the still fresh abrasions in the walls made by the cannon balls sent by the American cannoniers from the Bishop's palace. A convent and other ecclesiastical departments adjoin the cathedral, and up in the tower of the latter is a clock with a single hand and a striking apparatus that sounds the two bells above it every quarter of an hour. The state and municipal "palace" is on one side of the plaza, the postoffice, or "*departmente d correos*," on another, and business houses complete the four sides of the plaza. But all is so dull. Places of business locked up and deserted are noticeable on the principal streets, and where were once busy places of commerce now are only blank walls and bolted wooden doors studded with iron bolts. A Sunday quiet pervades the city, and everything, even the North American visitor, is sleepy. I have an idea that Monterey never wakes up except for an occasional revolution, and then, as soon as it is over, goes to sleep again.

An immense heap of stone in the Roble church—so huge, plain, square and homely on its exterior that the visitor is startled by the contrast when he enters the main portal and gazes about within. The stone roof is supported by great arches and columns of solid masonry six feet square, and the work is almost as perfect as anything of its kind in the world. Compared with the other churches in the republic the interior of the Roble is almost awe inspiring. Had the structure been built by a French architect he would have made the great columns lighter, the arches less plain and more airy, certain corners would be touched up and lines would be broken here and there to relieve the almost painful sameness of the arch after arch; and of the materal used in the Roble he would have constructed four churches as large. The dressed stone blocks are generally covered with stucco, touched up here and there with colored kalsomine, and away up at the top of the arches are the stained glass windows. These are the only original stained windows, (all others are imitation) and made by a brush artist who painted the ordinary glass panes with red, green, yellow and blue paint. One window is solid red, another solid green, and so on, happily no design being attempted by the artist. Through the "stained" windows comes the only light and a holy glow pervades the solemn interior, permitting the worshippers to be but dimly seen. Confessional boxes with punctured in windows through which the penitent's stories of the week's sins and the priest's absolution are passed, mediocre paintings, crucifixes and little shrines are to be seen in nooks and corners, with one or more Mexican women at each engaged in devotions. The altar is an extremely plain affair and in the big church appeared almost lost. So did I after wandering in naves and chancels and running against several confessional boxes in the twilight gloom guided only by the gleam of declining day through the yellow ochre and chrome green windows. In my opinion the church is big enough, but I saw a couple of stone masons engaged in building an addition to the rear—probably a room for the Mite society to meet in.

As I was returning from church I passed the barracks of the "2a battallon de linea," which is the nearest the Mexicans come to aying "Second batallion of the line." In ront of the barracks was a squad of the oldiers (who are also policemen) in bare feet, engaged in cleaning the street. One man was settling the dust by sprinkling the pavement with water from a pint cup, while the soldiers in a line reaching across the street were brushing up the dirt by means of little bunches of straw about half as large as an ordinary whisk broom. Others gathered up the dirt in baskets and carried it away. In the front and rear of the street gang were fellow-soldiers with guns watching the workers like slaves. Ordinarily the soldiers and police of Monterey have little to do, and it is well enough to utilize their services by cleaning the streets. It is something that would not prove at all popular in the North, where most policemen are too proud to kick a banana skin off the sidewalk, but—oh, nothing.

REAM.

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite**, and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. **$1 and $2** per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 18 Dey St., New York.

CONCERNING JEFF. DAVIS.

New York Herald:—When Mr. Davis on Wednesday revived the memories of this past, the flag of the Union floated from the masthead over the crowd, the flag of the Union hung in drapery from the front of the capitol, the flag of the Union almost touched with its protecting folds the head of the ex-President of the Confederacy, and we do not use facts too lightly when we affirm that a patriotic love of that flag filled the hearts of the very men who cheered Mr. Davis's eulogy of the courage of the Southern army.

Let the South build as many monuments as it will to its numberless heroes. We have done and are doing the same for our noble dead. God knows we fought each other grandly, but now the time has come to grandly forget. We did our best to win the victory and we won it; they did their best to wrest it from our grasp. We can both hereafter do our best to protect and purify a government which, with all its imperfections, is the last and noblest product of centuries of political experience.

Louisville Courier-Journal.—There is no possibility of any harm coming from any utterance from Mr. Davis. He is no longer a factor in American politics. His speech was, considering the man and the surroundings, mild enough, but had these "treasonable" fires been heated tenfold, they would not have left the smell of fire upon any of our political garments.

Neither the South nor the Democratic party is responsible for any utterance or action of Mr. Davis. He suggests no policy which any party is likely to follow. He lives in the past; he talks of the past; he utters the thoughts, the hopes, the aspirations of his own generation.

Philadelphia Bulletin:—Having now "freed his mind," it would be wise and becoming in Davis to return to his retirement and remain quiet for the rest of his days. The nation that he tried to destroy is not only strong but it is magnanimous. No other would have given such liberty of person and freedom of speech to a man who, in every aspect and under every definition of crime against the state, was a traitor—nothing more nor less."

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.—Such talk as Davis's has about as much pertinency as a denunciation of the morality of the war with Mexico. But if Jefferson Davis thinks the time has come when he can appeal successfully to the world's judgment for a vindication of himself, or his cause, he is falling into his dotage. His chances are little better to-day than when Lowell wrote in the white heat of the war time:

I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Jedgement where your meanest slave is
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff. Davis.

Chicago Herald,—With the people the Confederacy is a bitter memory. With Mr. Davis it is a fond regret. He would have things different. They would not change them now if they could. He has stood still for twenty-five years, while all about him has sprung up a generation which has new aims and aspirations. In his old age he couches their sentimentality, their local pride, their humanity; but he does not skake the conviction that long since seized every rational mind at the South, that secession was a blunder akin to a crime, and that its success would have entailed consequences infinitely worse than its failure.

Brooklyn Eagle.—The truth is it is impossible, and always has been, to make a heroic figure of Davis. A man of considerable though rather commonplace parts, of experience in public life and of varied accomplishments, a personality destitute of magnetism or of the power to command large following, he owes his place in the world's records chiefly to accident, and is henceforth nothing but a finger point on the page of history.

HUMAN SKULLS ON HOUSES.

A Country Where Men are Invariably Polite to Women and Where Everybody Rides on Elephants.

"I was sent to Assam," said Dr. E. W. Clark, a missionary, to the reporter of the Washington *Republican*, "under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary union, of Boston, Mass. Myself and wife were the first white people to set foot in Assam, which is a small valley 65 miles in width and 500 miles in length, and has about 3,000,000 of population.

"It is situated in the northeastern part of Hindostan, and is an English possession. The inhabitants of the Naga Hills are wild mountaineers, living around the summits of the mountains. Up to five years ago these people were independent; the great wars of India never succeeded in subjecting them. They delight in war, and are as barbarous as the American Indians. In the same manner as your Indians take the scalp, the Naga warriors take the head."

"They're not head eaters?" murmured the scribe, with a shudder, wondering if the doctor's long life in that country had not led him to partake of the Assam customs.

"No," continued the doctor. "They are called head cutters, and they ornament their houses with long strings of the skulls of captives as tokens of their prowess. Unlike our Indians, they cultivate the soil and entertain the highest respect toward the women. Any obscene talk in the presence of a woman is severely punished. They work hard for their living, knowing if they do not they must perish. Their homes consist of rude bamboo houses with leaf roof.

"Medicine is not known and they fancy all sickness or evil that happens to them is because some deity has been displeased. Hence the blood of animals is shed as a sacrifice to appease the indignant god. This sacrifice first commences with a fowl, then a pig, and lastly cattle; if long continued it sometimes impoverishes a whole family. The general name for deity is 'soonngram.' There are no special names for their deities, as they worship a house, site of a house, etc. All debts must be paid; they have not yet learned how to repudiate.

"Of sin they have a strong impression. Frequently untenanted houses are seen, all possessions in the house having been abandoned. The idea is that it is sinful to steal goods thus left. When some member of a family is killed by a tiger, by drowning or by the falling of a tree, these are considered sinful persons, too polluted to be even touched.

"Among the hill people there is no caste. The Assamese are betrothed at from three to five and marry at 10 years of age, being then fully developed. In appearance they are much like the Chinese, but are much more muscular and hardy. There is a fine field for gospel teaching among them. When I first went among the Assamese, the English were scared, but afterward rendered every assistance, because they found we were establishing peace on their border.

"Up to the present time there have been four villages largely Christianized, and many converts made. Ther is no written language. After many years of labor I succeeded in reducing to writing in their language a collection of hymns and school books."

The doctor exhibited the first book printed in Assamese. It is a translation of a chapter of the Bible, translated by the doctor, and printed on a little American press sent from Boston to the town of Molung.

"And all the letters have but one sound apiece," continued Dr. Clark, "and the language is, in some respects, easier to acquire on that account. The chief towns in Assam are Gohaty, Nowyong, Tezpor, Sibsagor and Dibroogur, which is the head of steam navigation of the Brahmapootra river, which was our nearest government station, though 40 miles away, and only reached by paths. There are no roads, and all travel is on the back of elephants."

☞CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000.☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
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Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Extraordinary Drawings regularly every three months instead of Semi-Annually as heretofore, beginning March, 1886.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIFTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS E, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **May 11, 1886—192d** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

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1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5	do	2000	10,000
10	do	1000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do do	500	4,500
9	do do	250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to		$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. **POSTAL NOTES**, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or **M. A. DAUPHIN,** Washington, D. C.

Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

For tickets or further information in the above Lottery, address

J. H. WILSON, Covington, Ky.

(Mention this paper.)

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We are very glad to announce that our factory is getting down to systematic work, that we are increasing the out-put of Machines every day, and that we are filling orders at a rate which will give all those on our books their machines in a very short time.

Those we have sent out have given perfect satisfaction, except in a few cases where they have been injured in transit, and it has taken but little time to make those good.

We are now in shape to assure those needing Machines that they can have them of us, in reasonable time after the order is received.

Send in your orders at once, as first come will be first served. Remember you get for $18 a better machine than is sold by any other manufacturing company for $45, and, in addition, the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. We warrant the Machine to do perfect work.

The Blade Sewing Machine (warranted), and the Weekly Blade one year, for $18. ORDER AT ONCE.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE—SUBSTANTIAL ENDORSEMENTS.

We are receiving daily, complimentary letters from those who have received their Machines. We call attention to the following:

EAST FLETCHER, Vt., April 30, 1886.

Blade Sewing Machine Co.:

My sewing machine has arrived safe and sound. It is admired by every one who sees it. So far as I have had time to test its working qualities, I like it very much. It takes a nice stitch, runs still, easily and well, and so far as I can see, is in every respect as good as represented, for which, considering the low price, you deserve the thanks of the thousands of women who ought to own a sewing machine.

MRS. J. BRUSH.

LILLY CHAPEL, Ohio, April 30, 1886.

I received my machine in good shape. It works well so far as I have tested it, and I will say it is a good machine.

LEW SCOTT.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE AND THE WEEKLY BLADE ONE YEAR, $18.

We are very nearly up with back orders, and in a very short time will be able to ship the same day orders are received. In the meantime the first come will be first served. Therefore, order at once. All machines warranted to perform exactly as represented.

NEW PORTRAITS.

The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land should own a set of them. We have made them fine enough to grace the most elegant mansion, and they will certainly do honor to anybody's home. Believing that we shall have demand for several hundred thousand copies, as in case of the three great generals, we shall make the price within reach of all. We mail them securely packed in strong pasteboard tube, postage prepaid, at 25 cents single copy, or the whole set (four portraits) for 65 cents.

We also have in stock portraits of the three great generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan (uniform with above), at 25 cents each, or the three 50 cents.

We will mail postpaid to any address both sets of these portraits for one dollar. Special terms to agents made known on application. Address— BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued cartoons, for posting, which have been scattered all over the United States. Of these we have sent out gratis more than *one million*, which is our contribution to the great cause We want every friend of temperance to aid us in giving them wide circulation.

NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labeled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward one comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz.: The street boy, already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

NO. 5.

"This Farmer Never Drank Whisky—This One Drinks All He Can Get."

It is quite as effective as its predecessors. On the one side is a farm house looking as do all farm houses where whisky never got a hold, clean, neat and prosperous. On the other side of the sheet is a farm house whose proprietor does drink, slovenly, shiftless-looking, and wrecked as possible. The contrast is sharply drawn and the picture is a most effective one.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

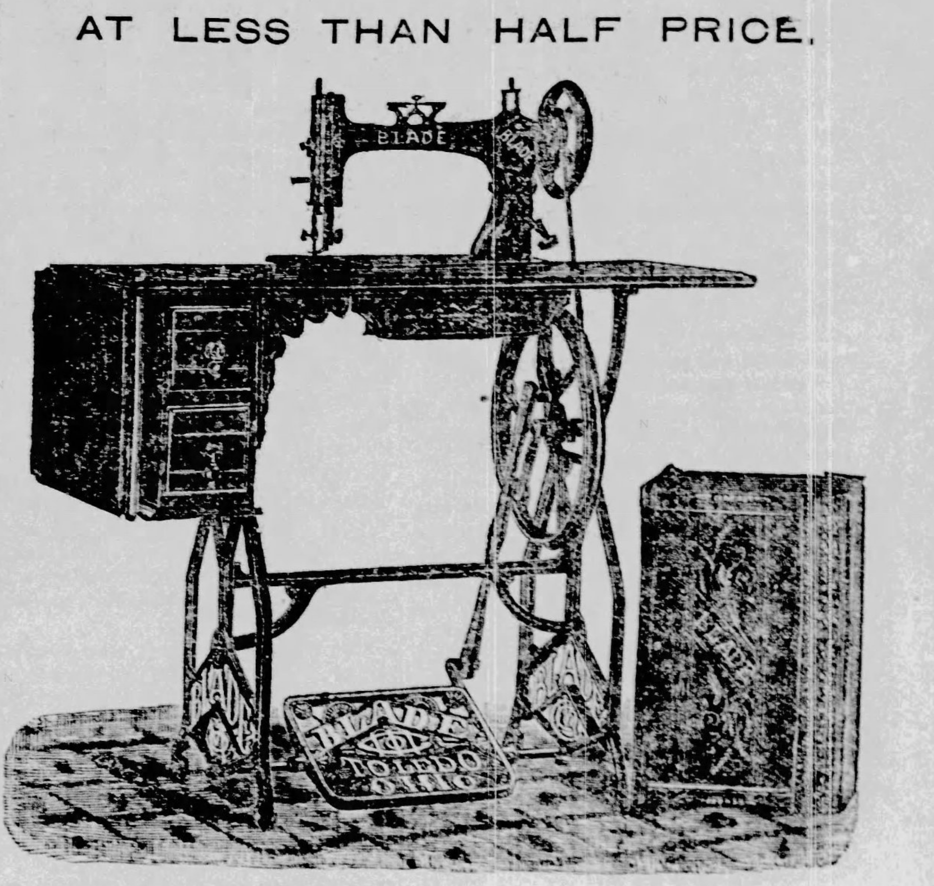
This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD

AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.



THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

The above is a correct representation of the BLADE Sewing Machine, made by the BLADE Company for the sole purpose of breaking the crushing Monopoly in this most useful of all domestic helps.

It is the best machine, stands without a peer, and the most useful machine ever put upon the market.

It will do any and all work that can possibly be wanted in any family.

It will cross heavier seams, or work from thin to thick goods, better than any machine ever made, without changing tension or length of stitch.

It is a marvel of simplicity, consequently light-running and still.

It is a double back-feed, not an old side-feed machine, and does not pucker the goods in changing length of stitch.

It has decidedly the best loose wheel of any made; always ready for action.

It is unquestionably the neatest design of any machine ever placed upon the market, with wood work unsurpassed in quality and finish, while the ornamentation is unexcelled.

The hand wheel and all bright parts are heavily nickeled, almost equal to silver.

Bear in mind that it is not made up of old expired patents free to all, but the improvements are original with this machine, owned by us, and not used by any other Sewing Company.

Almost the entire machine is an improved principle.

OUR OUTFIT.

The following are the attachments furnished with the BLADE SEWING MACHINE: One dozen assorted self-setting Needles; six Bobbins; one Oil Can, filled with oil; two Screw-drivers, one for machine, the other for shuttle; one Thread-Cutter; one Wrench; one Ruffler, which will do Piping, Edge Stitching and Shirring; four Hemmers; one Binder; one Tuck-Marker; one Thumb-screw; one Quilting Guide; one highly-illustrated Book of Instructions, with valuable hints on the care of a Machine; one Cloth Presser Lifter, and one extra Cloth Presser spring.

TERMS:

The Blade Sewing Machine, warranted, and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

Machines will be shipped by Freight or Express, as directed in the order. We advise shipping by freight, as they go as safely at one-third the cost.

AGENTS WANTED.—Permanent employment and good salary or commission. Address, giving age and references, PRATT BROS., Nursery-men, Rochester, N. Y.

HAY-CARRIERS Sent on trial to good Farmers. Prices Low. Circulars FREE. OBORN BROS., Box 876, MARION, OHIO.

MARRIED LADIES. Send stamp for confidential circular of great value, sealed. Address, MRS. S. ARNOLD, Box 585 St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Situation as Custom Cutter by a young married man. A practical tailor and cutter. Address "CUTTER," care of Goergen & Haskell, 63 Cherry street, Toledo, O.

NIGHT EMISSIONS Quickly and Permanently Cured by our SALVATOR. (worn nights). Send stamp for sealed particulars. Address SALVATOR M'F'G. CO., Box 26, Cleveland, Ohio.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, VIGOR AND MANHOOD RESTORED. NERVOUS DEBILITY, VITAL WEAKNESS. Write for home cure and free treatise. Address COBALT REMEDY CO., Cobalt, Connecticut.

GOLDEN BELT KANSAS,

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world; "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the state; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. Waterman Bros. & Adams, Lincoln, Kan.

OVER 80 VARIETIES HIGH-CLASS LAND AND WATER FOWLS.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE and POLAND CHINA HOGS as fine blood as can be bought. Stock and eggs for sale. Send for catalogue and circular, free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address JOHN BELL, New Concord, O.

BUTTER-MAKING A SUCCESS

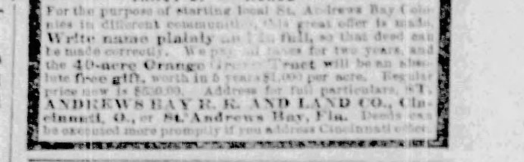
Send 50 cents for recipe for making butter that will surprise you. Also for preserving and reclaiming rank and rancid butter to its original sweetness. This is no fraud, for years have been spent experimenting on this by a practical dairyman. Address ROBERTS & McKITRICK, Wilson, Kansas.

LADIES—Dr. A. Fontaine's Preparation will develope a beautiful form in sixty days, the effect of which is permanent and usually discernible in ten days. Where a fine bust is already possessed, it will preserve the same firm and perfect in shape. A fair trial will not only convince you of its efficacy, but will elicit your sincere thanks and enthusiastic praise. Mailed secure from observation on receipt of $1.00. I also have elegant Face Creams and Powders, Auburnine, Depilatory, Acnine Freckle Lotion and every toilet requisite. Send stamp for circulars, &c. Madame Fontaine, 19 East 14th St., N. Y.

7 YEARS' PUMPKIN.—The best variety for cooking purposes. Sweet, fine grained and very prolific. One of the best for feeding to stock. I guarantee this Pumpkin to keep in good condition more than three years. Per packet, postpaid, 20 cents. H. C. HARMAN, Seedsman, South Bend, Ind. Write for Catalogue.

DYSPEPSIA. ITS NATURE, CAUSES, PREVENTION AND CURE. Being the actual result of Experience with Dyspepsia. By JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

AGENTS Wanted! Rider's Improved Pillow Sham Holder. Agents have grand success. Housekeepers will have from 1 to 5. Send for circulars, and see what it is, anyhow.



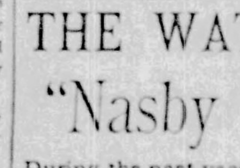
E. W. RIDER, RACINE, WIS.

$650. ORANGE GROVE TRACT OF 40 ACRES FREE.

For the purpose of starting local St. Andrews Bay Colonies in different communities, this great offer is made. Write name plainly and in full, so that deed can be made correctly. We pay all taxes for two years, and the 40-acre Orange Grove Tract will be an absolute free gift, worth in 5 years $1,000 per acre. Regular price now is $650.00. Address for full particulars, ST. ANDREWS BAY R. R. AND LAND CO., Cincinnati, O., or St. Andrews Bay, Fla. Deeds can be executed more promptly if you address Cincinnati office.

This Belt or Regenerator is made Expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. A continuous stream of Electricity permeating thro' the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts adv't'd to cure all ills; it is for the one specific purpose. For full information address Cheever Electric Belt Co 103 Washington-st. Chicago, Ill

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE



And others suffering from nervous debility, exhausting chronic diseases, premature decline of young or old are positively cured by Dr. Horne's famous Electro-Magnetic Belt. Thousands in every State in the Union have been cured. Electricity instantly felt. Patented and sold 10 years. Whole family can wear same belt. Electric Suspensories free with male belts. Avoid worthless imitations and bogus companies. Electric Trusses for Rupture. 700 cured in '85. Send stamp for pamphlet. DR. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

THE WATERBURY "Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the Watch for a dollar less than its price, or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON. . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

DAYS OF DISCOMFORT.

Of all seasons of the year I have always dreaded the springtime most for two reasons—one that the weather is as fitful as the moods of the most capricious human being that ever lived, bright one hour and full of chill winds or cold storms the next; the other and stronger, because it is then the house-cleaning mania begins, and I see long vistas of shivering days and cheerless nights before the summer sun will brighten and warm our homes into comfort again.

Years ago, before I had any experience in housekeeping, I used to wonder why a thing which was considered an annual necessity should be made so hideous, and in my heart of hearts, I did not blame men when they uttered words more strong than polite, over the dire disorder and discomfort that reigned supreme for days in the spring, in their usually pleasant dwellings. As soon as there was a suspicion that spring was approaching, even though she had only peeped around the corner, stoves were hustled away, carpets torn up and beaten until the strength of the beater was exhausted, doors and windows were thrown open, and a regular saturnalia of house-cleaning inaugurated. Just as everything was put at sixes and sevens, a cold rain storm—it might be snow—would come on, lasting for days perhaps, and effectually putting an end to any further proceedings in the direction of placing the house in order. Provident housewives might reflect upon such possibilities, and have retained the power of heating one room comfortably, but it was more than likely that nothing but the kitchen stove remained to diffuse warmth through the chill atmosphere. The almost inevitable consequence was colds, sickness, and frequently the foundation of mortal disease. Even if no dire results followed, the days of misery, lasting until warm weather, would be a nightmare through the whole of the year, until the time for their repetition came around again.

I well remember one spring, when my experience was such, that its memory sends a thrill of horror through all the intervening time. Hitherto, I had viewed that sort of general tear-up from a blissful distance, my mother having never conducted her house cleaning in that style, but I was away from her protecting care. Warm, sunny weather had come early that year, and my good landlady quickly discovered that she could not live another day without, in expressive parlance, digging out the winter's dirt. Immediately there was a sound of revelry by day extending into the night. Her kind, good-natured face hardened into that of a very Nemesis, as she inflexibly ordered up the carpets, pulled down curtains, and turned us from our abiding places.

Fortune and the weather conspired to favor her, and she had managed to bring order out of chaos before a cold Northeaster closed down upon us. I shudder to think how clean and cold we were, for every stove had been put in swaddling clothes to keep it from rusting, and stowed carefully away. With all the doors and windows tightly closed, we could keep warm only by hovering over the kitchen heater, and to our continued presence there, the angel who presided over the department, seriously objected.

One evening I had a call. Confidentially, it was from a young man whose admiration I had hitherto possessed, and towards whom the current of my feelings had given indications of setting favorably. I was glad to see him, but my affections had not yet reached that stage of warmth that would give a power of resistance to the chills that always persist in playing up and down my spine, while the mercury is in the forties. When I am cold, I feel cross. I can bear up bravely against other discomforts, can be hungry and thirsty, and preserve my serenity, but it yields ignominiously when the atmosphere saddles me with shivers. It yielded that night. I do not remember what I said, but no doubt, the fact that I did not posses the temper of a saint was made evident. With a man's inability to trace effects to causes where a woman is concerned, he did not see that it was a damp, fireless room that had chilled my feelings, and not any short-comings in himself, nor a normal condition of my own. He went away and—never came again. Had that landlady left her house cleaning to a seasonable time, another and wiser woman might have occupied this editorial chair. At any rate, I should not have had so many days of cold misery, for the storm lasted more than a week, and warm weather did not return for a month.

I have spoken of this uncomfortable way of doing the annual home-scouring and renovation, entirely in the past tense, but I do not, by any means, intend to convey the idea that entire good sense pervades its conduct in the present. If that were true, these words would not be written. It is with the hope of arresting the hands of some of the earnest housekeepers, who, because their mothers, grandmothers, and neighbors have always turned their homes inside out on the first indications of spring, think it incumbent upon them to do so likewise.

Cleanliness is a virtue. Nay more. It is a necessity for the preservation of health. Every woman knows that after a long winter of family living indoors, with fires and their accompanying dust and dirt, there is an accumulation, even with the best of care, that must be removed. Of course, this is not so apparent to the eye masculine as to the feminine perception, and it is because this is so, that men rebel against what is apt to render them miserable for a season, without, to their minds, any good reason. If present discomfort and angry growlings were the only evil results, it would not so much matter, but as I said before, too often real physical disturbance, which is worse than living in the dirt a few weeks longer could possibly be, follows. Every house should be thoroughly cleansed at least once a year, but it can be done without throwing the whole home machinery out of gear, and rendering everybody utterly miserable. I know whereof I speak, because I have tried it, and so have many other housekeepers. I can sympathize, too, with the male members of the household, having viewed the matter from their standpoint and with their experiences.

In the first place, wait before beginning, until you have reasonable ground for believing that all extremes of weather are over. Then do not disturb the living rooms, but take the closets, clothespresses and stowaway corners in hand first. Set these in order, one at a time, as you can do it with your other duties, without exhausting yourself. There is no crying necessity for it all to be done at one swoop; and if you plan your work carefully, it will all come in without disturbing to any great degree the family life, and this is the great object to be attained.

When it is warm enough to throw doors and windows open without danger, then you can begin with the living rooms. Clean but one at a time. Take the tacks out of the carpet the day before, and remove such little things as are not necessary for comfort. This will enable you, without disturbance to the family, and after the older members have departed to their duties for the day, to have the carpet taken up and shaken, the room cleansed, and everything comfortably restored again to its place before nightfall. Of course there may be something exceptional to be done to prevent this, but I am speaking of it in a general way. By following this method, this much-to-be-dreaded spring labor will be robbed of half of its horrors.

Another thing. It is not necessary that the cleaning shall be rushed through in one or two weeks. The great concerns of life do not depend upon its finishing in a certain time, but they may hinge upon the preservation of your own health and that of your family. You can be just as happy, if you will only think so, if every room does not have on its spick-and-span look at one and the same time.

The great object, as I said before, is to do this work with the least possible disturbance to the family comfort. The meals should be regular and if not quite so elaborate as to variety, just as good as to quality and cooking. This living for days in a hap-hazard way, the mother with her exhausted nerves all on edge, with everybody cross and irritable as a reflex action, is all wrong and ought to be avoided. Careful thought and planning, combined with a little philosophy, will enable it to be accomplished successfully. Try it and see.

One thing more. *Never* take your stoves down in all your living rooms, unless there are fireplaces or grates in which a little fire can be built during cold storms, or upon damp days, all through the summer. A neglect of this rule is the cause of more ill-health than can be reckoned by figures. A chill is often fatal. It is always dangerous. EMILY S. BOUTON.

In consequence of the absence of the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD from her post for two or three weeks, many letters requiring a personal reply remain unanswered. Patience on the part of our friends is requested until these can be reached and attended to.—ED.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

TEA COSY.—This is really a very useful article, and may be made very pretty. The shape of the teapot must govern the shape of the cosy in a measure. It can be made in two pieces, four or six, as seems desirable. These pieces are cut long enough to come from the top of the teapot to the table, the width being proportioned to the number. One end is straight, the other rounded to a point. They are sewed together in the form of a cap. A very effective one is made of black velvet. Work a canary sitting upon a perch, then cross the whole with gold card to represent the wires of the cage. Line it with quilted gold colored satin, put a gold card around the bottom, and a brass ring at the top to lift it by, and the thing is complete.

CARPET RUG.—Old wornout ingrain carpet can be used quite effectively for rugs. Dip the faded breadths into dyes, making them of bright colors, then cut them into strips, braid them, and sew together in any form desired. It does not matter how ragged and raveled the stripes are. They will look all the prettier. After braiding, it is well to tack it on some firm foundation in order to hold it in shape and make it wear longer. A very pretty way is to make the center of bright colors and then put on a border of black. Any shaped figure can be formed by cutting out the foundation first and sewing on the braided strips to cover it. Then baste this figure on the rug foundation and fill in around it with another color. Much depends upon the good taste of the maker.—ED.

PRETTY PAPER BASKET MADE OF OLD HOOPS.—Cut the hoops into pieces about 18 inches long. Fasten the ends of each piece together, making as many circles as you had straight pieces. Press the side of circle to opposite side and fasten in form of figure 8, making both fastenings at the same place. Fasten six of these figures together at side of top and bottom thus, to form the front. Fasten six more the same way for back. For the ends, make one end of figure 8 much larger than the other end, which place at top, or make three small figures for each end, placing two at the top and one below. Join the front, back and ends together, fastening securely all the places where one figure touches another; also fastening front and back together at bottom, at the end of each figure. Make a top of several figures to suit your taste, (it may be of five figures in the lower row, then four, then three, then two, then one, or of four figures for lower row, then six or five, then three, then four, then two, etc.) Fasten this on the top of back piece. Now cover all the places where the hoops are fastened together, with gilt or silvered paper; or, if the hoops are white, with pretty bows of very narrow ribbon, red, blue, pink, or green to match other things in the room where it is to hang. It may be hung up by the biggest figure, or one near the top, or by a pretty card, which should correspond with the trimmings. This makes a useful and inexpensive wall ornament. Old red or blue hoops trimmed with gilt or silver paper or with narrow strips of tin-foil, are quite pretty.—AUNT NANCY.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Roman Afghan.—Set 50 stitches. Knit as follows: 12 ribs black, 1 white, 1 pink, 1 blue and yellow, 1 pink, 1 blue, 1 white.

12 ribs blue, 1 white, 1 pink, 1 blue and 1 yellow, 1 pink, 1 blue, 1 white.

12 ribs pink, 1 white, 1 pink, 1 blue and yellow, 1 pink, 1 white, 1 blue.

12 ribs white, 1 blue, 1 white, 1 pink, 1 blue and yellow, 1 pink, 1 white.

Repeat 5 times for a stripe, ending every stripe with 12 ribs black; make two Roman stripes, make plain stripes of the basket pattern; it is a much prettier stripe than braided or lattice pattern.

Every rib is formed by knitting twice across in garter stitch. The yellow and blue rib, which is a great addition, is knit of 1 blue and 1 yellow stitch alternated, and in knitting back the wool must be thrown back between every stitch, making the blue stitches come above the blue ones in the preceding row.

Use the best Germantown wool, 2 skeins each of white, pink and blue; 1 of yellow and 9 of black. For putting the stripes together use double zephyr, 1 ounce each of black and yellow.

Get, not the lightest shades, but about the third from the lightest. There is no color for the plain stripe so pretty as black; very dark green, or dregs of wine can be used if preferred, but they are not so pretty.—MRS. H. L.

Snowball Insertion.—Cast on 18 stitches—1st row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k4—o—k 1—o—k 5—o—p 2 tog—k2. 2d row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 12—o—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 2—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 2. 4th row—like second. 5th row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 2. 6th row—like second. 7th row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—o—p 2 tog—k 2. 8th row—like second, but k 10 instead of 12. 9th row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—p 2 tog—k 2. 10th row—like second. 11th row—k 2—o—p 2 tog—k 3—o—s 1—n and bind—o—k 4—o—p 2 tog—k 2. 12th row—like 8th.—MRS. ROSIE STETTLER, Oregon, Ill.

Correspondence.

THE NEW INDUSTRY OF THE NATION.—The attention of the public is being drawn in the direction of the country's new industry "Silk Culture," and while many are successful and are still going on with the work, some who have not been so thorough and patient will denounce the work "a snare and a delusion." Some who have undertaken a small amount and hoped to have made a fortune, or at least had set their figures as to the probable amount they would make, were disappointed, and those, with some, who in *some way* produced an inferior grade of cocoons are willing to condemn the whole business. Why can we not as a nation enter into the work with a determination to excel, and defy competition and save the vast amount of money that is yearly going out of the country and raise our own product?

Why just look at statistics and see how much more money might pass through our hands if we would be more determined and resolute. There was in the month of December, 1885, imported to the city of New York alone 1,904 bales of raw silk, valued at $1,019,112. Also silk manufactured goods to the same port, same month, $1,729,395. This shows only a small part of the imports of silk in the United States and it ought to so encourage us that we would take hold of the work with a renewed vigor and press on with the zeal that will bring into our midst purchsers from foreign countries to buy our products, instead of letting the money go out, as it does.

There is no reason why we can not. Our land is cheaper here, our rents are not so high, and the cost of labor will not count, if we turn the hands to the work that do it in foreign countries.

Instead of letting our children run the streets and idle their time away and fall into bad vices as many do, and are every day filling up our Institutions of Reformatories they had better be taught something like silk raising and bring in a source of revenue to our country. Women who have some time to spare from their household duties can help the children and encourage them by giving them an interest in the business, and will find it both pleasant and profitable, besides cultivating in the younger members of the family, a spirit of industry and thrift. Teach them that they should accumulate and save while they are young, and while they are busy their heads are not planning some mischief that will bring them into disrepute and you in sorrow and disgrace.

There are a few who have attempted and failed, not because there is not a profit in it, but because of some omission on their part in managing, just the same as any farmer may fail in some crop if he does not attend to it in its own season. There is a time and season for all crops, and if not attended at that *proper time*, he will make a failure, as you all know, and thus in the case of silk culture. In silk raising we have much to learn, and each years' experience will teach us much in the industry, the same as practice in any art or avocation. Small crops are not as profitable as larger ones, for while you have your attention drawn in that vein, your room in use, and you have plenty of food, why not raise all you can, and thus reap a larger harvest from cocoons. I would advise all who go into the work to make all you can out of silk, instead of trying to save so many eggs. The cocoons will be sent to market by September 1, and in your turn will be reeled, and the price established and determined, as the Woman's Silk Culture association cannot tell till they are reeled what to pay you. First send ¼ lb sample, as they will average. Some new beginners often let the cocoon lie so long before choking that the moth begins eating through before they are killed, thus rendering the silk bad for reeling, and this is the reason why we cannot all get the highest market price. Great attention should be paid to the feeding of the worms in the last two weeks of their lives before spinning. Feed enough good strong food of one kind only, and do not give old worms young food, that will sicken them, and they will die. Give plenty of good air, keep them clean, and I will *warrant* you worms will thrive under such treatment, and reward you with their toil. The Women's Silk Culture association issue bulletins and annual reports, which will be a source of help to all engaged in the work.

To those who have an idea of entering in upon this new field of labor, let him plant out an osage hedge from cuttings which will serve a two-fold purpose, or if he choose, plant cuttings from the white mulberry, and let him prepare for a field of future labor which will, in a short time, bring him in a profit far beyond anything that is attended with the little expense which this involves. I have yet a few more eggs which I will offer to help the cause and promote the growth of the industry, and help the many who have told me in their correspondence that "they did not possess the means to invest as they did not have it." I will offer to all such till my stock is gone at half price, with instructions *free*, (a large sheet of printed information) if they will send two stamps to pay postage on them. Also, when wishing for information send stamps for reply; this *latter* is too often forgotten, and please don't write me if you have neither osage or mulberry to feed.—MRS. C. V. BROWN, O. I. S., Lancaster, Ohio.

THE LABOR AND POPULATION QUESTION.—Not long ago a lady was bewailing the fact that small families were becoming the fashion; instead she ought to have rejoiced. When by increased knowledge and pure living this fashion becomes world wide, we will have more healthy women, and fewer broken down drudges. There will not be so many children born, but the future babies will be better raised and cared for, and will stand a good chance of being useful, happy men and women.

I sincerely and honestly believe that over-population is one of the chief causes of misery and trouble in the world. Take for example all the Old World. In China, hundreds of people literally starve to death; hundreds more live herded together worse than animals. How much better if they had never been born.

Think, if the poor laborers in Germany, England and Ireland had two or three children apiece, instead of eight or ten, how much less misery and suffering there would be.

The rich owners of mines, railroads and factories know that they can force their employes to work for a mere pittance, because there is such an army of workers who must have work, even if it is poorly paid, or else starve.

When a pestilence comes, people die like sheep. Take Spain, for example, during the late cholera epidemic. The people there, many of them, are too ignorant and degraded to take care of themselves, or even to allow the better educated to instruct and help them. How different it would have been, how much easier to check that terrible disease, if there had been only one-tenth part as many people; for then they would not have been so poor, and would have been better educated and more cleanly.

Think of the ship loads of people who come to this country, fairly crowded out of their native land.

Now, if the population of this country increases every year until all the habitable land is settled up, and then keeps on increasing, what is to prevent the crowded misery and wretchedness that exists in the old country from existing here?

People used to talk about the "Boundless West," but that is a thing of the past. They used to say "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," but everybody knows that Uncle Sam's farms are growing very scarce.

If there are only enough children born and raised to keep the population of the world up to its present number, the world will always be plenty, plenty full enough.

The desire for some children is almost universal. I do not believe that there is one married couple in a hundred who would willingly choose to live childless for a life-time; not a bit of danger but what there would be babies enough. I say let us have fewer children and better ones. If the dear babies could only have joyful, willing parents, what splendid children there would be. If each couple had only as many children as they could feed, clothe and educate comfortably and well would not the poverty and ignorance of this diminish at a rapid rate?

It is too well proven to be doubted that the mother's habitual state of mine is indelibly stamped on the unborn babe; how important then that she should be at least contented and cheerful.

We want health, strength and happiness to give our darling babies, and how is this possible, unless we have our choice as to when and how often we shall become parents. God speed the day when wives may enter into the "gracious estate of motherhood" only from free, happy choice. —MRS. C. L. S.

SPRING FLOWERS.—The robin tells us spring is here, although there is yet snow in the fence corners and hollows; but that will soon be gone, and Old Sol will warm up mother earth, and the flowers will wake from their long sleep and gladden us with their bright colors and pretty forms. Although it is yet early we have asters, balsams, pansies, verbenas, petunias and a few other sorts, growing in boxes in the bay window, ready to bud out as soon as it is warm enough. Phlox dromondii is a great favorite with me. It comes in so many different shades, being a whole flower garden in itself. Then such pretty ribbon beds can be made with three or four colors of the little annual. I use white for the center of the bed, then a row of scarlet, next white, and then blue or some of the striped sorts; it is a little beauty for bouquet making, and does not wilt in a day as some of our flowers do. Another thing in its favor is its long season of blooming. It commences when but two inches high and continues to bloom until very hard frosts in the fall.

Pansies are favorites of mine also, and I have them in banks, mounds, beds and ribbon beds; there are so many colors and shades one can plant them in many ways. Last Summer a grave in our cemetery was covered with white pansies and it was lovely the whole season, being in bloom from early spring until late in the fall.

I like white petunias and phlox also for graves as they are hardy bloomers. Dahlias are nice flowers for the yard, but quite expensive if the bulbs are purchased from a florist, but very cheap if raised from seeds. If the seed is sown in April in a warm place and the plants transplanted to the yard or garden as soon as the weather will permit, they will bloom until cut by the frosts in the fall. As twenty or thirty plants can be raised from seed that will only cost the price of one bulb, it is far cheaper to sow the seed, and although the flowers are not all double, it will be just as well, for single dahlias are all the fashion now.

Pinks are so pretty everyone should have them. They come in so many colors and some of them so finely marked and fringed; and for bouquets they are splendid. I always have a big bed of pinks, and as they live two or three years and I sow a new bed every spring, I am not likely to be without them. I have about a pint of pink seeds that I have no use for, and, as I don't like to throw them away, I will send them to any of the BLADE readers who would care enough for them to sow and cultivate a bed of pinks. A letter sent to my address, as below, will be sure to reach me, and if you write your own address plainly, you will be sure to receive a packet of my pink seeds.—FRANCES B., box 126, West Branch, Mich.

Inquiries

Will "Barbara Allen" please tell what outfit is necessary for the trip from the East to California, to attend national G. A. R. convention? Many soldiers' wives and members of the W. R. C. will attend, and a reply will greatly oblige those interested; but please don't make it weighty or expensive. We want a little left to spend when we get there. The convention is on August 3, 1886.—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one tell me if there is a way of picking ducks to get the down off? I love to eat them, but it is a task to get them picked clean. Will some one tell how to make a brush out of peacock feathers?—A POOR FARMER'S WIFE.

Can some of the sisters tell me how to make a potato ball (to be used instead of yeast)? I would like to know how to start one. Has any one a copy of "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile" that they would like to exchange for other reading matter? I would like to get a copy of either or both the books for my husband, who is an old soldier and also an invalid, but I can not afford them now. Will send arbutus roots, blueberry plants, or balsam trees, instead of books, if preferred.—EILEEN ALANNA.

Will you request the person who gave the recipe in the BLADE some months since for a "Quinine Tonic for the Hair," to give it again in your columns, or address me personally? I ask this for the benefit of a lady who was not a subscriber at that time, but has become one since.—MRS. M. V. BUSH, Silver Springs, N. Y.

Will some one please tell me how to clean gilt picture frames? Also how to make a cheap book case, one that will not cost much?—M. M. M., Schaller, Iowa.

I live on a small farm half a mile from town. My two sons and myself live alone. We have plenty of room, and would like to have somebody in the house with me for company. I read very often of people being houseless and homeless, where there has been a big fire or storm, and think I would be glad if one or two would come along here; for instance a middle-aged lady that is honest and trusty, could have a home here, but a middle-aged couple would be preferable, as I could find work for him to do and a room for them to live in. I would want the man to be temperate and trusty. I want persons I can depend upon. If any one that sees this should want to know more about it, they can address postoffice box 296, Dodge Centre, Dodge county, Minnesota.

Will some of the BLADE sisters, who have tried it, tell me if a faded rag carpet can be renewed by painting with dye while on the floor? If so, what colors are best, how best to apply, hot or cold, and how much will it be likely to take to paint 21 yards. Will some one please answer soon as possible?—MRS. C. ROWELL, Brookfield, Mo.

Will some one give directions for knitting silk mitts?—MRS. E. M. ROSS.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to do stamping on felt with white paint? And how to prepare the paint?—BUSY BODY.

Does any one have a book of dialogues which contains among its number the comical piece "Pumpkin Ridge" or "From Pumpkin Ridge." If so, I hope you will send me the address of the publishers. I have tried to get it from various firms but have failed. It is not printed in a separate copy but together with several others. Please give the address at once either through the HOUSEHOLD or send direct to P. O. Box 167, Carroll county, Manning, Iowa.

I would like to learn, through your paper, if the *New Northwest* is still published. It is a Woman's Rights paper, edited by a woman, and was published either in Oregon or Washington Territory. I would also like to learn from some of your subscribers if the climate is too damp in Washington Territory for raising chickens for market. MRS. SUSAN LEIGHTON, Greely, Col.

Can some one tell me what will cure rheumatism? I am often troubled with it. Will Mrs. I. C. Thatcher, whose letter on silk culture was published in the BLADE of November 19, 1885, please send her address to—HOPE SCHENCK, Glen Mary, Tenn?

Answers to Inquiries.

"Rose Geranium," there are some tough kinds of hardware paper that will do just as well for patterns as the more expensive parchment.

"Peggy Short."—Fill a bottle with ripe pokeberries—can get dried ones at drug store—cover with alcohol, and when well soaked out take three times a day, beginning with ½ teaspoonful doses for first three days, then increase to nearly a tablespoonful. If eyelids swell you are taking too large doses. It is a sure cure for rheumatism and salt rheum, but it is likely to bring an eruption to the surface which will soon dry up. It is so much more easy to scratch and endure that, than the agonies of every sort of rheumatism.—SUBSCRIBER.

Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD please answer the following questions? In what form must manuscripts be sent, folded or rolled? If neither, as I once saw it stated, please explain. Do parties purchasing serials set the price on the same? Will you mention one or more papers most likely to purchase serial stories?—MINTON.

Manuscripts should not be folded or rolled, when it can be avoided. Serials are usually sent by express, and can easily be put into a package in which the paper is left smooth. If the article is short, it can be written on commercial note and forwarded like a book.

Publishers usually have a regular price which they pay for matter. Sometimes, however, writers set their own price.

Any paper which makes a speciality of stories will buy what suits its publishers, or what they consider is adapted to their readers.

Will the editor please tell me correct pronounciation of Louisiana, and also the correct pronounciation of Arkansas?—L. W.

The first word as if spelled thus: Loo-e-ze-a-na. The local pronounciation of the second—and it was formerly accepted as correct—is: Ar-kan-saw. The Dictionary now gives: Ar-kan-sas.—ED.

Would a set ring be in good taste as a wedding ring? If so, what should the set be?

Custom has decreed that the wedding ring proper shall be of gold without any setting. Room for variety in this direction is given in the betrothal ring.—ED.

Will the editor or some of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me whether "Corpus Lean" and such things advertised to remove superfluous flesh is injurious to the health or not? I am very anxious to know.—PEACH BLOSSOM.

The editor would advise you not to take patent medicines advertised for such purposes. Your superfluous flesh comes from a wrong diet, a lack of exercise, or some physical derangement, which you can yourself control by attention to the laws of health, and by changing your diet to non-fattening substances. The medicines may also reduce your flesh, but they also reduce your strength. Do you follow out the directions contained in "Health and Beauty"? If you do not then begin at once. Superfluous flesh is never the result of healthy nutrition and assimilation.—ED.

"R. E. B.," in the HOUSEHOLD of April 15, asks the sisters to send her pressed leaves and ferns for her album, and I wish to tell her that I have a quantity of delicate leaves and grasses that I pressed last autumn intending to use them in spatter-work last winter, but changing my plans I went away for a long visit and did not use them. If "R. E. B." wishes I will send her one of each kind, and would be very glad to receive the piece of bark from the grant fedwoods that she spoke of. Will "R. E. B." please send me her address?—MRS. O. D. FISHER, 789 Gallagher street, East Saginaw. Mich.

"Henrietta" can curl her white feather by gently scraping each of the filaments on the back of a dull knife. "Orilla" can clean her tips by washing in warm suds of soft water and white soap. They can be colored with diamond dyes and curled as above.—W. S. A.

"Mrs. M. A.," Pittsfield, Mass., you *can* get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Recipes.

Doughnuts, Cheap and Good.—A lady asked for a recipe for doughnuts. I send mine: 1 teaspoonful of soda; 1 teacupful of sugar; 1 teacupful of buttermilk; 3 tablespoonfuls of butter; a little salt; season with nutmeg; 2 eggs.—MRS. D. C. MILLSPAW, Ellington, N. Y.

Farmer's Dainty Dish.—Peel and slice thin potatoes and onions (five potatoes to one small onion); take ½ lb. of sweet salt pork, 1 lb. of beef, mutton or veal, cut in small pieces, take bread dough and shorten a little, put in a layer of pork, then a layer of meat, potatoes and onions, dust with salt and pepper, and cover with crust; repeat till stew-pan is full; pour in water to cover, and finish with crust. Cover tightly and do not let boil hard. Serve hot. Splendid!—COLORADO.

A Quick Way to Pickle Eggs.—Boil one-half hour, cut them in halves lengthwise, lay them in a deep dish while hot, and pour strong vinegar over them. You can put salt and pepper on them, or stick them with whole cloves if you like. They are much nicer fresh than after they have been kept several days.

Pie Plant Pie.—Make a thick syrup of white sugar, cut the pie plant with the skin on, and drop in the syrup while boiling. Have your crust ready, pour this in then a layer of whole raisins. Put on upper crust and bake in slow oven. Try, and report.—MRS. B.

For Ring Worms.—Cigar ashes, bound on.

For Quinsy.—Mullin leaves steeped in milk. Apply hot and often.

For Chapped Hands.—2 ozs of glycerine; 2 teaspoonfuls borax; 1 pint soft water.—E. B.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BOIS D'ARC, MO.
Jessie Elsey,
Annie Elsey,
Ada Elsey,
ELSBERRY, MO.
RussellJ Burley,
EDEN, MINN.
N B Luddington,
L W Luddington,
F Luddington,
Nettie Johnson,
Huldah Light,
Adell Hewitt,
Ethie Otterson,
Rena Light,
Clara Phelps,
Mabel Allison,
M McNaughton,
Della Tucker,
Lizzie Ball,
Rilla Dresser,
Emma Dodge,
Capitola Dodge,
Genare Dodge,
Gerado Dodge.
ANDREWS, IND.
Gertie Rhodes,
Minnie Fullhart,
Maggie Connel,
Mamie Connel,
M Hamilton,
Graele Murray,
Lora Jay,
Eva Shuttleff,
Aletha Leach,
Mat Flemming,
Minnie Gilkey,
Lulu Moore,
Nora Swartz,
Edna Swartz,
Gertie Alpaugh,
Bertha Rhaney,
Cora Priest,
Ida Burton,
Jennie Hull,
Annie Wilfets,
Ina Durst,
Willie Clay.
NO PLACE GIVEN.
Iverson O Miller,
S M Miller,
Annie P Miller,
Mintie A Rook,
Susan Rook,
Charles A Wile,
Willie D Quigly,
Jessy Quigly,
Harry Quigly,
Geo W Gander,
James Mentyer,
Willie Monn,
James Nash,
Henry Nash,
George Nash,
Robert Nash,
Mary A Nash.
OXFORD, WIS.
Wesley Frazier,
Ollie Frazier,
Merton Frazier,
Walter Frazier,
Edward Clark,
Ollie Clark,
Geo Roberts,
Harvey Grant,
James Grant,
Unie Grant,
Ruth Lloyd,
Grace Nickerson,
SylviaNickerson,
Onie Fenner,
Dora White,
Andrew Fish,
Willie Ogle,
E Houghtailing,
O Houghtailing,
C Anderson,
Emma Stalker,
Jas Somerton.
NO PLACE GIVEN.
Maggie Moore,
Cora Moore,
Francis M Moore,
Oakley Key,
Everlena Key,
Sallie Blalock,
Maudy Blalock,
Florence Hall.
KEIFER, O.
Lulu Frazier,
Earl E. Frazier,
Lilly B Frazier.
WILLIAMSVILLE, ILL.
Ray Grones,
NASHVILLE, MO.
Bird Witter.
FORKSTON, PA.
Eddie Finnery,
John Robenson,
Earnest Farr.
MEHOPANY, PA.
Clark Finnery,
Grace Finnery,
Mary Finnery,
CarolSturdevant
WEIR, KAN.
Maggie Jackson,
Mabel Stearns,
Hattie Jackson,
Allie Albro,
Mary E Small,
Mabel E. Small,
Walter B Ashley,
Wilbur A Small,
Junie Knadler,
Daniel P Small,
Emma Small.
NO PLACE GIVEN.
Annie Morris,
Lucy Morris,
Warren J Morris.
John S Tuthill,
Mal Hasbrouk,
Herb Hasbrouk,
Georgia Chapins,
Blanch Chapins,
Stella Hasbrouk,
Rena E Harrison.
ESOFEA, WIS.
C R Frazier,
R R Frazier,
Belle Frazier,
M M Frazier,
Frank e Frazier,
Dora Frazier,
Lincoln Reed,
Pluna M Frazier,
John H Frazier,
Grace A Frazier,
Vincent Frazier.
FERRY, MICH.
Leona Mallison,
Frank Mallison,
Emma Mallison,
Effie Hightower,
Minnie McClane,
Lura Archer,
Berthia Keech,
Charles Clark,
Dow Archer,
Delia Clark,
James Croy.
ELK POINT, IA.
Allie Spencer,
Elsie Spencer,
Gail Spencer.
Allie Davis,
Rosetta Walker,
Flo Walker,
Cora Walker,
Jennie Mulloy,
Jim Mulloy,
Geo Mulloy,
Guy Gray,
Horace Butler,
Clara Butler,
Eliza Hammond,
J W Hammond,
May Hammond,
Ed Hammond,
E Hammond,
L Hammond,
E B Wison,
Clara Larvie,
Vetaline Larvie.
NO PLACE GIVEN.
Willie Churchill,
Leon Day,
Frank Curtis,
Frank Churchill,
Geo Canfield,
Guy S Kellogg,
Fred S Curtis,
POWEL, NEB.
John H Carl
Ida Colson,
Lopez Pickens,
David Cross,
Wm W Smith,
Stella Smith.
FAIRBURY, NEB.
Nellie Hanchett,
Carrie Hanchett.
ROSEBURY, IND.
Sylvester Brewer
LE RAYSVILLE, PA.
A A Green,
L W Rodgers,
A B Monroe,
Paul Bliss,
Geo Bliss,
Annie Cook,
Nellie Davis,
Mattie Gregory,
Kittie Bailey,
Hattie Lyman,
Kate F Buck,
Neil Johnson,
Leon Beecher,
H Williams,
Aug Blackman,
Minnie Nichols,
Armelia Gattsed,
Mamie Buck,
C Beardsley,
Elmer Coleman,
Ada Monroe.
CLINTONVILLE, WIS.
Norman McLean,
Allen G McLean,
Addie McLean,
Katie McLean,
Edith McLean,
Eugene S Carter.
MILTON, OHIO.
E W Detchon,
Clara H Detchon,
Edith J Detchon,
Marg't Detchon,
Mary Russell.
CEDAR BLUFF, KAN.
Claud Henslee.
MONTREAL, MO.
Emma B Dodd,
B Frank Dodd,
J Leonard Dodd.
BIXBY, ILL.
Al Firebaugh,
Ella Firebaugh,
Fann Firebaugh,
Bertie Tillotson,
Alden Tillotson,
LARKINS, KAN.
Lois M Deming,
Curtis Deming,
CENTERVILLE, S. C.
Lance Fitch,
Alfred Fitch,
C C Fitch,
A F Fitch.
RENICK, MO.
Gertie Stiles,
Rachel Stiles,
Luther Stiles.
MOBERLY, MO.
Minnie Seeddom.
SEDGWICK, KAN.
George Cook,
Chas Gressly,
Ed A Biggs.
LYNDON, KAN.
Gilbert S Mason,
Chas W Mason,
John J Mason,
Will Thompson,
Harry Thompson
Lon Thompson.
T D Mason.
FRANKPORT, PA.
Mattie Russell.
BEEBE, MICH.
S C Wagner,
L L Wagner,
Minnie Wagner,
ORANGE, CAL.
Lester Packard,
Ina Packard,
Ulysse Packard.
WASHINGTON, IA.
Ola Stiles,
Albert Stiles,
Vida Kemble,
Winnie Kemble,
Minnie Klein,
Emily Klein,
M McJunkin.
WELLSVILLE, KAN.
Sadie Lewis.
BIRMINGHAM, IA.
C Countryman,
G Countryman,

Names this week, 262. Total. 7,711.

THE RESTLESS GIRL GRETTA.

A dear little girl
Called Gretta, the Pearl—
Margretta, her grandmother named her—
Was told to be still
So often that Phil,
The parrot, incessantly blamed her.
"Gretta, be still!" Polly would say;
"Gretta, be still! You must obey!"

She laughed and she teased,
She vexed and she pleased;
She was wilful and witching and airy;
She danced and she tripped,
She pranced and she skipped,
From morning till night like a fairy.
"Gretta, be still!" Polly would say;
"Gretta, be still! You must obey!"

She whistled and sang,
Till all the house rang
With the noise of her innocent riot,
Till all who were there
Cried out in despair:
"Do Gretta, please Gretta, be quiet!"
"Gretta, be still!" Polly would say;
"Gretta, be still! You must obey!"
—*Babyland.*

BEN'S SISTER.

BY MARIA L. POOL.

The snow was more than a foot deep on a level, and Naomi could not estimate the depths of the drifts that were piled here and there.

"However," she said gayly, "the crust will bear you; and I only wish I were going too. Tell Auntie her jelly was divine and her cake transcendent."

"Divine and tranthendent," lisped the child, who, although a boy of eight years, had been arrayed in his sister's heavy woolen jacket, which was the warmest garment available. He had on a cloth cap without a visor, and this cap was fastened down with many windings of a white "cloud." Rubber boots nearly enveloped his short legs, and leathern mittens were on his hands, in one of which was grasped a six-quart tin pail. His bright, rosy face might have been that of a girl, and both in size and countenance he appeared younger than he really was.

Naomi used to say that when she felt very much in need of a sister, she called Ben a girl, but when she wanted a protector, she admitted that he was a boy.

"You'll go by the cart path, of course," spoke up a woman who was leaning back in a large chair, and whose pale, thin face bore a resemblance to the faces of the children before her, and showed that she was their mother and an invalid.

"Yeth, ma'am," said Ben. "Now I'm off. Remember, 'Omi, bithcuit for thupper."

"Don't break the eggs as you go, and don't spill the milk as you come!" called out Naomi at the door.

She stood an instant watching the boy's figure as it trudged along over the crust. She shivered as she looked; for the air was biting cold and swept down from the north.

The whole sky was covered by a light haze, such as often in New England precedes one of those snow storms in which the flakes sift down with a sharp persistence that makes one breathless who tries to battle against them.

A sudden anxiety came to the girl, and she called after her brother:

"Remember, Ben, I allow you just three hours—one to go, one to stay, and one to come back home. Then it'll be four o'clock. After that I shall begin to worry."

"All right!" shouted the boy. "You'll be very silly to worry though!"

Naomi glanced at the thermometer, which hung by the door. It marked five above zero.

Then she went into the room where her mother sat and put more wood into the cracked cook-stove. She was uneasy. She had an impulse to go out and run after her brother, but she remained quiet, and told herself how foolish she was.

She took up her book and read aloud for an hour, her mother placidly braiding straw the while. By that time a few flakes began to drift about in the air, whirling, apparently with no intention of falling.

Naomi started up and flung the book on the table. "Mother," she exclaimed; "I'm sorry we let Ben go!"

"Ben knows the way perfectly; and he will be home by dusk," replied her mother.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Dunlap looked out of the window, marked the ominous light gray of the heavens, and knew well that a heavy snow storm was beginning. It might be a week before the sun shone again.

Still it really was "thilly," as Ben had said, to worry about him.

The wind kept shrieking around the corner of the house. Naomi put on an old coat, hood, and mittens, and went out to bring in wood. She filled the wood box and made a pile along the floor by the stove.

As she did so, a big Newfoundland dog came from a corner of the woodhouse and followed her back and forth. "Roy," she said, reprovingly, "you ought to have gone with Ben."

Roy wagged his tail seriously, as if to say, he had more weighty things to attend to than trotting after a boy.

When Naomi had finished her work, she walked toward the pine wood through which Ben had gone. She did not quite know how cold it was until she turned to come back, and faced the icy wind that made her coat feel as if it were but a rag.

How desolate and alone the small brown house, which was her home, looked now to her! It stood in the midst of snow, with snow flying about it.

The Dunlaps were very poor, as their home plainly showed. Naomi's mother was a widow, and had been unable to walk for two years. You can imagine that Naomi at fifteen, felt as if she were heavily burdened.

She had been obliged to give up school just when school had become very interesting to her. She did the housework, and both she and Ben helped their mother with the straw work, which once a week was brought to the home from Farmborough, in a long, odd wagon.

In the season there were always piles of men's and boy's hats growing under Mrs. Dunlap's busy fingers. Even little Ben, on Saturdays and in the spare hours of the long spring days, had to make the "top-pieces."

But there were dull weeks in which the Earnborough wagon did not come to the house, and the Dunlaps lived closer than ever.

Perhaps you think Naomi was melancholy and sombre under this life. But she was not. Sometimes there was a great deal of fun in that bit of a house on "Goose Hill," and Ben often said that if any other boy had a sister who was more of a "brick," he should just like to see that fellow.

It was three o'clock when Naomi came in and announced that the mercury had fallen two degrees more, and she thought she would begin making the biscuit.

The boy had gone to an aunt's with eggs and was to bring back some milk.

"There is no danger of his spilling the milk," remarked Naomi, measuring baking powder. "It will be frozen as solid as a rock."

At half-past four it was dark, of course. Naomi's biscuit were done and placed on the hearth, wrapped in a towel.

"Ben should not have stopped a moment longer than we told him," said his mother severely. "But, Naomi, you must not worry; there is no good in worrying."

Nevertheless, the girl knew that her mother was worrying more and more, every moment that passed.

It was snowing faster than ever now, as Naomi discovered when she stood on the doorsteep and peered about her. A blinding, cutting swirl was in the air and shut off all vision.

As she stood there Roy thrust his nose into her hand and whined.

She went directly and put a light where it shone mistily out toward the pine wood.

The cold was increasing so fast that she doubted if it could continue snowing much longer. But the wind would drive the snow from the ground and the drifts be as blindingly as though the storm held on.

As Naomi went back into the kitchen where her mother sat, her face was pale but determined.

The thought of her little brother struggling alone in such a storm, was no longer endurable.

"Mother," she said resolutely, "I'm going out to the pine woods. I shall take a lantern, and Roy will go with me. Ben must be near home. I will meet him and bring him in."

Mrs. Dunlap pressed her hands tightly together. In spite of her calm comments, she was half wild with anxiety.

She looked hopelessly at her daughter, who was pulling on long rubber boots. There was no neighbor within half a mile.

"Then you will both be in the storm," said the mother feebly; "and I can do nothing."

"You have the worst of it," she said cheerfully, though her heart was like lead. "But I shall be back in half an hour. With my lantern and Roy, I shall be well armed."

She tied shawls over her very shabby coat, which was all she had. She wheeled her mother's chair, so that the good woman might be able to keep the stove full of wood.

"Don't worry, mother, but please have a hot stove when we come back," Naomi said, as she took up her lantern and followed by Roy, hurried out into the storm.

The wind swept into the entry, and howled so that the anxious woman within shuddered.

It was comparatively easy for Naomi to go toward the pines, for the wind was at her back, and she ran on over the snow-crust, swinging her lantern before her, and calling her brother's name in her fresh young voice, that went forward on the rushing air.

It was terribly cold, though, even with the wind behind her! Her hands and feet began to sting and ache.

She had not, as she believed, been going in the path toward the wood five minutes, when, in some unaccountable way, the wind was no longer behind her. It was rushing down upon her right, and she felt as if she were going down hill.

She stood perfectly still, but trembling with a thrill of terrible alarm. She lifted her lantern; but from the first, the light had been of little service. It made a small luminous halo, while beyond was a blank, impenetrable white wall that seemed to rush and roar about her—a wall that moved.

She screamed "Benny!" at the top of her voice.

"Oh, he must hear me!" she exclaimed to herself. "Roy, where is Ben?"

The dog had kept near to her all the time Now he lifted his broad snow sprinkled-head, and pressed still nearer as if he said: "I am going to still take care you."

"Go!" cried Naomi, fiercely. "Find him! Find him! Don't stay with me! Find Ben!"

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

OUR GOOD FAIRY.

"Mamma, did you ever see a real fairy?" questioned Maud, looking up from a book she was reading—"a real one, with shining white wings?"

"No, I never did, Maud, nor did any one else. Fairy stories are not true, you know; they are only written to amuse. But your questions reminds me of something which happened when I was a little girl. It was one summer when your aunt Kate and I had been sent to the country to see our grandmother. Father and mother were to follow us in a few weeks. We loved to visit grandmother, for she lived on a farm which stood upon a river bank, and there were beautiful trees and woods along the bank.

"Uncle Fred had given us a very pretty white kitten, and as we had never had a cat or pet of any kind, we were delighted. Uncle Fred had just come home from boarding-school, and we thought him wonderfully clever, and were delighted when he noticed us. One day he brought us a book of fairy stories, the first of the kind we had ever seen. It was no wonder that our minds were excited by the wonderful tales, and that we pored over them night and day. One desire took possesion of us—we must see a fairy.

"Accordingly, one afternoon, just after dinner, we crept away very stealthily, for fear some one might call us back, and hastened to the woods. Once in the dense shade of the great trees, and out of sound of the farmyard, we became almost frightened. We hardly dare breathe. The sound of our own footsteps often made us start. We expected any moment to see a fairy or a dwarf. At length we began to be weary and a little discouraged. We thought we must have come at the wrong time, and so decided to turn back. Then we found, alas! we had lost our way. We were dreadfully alarmed, for we knew it would soon begin to grow dark, and the idea of spending the night in the woods was terrifying, especially when we remembered the stories we had been reading.

"Suddenly we heard a strange noise just over our heads—a crackling of leaves—then a branch shook. Something was going to happen at last. We stood still, quite breathless. A little more rustling of leaves, and then out stepped a little snow-white creature and stood before us—not a real fairy, to be sure, but, far better, our own white kitten.

"Oh, how we laughed as she sprang down! and then we laughed louder still when we saw that we had wandered all around the river bank and had come back again to the farm by another way. Just beyond us stood the gate; only we had been too much bewildered to see it.

"Pussy had evidently been out upon a journey also—not looking for fairies, but for birds—and we had met. As she had never had a name, we called her Fairy from that day. Grandmother laughed at us when we got home, and Uncle Fred said that if he had known we were such silly little girlies he would never have put fairy stories in our hands to bother our heads."

It is very foolish to allow ourselves to be troubled by our fancies and to be afraid of what does not exist.—*Morning Star.*

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.

The shadow pantomime can easily be arranged in a large room, across the center of which a sheet is stretched; or, better still, in two parlors, across the opening between the two rooms, the sheet is suspended. The sheet should be damp, but not wet enough to allow the water to drip on the carpet. The performance takes place in the back parlor, behind the sheet; the audience sit in the other room in front of the sheet. The audience part should be in semi-darkness, while behind the sheet there should be a strong light from a candle placed on the floor.

The actors come in front of the candle, and their shadows are thus thrown vividly on the sheet, their bulk increasing and decreasing according to distance. When they jump over the candle from behind, their shadows appear to descend from the roof, and when they jump back again, that is, from the sheet, their shadows appear to vanish into the sky.

The actors may be dressed in various fantastic ways; for instance, an old man may be represented by a boy in his father's great coat, tottering along by aid of a stick; an old woman may be played by little Kate or Jenny in grandmother's bonnet or shawl; and Tiny Toddles may be made to appear as a miniature clown by means of a paper cap and a large pair of knickerbockers with legs stuffed. In this way amusing scenes have been performed; the more activity displayed by the actors the more fun. Tables, chairs, etc., may be introduced, and much merriment is caused by one boy jumping over the back of another, and vanishing at each jump.

—"100 Doses One Dollar," is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

The Sunday School.

The Nobleman's Son.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1886.

Golden Text.—Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth.

LESSON TEXT.

John 4: 43-54.

43. Now after two days he departed thence, and went into Galilee.

44. For Jesus himself testified, that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.

45. Then when he was into Galilee, the Galileans received him, having seen all the things that he did at Jerusalem at the feast, for they went unto the feast.

46. So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine. And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum.

47. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death.

48. Then said Jesus unto him? Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.

49. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my son die.

50. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.

51. And as he was now going down, his servants met him; and told him, saying, thy son liveth.

52. Then inquired he of them the hour when he began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him.

53. So the father knew that it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth, and himself believed, and his whole house.

54. This is again the second miracle that Jesus did, when he was come out of Judea into Galilee.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

After the two days he went forth from thence (v. 43.) Even in the sphere of our spiritual advantages, there are ordinary and extraordinary occasions. There are times when God gives us the opportunity of deciding, not only for the hour, but for all time to come; and, if we neglect that opportunity, we cannot retrieve the lost occasion. All days are alike in some particulars, and are unlike in others. Every day and every hour brings its own possibilities, which will not be duplicated or repeated. If we do not make a good use of the time when our special privileges are greatest and most important, we miss an opportunity for once and for all.

A prophet hath no honor in his own country (v. 44.) It is so much easier to see defects than it is to perceive beauties, that the nearer we are to a very great person, or to a very good one, the surer we are to take notice of his lack of perfectness, rather than of his approach to it. As a rule, the popular idols of the hour are persons quite unworthy of high regard; while those who are deserving of highest honor must look for the verdict of posterity in their favor, or for the commendation of those who see them from afar, if they would be encouraged under the lack of appreciation on the part of those who have best opportunities of knowing them as they are. Unpopularity, so far from being a proof of unworthiness, is one of the commonest accompaniments of surpassing ability and worth,—an accompaniment, but not, in itself, a proof, of superiority.

A certain nobleman, whose son was sick (v. 46.) Neither wealth nor honors can guard a home from sickness and sorrow. Parents who are envied by many for their social standing, or for their abundant worldly possessions, may really deserve pity for their trials in the sufferings or the dangers of those who are dearest to them. The very joy of having a dear child brings also the possibility of added trial through the perils which beset that child. The home, which is most cheery through the shining of a central light in it, is in chiefest danger from the possible shading or quenching of that central light.

When he heard that Jesus was come, he went unto him, and besought him that he come down and heal his son (v. 47.) There are very few persons in this world—there are, indeed, none at all—who would not be glad of the help of Jesus—in the line of their personal longings and needs. Business men and politicians, and even gamblers and rumsellers, would be glad to have Divine assistance in carrying out their own plans. Hence, not all seeking of the help of Jesus, nor all praying to God, is a proof of a right spirit, or of a sincere desire to be in the loving service of God. It is one thing to turn to Jesus because we want to submit ourselves to him; it is quite another thing to turn toward Jesus because we want him to put his power at our disposal.

Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will in no wise believe (v. 48.) There are those of us whose faith must rest wholly on sight. They will believe just as far as they can see. This spirit would lead them to doubt a friend as soon as appearances were against him. So long as there was no occasion for any question as to his course, they would trust him confidently; but, unless they have constant visible evidence of his fidelity, they would in no wise continue to believe. Their course is the same with reference to the Friend of friends. While he shows himself ready to give them just what they desire, they are sure that he can be trusted unfailingly; when his dealings with them become disappointing, or even inexplicable to them, they lose their faith in him. Except they see signs and wonders, they will in no wise believe.

Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way, thy son liveth. The man believed the word that Jesus spake unto him, and went his way (v. 50.) That is the kind of faith that our Jesus loves to see, and that he is sure to honor. And that is the kind of faith that Jesus does not always find in those who profess to be his disciples. It is no small matter to believe the simple word of Jesus when he speaks to us. If only we would do this, would rest implicitly on his specific promises just as we find them in his word, regardless of our own experiences, or of the general opinion of our fellows, we should see signs and wonders, and we should go on our way rejoicing before we had seen these signs and wonders.

They said, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at that hour in which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth (vs. 52, 53.) Almost everybody would be ready to believe in the word of Jesus as soon as the evidence of its fulfillment was furnished. But only here and there is one ready to believe the word of God before its fulfillment. Yet there is no promise of a blessing which follows sight, as there is of a blessing which follows faith. The measure of Christ's promise is, "According to your faith be it unto you;" not, According to your sight let your faith be confirmed. If only there were more of faith to begin with among the followers of Jesus, there would be more of sight as an assured result of faith. Knowledge follows faith, not faith knowledge. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

Halford Sauce is palatable and healthy.

Making Cheap Shoes at Lynn.

"Did you ever see how shoes are made?" he said. "No? Well, come with me."

Out into the well-aired shops the party went, drinking in the piquant exhalations from the piles upon piles of leather. The process was explained in detail, and it appeared that a shoe passed through some thirty-five or forty different pairs of hands from the time the hide is cut until it is finally boxed and shipped.

Lynn is the largest shoe manufacturing centre in the world, at least so far as the making of cheap shoes is concerned. The manufacturers' prices average about $1.20 per pair. "Now," said our guide, "I will tell you what it costs to make up a shoe. Let us take a pair that is sold for 75 cents, a sheep kid, buttoned boot. Here are the items:

	Cents.
Upper stock	17
Trimmings	4
Stitching	7
Soles and other stock, such as fillings, etc.	10
Making	21
Manufacturing expenses, which include insurance, rent, traveling expenses, etc.	9
Discount	4
Total	72

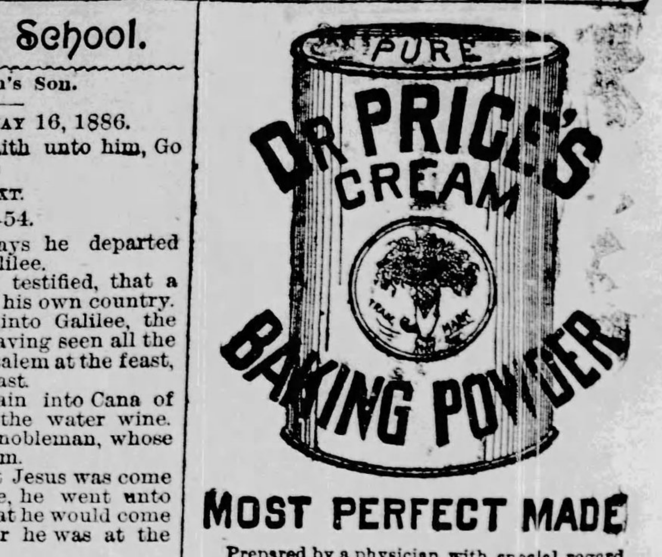
"The net profits, you will see, are just 3 cents. And the manufacturer must assume all risks of bad debts, losses, damaged or defective goods, etc. Here is another pair which we sell for $1.50, and here is how its cost is divided:

	Cents.
Upper stock	51
Trimmings	7½
Stitching	11
Soles	23½
Making	27
Manufacturing expenses	11
Working buttonholes	5
Discount, etc	9
Total	$1 44

"Net profit to manufacturer, 6 cents."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Years Teach More Than Books.

Among other valuable lessons imparted by this teacher is the fact that for a very long time Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has been the prince of liver correctives and blood purifiers, being the household physician of the poor man, and the able consulting physician to the rich patient, and praised by all for its magnificent service and efficacy in all diseases of a chronic nature, as malarial poisoning, ailments of the respiratory and digestive systems, liver disease and in all cases where the use of an an alterative remedy is indicated.



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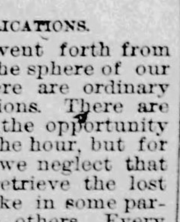

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RIDGE'S FOOD

Often sickness leaves the little child in such a condition that it cannot assimilate hearty foods. Such a one should at once commence the use of Ridge's Food as a daily diet. It will soon restore the digestive organs to their normal condition, and will give all needed strength. All druggists sell it, and some grocers. Put up in four sizes—35c. and upwards.

For Infants and Invalids

Where Jefferson Davis Swore.

In connection with the visit of Jefferson Davis to Montgomery the fact is recalled that in the capitol there is religiously preserved a large Bible, printed by the American Bible Society in 1851. It bears upon a fly-leaf this sentence: "The oath of office, as first President of the provisional government of the Confederate States of America, was administered to Jefferson Davis upon this Bible by Howell Cobb, president of the Provisional Congress, at the front portico of the capitol in Montgomery on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1861." The book is still used in swearing in governors of the state.

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"EGG-ROLLING."

How the Children Enjoyed the Sport and Captured the President.

In no other city of the country is the practice of egg-rolling so popular as it is in this city. It has become, in fact, a universal celebration, and that it is a pleasant one is attested by the large crowds of children who went up to the White House yesterday. There were over 3,000 little and big children scattered through the grounds of the mansion at one time Easter Monday, most of them were of tender age, but there were some whose claim to being of the egg-rolling age antedated yesterday by several years. The morning was gloomy enough to keep a great many children indoors. The clouds hung low, and about 10 o'clock let fall thick sheets of rain. It seemed at this time as if there would be no egg-rolling, but about noon the sun sent a shaft through the clouds and joy to the children's hearts. Then, with baskets and satchels filled with brightly-hued dyed eggs, the little ones and their nurses set out, and by 1 o'clock there was a noisy, romping crowd of children tumbling over the grounds of the rear of the park or rolling their Easter treasures down the grassy slopes. The crowd increased as the day wore on, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the fever was at its height. The crowd was the most orderly that has been seen at an Easter egg-rolling for some years, and the sport was given up to the children and heartily enjoyed.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the President came down to the east room to receive visitors. About 500 children of all ages crowded in, and in a very short time the President was in the center of a struggling mass of juveniles, who clutched his legs and coat with their nice, egg-stained fingers, and made themselves as familiar as if he were an ordinary mortal. The President laughed at his predicament, but finally had the door shut. Then for a few minutes he romped with his captors, getting used to the presence of children, as one fond mama put it, "For, you know," said she, "he's going to be married, I hear, and needs a little breaking in."

A Total Eclipse

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivaled in bilious disorders, impure blood and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

Two Wives in One.

"So you have been married twice?" said a man to a friend whom he had not seen for several months.

"Yes."

"Of course we can talk as many others could not do, so tell me now which one of your wives you liked better."

"No difference."

"None whatever?"

"None in the least."

"Like your second wife just as well as you did your first?"

"Just the same."

"How long after your first wife died did you wait?"

"She ain't dead."

"Ah, you were divorced?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"At my house."

"What! do you allow her to remain there?"

"Yes."

"What does your wife say?"

"It is her choice."

"Well, well; I never heard of such an affair. There sir, is the foundation for a novel."

"O no, nothing strange about it."

"Yes, there is."

"O no; for, you see, shortly after being divorced from my wife I married her again."

—Do as you please when you please to do right; and you will always do the proper thing in taking Bigelow's Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Pleasant to take, and cure speedy. 50 cents and $1.

Frenchy, but Bright.

Do you doubt that Guibollard has become a finished man of the world?

He had to reply yesterday to an invitation to dinner which had been addressed him by a lady. Taking up his pen he began as follows:

"Madame: Before thanking you permit me to beg you to excuse me if, a little inconvenienced by this first touch of warm weather, I take the liberty to write you this letter in my shirt sleeves—"

Gavroche goes to a concert. He regards with profound contempt the leader of the orchestra.

"There's an idle rascal for you," he exclaims; "he hasn't any instrument at all."

An inveterate dyspeptic, who is no longer able to digest anything at all, goes to see a physician, who orders an exclusive regimen of milk.

The sick man makes a face.

"You don't like milk?" asks the doctor.

"It isn't that, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, when a man enters the milky way he is pretty far on his road to heaven."

—If you have a cough or cold, do not dose yourself with poisonous narcotics, but take Red Star Cough Cure, which contains no opiates, and is safe, prompt and sure. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

French women are likening themselves more and more to the gentle savages of the Pacific Ocean. Beads everywhere—beads on everything is the order of the day. Beads of every color, hue and form prevade the female clothing to such an extent that some ladies nowadays, if placed in the center of a field with the sun full upon them, would make capital *miroirs d'alouettes*, they dazzle so completely.

—St. Louis girls take the lead for beauty. So does Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

SORE FEET IN SHEEP.—Can the editor or any of the many readers of the BLADE tell me what is the matter with my sheep? They get lame and sore between the toes, lose their appetites, and do no good. Please give me the best known remedy, and oblige.—A YOUNG FARMER, North Lewisburg, O. [Your sheep are affected with hoof-rot, which is a contagious disease, if preventative measures are not taken. As soon as lameness is perceived, the hoof should be examined. All loose, raw or diseased horn should be cut away with a sharp knife. Any excessive growth of horn at the toes should be removed, and if any pus or matter is found underneath the horn, the horn should be pared away until it is all exposed. The feet should then be washed clean with carbolic soap and water twice a week, and after each washing a piece of tow or lint dipped into the following mixture should be bound on the foot and between the digits, viz.: oxide of copper, four ounces; arsenic, half an ounce; acetic acid, three ounces; honey, eight ounces.—ED.]

PHOSPHATE.—What is phosphate made of?—WM. H. BAYER, Otto, Ind.—[Phosphate is a salt formed by a combination of phosphoric acid with a salifiable base. An analysis of a well known ammoniated soluble phosphate in a ton of 2,000 lbs. is found: 300.40 lbs. water, 19.00 lbs. actual ammonia, 31.20 lbs. nitrogen in organic matter, 12.80 lbs. potash, 166.49 lbs. soluble phosphoric acid, and 132.60 lbs. insoluble phosphoric acid.—ED.]

WILL SHE?—I would like to have an answer through your paper to this question: Will a cow breed after she has been foundered?—A. B. GARRISON, Mission Creek, Neb.—[We have never heard anything to the contrary.—ED.]

VETERINARY.—Please inform me through your paper of the name and address of the Veterinarian of the State of Ohio, and oblige. Geo. Stickle, Macomb, Ill. [The state Veterinary is J. D. Butler, Piqua.—ED.]

EGG EATING.—Please answer through the BLADE what I shall do with my chickens; they eat their eggs as soon as they have laid them? Jacob Fish, Granville, Iowa. [Feed no meat except that which is cooked. Feed oyster shells, burnt bones or lime—a small lump of the latter will do in the drinking water three or four times a week. Have the nests in a dark place. Some people resort to paring the transparent of the bill. Read what Francis E. Greeno has to say in Answers to Inquiries.—ED.]

WORMS ON SOD CORN.—Please tell what will keep worms from working on sod corn after it is ripe.—GEORGE D. KESSNER, Meade Centre, Kansas.

QUACK GRASS.—Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what will cure quack grass in the land.—F. BROWN, Osage, Iowa.

TOBACCO.—Will some one through the BLADE inform me how to cure tobacco in the leaf to give it a good flavor for smoking.—P. MICHESTER, Breakabeen, N. Y. [Every tobacco grower should have a weather-proof shed, as with an open shed, tobacco is entirely exposed to the changes of weather, now damp and soggy, then dry and dusty. Each plant should be examined carefully for green worms before being hung up. More ventilation is required for cigar leaf than for white burley. Sheds for burley tobacco should be built with tight board floors, and high enough to hang five or six tiers, running up into a hot loft that would be ruinous to seed leaf. Cigar leaf should be hung but two or three tiers high so that when wilted there will be free circulation around each plant, to induce the free evaporation of sap. In hanging seed leaf and domestic Havana, the stocks should not be split, as the drying out will be too rapid. Experienced growers of domestic Havana recommend lath or poles, with eight-penny nails driven in about eight inches apart, on which to hang the tobacco, the lath or lighter poles to set about the same distance apart, thus giving plenty of air to carry off the moisture, curing up the large, juicy stems, as well as the fat green stems and any unripe leaf that may have been cut, and checks the tendency of the heavier stems to soften and rot. The lath may be placed closer together after the curing is well under way. The curing must be a steady process that must not be checked, and to retain quality and color must not be too rapid. An authority says that when the weather is cool, the shed should be left open, with no danger that the curing will be too fast, and that free circulation then will go far toward securing dark colors. Of course it is to be understood that the ventilators are to be kept open in fair weather, until the curing is quite completed, making sure that the top leaves may dry out and green ones cure before freezing cold weather comes, always having caution against coal smut and shed burn.

When the crop is well cured down, except the stems, it is recommended that the doors be opened during moderate rain, as the color will be improved by moisture. The grower using his judgment as to the necessity for control of the temperature of the shed, may build pit fires in the ground floor, but the smoke should not pass through the tobacco. A covered flue could be made along the ground the center of the shed to a pipe or chimney at the end. A better plan, however, would be to have the fires in stoves, with pipes passing through the shed from end to end, the more pipe the better. A steam boiler may be located in the shed, but the heating must be done by coils of pipe, as steam direct would greatly injure the tobacco.

In hot, sultry, damp weather, when there is no air stirring, the sheds must be closed tightly, and to prevent pole sweat, it may be necessary to start fires, for if such murky weather continues long, the stems are liable to rot.

Leaf tobacco will cure down rapidly in extreme dry, windy weather, therefore the effort in such dry season must be to retard this drying out, so that even curing may slowly and regularly progress. The doors and ventilators are to be kept closed, a number of tubs of water should be placed in the shed, or the floor be thoroughly saturated with water, and the operation be often repeated while the dry spell shall continue, the farmer making frequent examination of crop to see that the air in the shed is not too damp and soggy, that the leaves do not become so moist as to stop the process of curing, the desire being only to secure cool, damp atmosphere.

Ventilators and doors of sheds should be closed during a storm, but opened again as soon as it has passed. Winds do damage by cracking the leaves and carrying in dust. Cattle and poultry should also be shut out.

To perfume cigars, moisten with concentrated tincture of cascarilla or tincture of benzoine or storax. Disinfecting cigars are scented with camphor, cascarilla and benzoine.—ED.]

EVERGREEN SEED—WIND BRAKE.—Will the editor or some kind reader tell me where I can obtain evergreen seed, and how to plant and grow them? I live on a farm and want to grow a wind-brake for stock. I have taken the BLADE about three months and think it one of the best papers I ever read.—H. K. G., Iowa. [Evergreen seed may be obtained of any leading seedsman. The Russian mulberry is said to make a good wind-brake for stock.—ED.]

BROKEN WIND.—"G. W. G.," Dakota, wishes to know what is good for a wind-broken horse; also what will cure an old running sore. [A horse with broken wind cannot be cured, as the small vessels in the lungs are ruptured. A horse suffers most with a full stomach. Relief may be given. Take of calomel, digitalis opium and camphor, of each 30 grains. Make into a ball and give once a day. After a week's time omit the calomel, and the then remaining ingredients given for a week. For an old sore, wash with carbolic acid water, one part of the former to two of the latter, and dress with petroleum.—ED.]

HAS NO APPETITE—My horse does not have any appetite to eat his food. His hair is very coarse and harsh. Sweats a good deal when on the road. Looks well but don't act right. Will not eat all the grain I give him at a time.—W. C. H. Wordens. [Curtail the horse's rations on idle days to an ordinary feed. Put him through a course of diet, giving bran mashes, oats and a little linseed meal, scalded together, and mix with it 1 drachm each of sulphur, nitrate of potash and pulverized gentian. Give every night for ten nights. Feed no corn or oats at noon and in the morning. When idle, omit the oats at noon, giving hay.—ED.]

FISTULA.—Can any one tell, through the BLADE, the best thing to do for a running sore on the upper part of a horse's shoulder? I think it is what is called a fistula. It will close up for a number of days, and then break out in another place near the first sore and discharge a greenish, thin matter.—G. W. G., Bee Heights, Dakota. [Fistula is a most difficult thing to cure. Careful search must be made for the lowest pouch that contains the pus. This will be either before or behind the shoulder. Make a free incision into it and eject the pus. Then inject the fistula in every part with chloride of zinc, one part; water, one ounce. Give the horse this: Citrate of iron and ammonia, six drachms, powder it, and divide into twelve powders. Give one of these two or three times a day in a mash, or dissolved in drinking water.—ED.]

"BLIND" TEETH.—Please inform me through your most valuable columns the cure for my colt. I have a very fine half-Norman colt, two years old this spring. It has an enlargement on the head between the nose and the eye, which is called here the "blind" teeth, and oblige, D. F. BEAUMAN, Tunnel Hill, Ill.—["Blind," or wolf teeth, are natural to all horses. It is a question among horsemen whether the horse is injured by them. They make their appearance between the first and fifth year, and are in front of and touching the nearest upper molars. They may readily be removed without giving pain by a pair of small forceps. At the time of cutting teeth the permanent teeth may be diverted out of its position. In this case what is called the milk tooth should be extracted. Examine the teeth of your horse. If nothing is wrong, write again. The swelling may be from some other cause.—ED.]

BARBED WIRE.—Can any of my Eastern friends tell me how long barbed wire will last in a fence. If so they will oblige many of our Western friends, and what kind will last the longest? T. F. HIBBARD, Roxbury, Idaho.

Answers to Inquiries.

FEATHER EATING.—One cause is, their food lacking the necessary material to produce feathers. A remedy which I have tried, and known others to try, always with success, is to feed them chopped cabbage. Feed two or three times all they will eat. This remedy is equally good for canary birds.—FRANCES E. GREENO, Junction City, Kansas.

SMALL FRUITS.—It has been a long time since I have written a letter to you, but I saw an inquiry in the FARM department asking for information in regard to small fruits. This is intended for "L. H.," Gainesville, Ark., and others who may think it good for them to follow. I have had considerable experience in the raising of small fruits, and would say there is four kinds I would always raise, and some different varieties of each. I would have grapes, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and have some of the early varieties, some a later, and still others the latest kinds that have proved to be vigorous and good bearers.—MRS. LIZZIE W. SNOOK, Waynesville, Ill.

WORMS IN CORN.—To kill worms in corn ground, plow late in fall, just before the ground freezes.—F. M. WOODARD, Silver Lake P. O., Washington Territory.

CABBAGE WORMS.—To destroy cabbage worms, buy an ounce of Persian insect powder, and dust the leaves when they make their first appearance.—SUBSCRIBER, Ellington.

SHEEP LOUSE.—I saw in the Farm department of the BLADE a cure for lice on cattle, and want to ask if the same will kill lice on sheep. Our sheep have been well cared for and well fed, but we have lost a good many, caused by a little light-colored louse. They do not seem to be like lice on stock, but have a head something like a red ant when viewed with a microscope. If any one can give us any information on this subject it will be thankfully received by a reader of the BLADE. Can you tell us who is fish commissioner of Dakota territory?—B. W. VALENTINE, Grashus, Dakota. [This is the sheep louse. It is found on the side of the neck of the sheep and the inner part of the thighs and arms. To exterminate it, rub the parts named with this preparation, which is generally an easy remedy: Lard, 1 lb.; flowers of sulphur, 2 ozs.; creosote, 20 drops. A pint of sweet oil may be substituted for the lard.—ED.]

TO CLEAN WELL.—Will you or some of the readers of the BLADE, tell me what to give to cows at calving time, to make them clean well. H. G. ANTHONY, Douglas Grove, Mich. [It used to be the habit of veterinarians to administer what they called a "cleaning drink," after calving, but the present day veterinarians do not approve of it, as it is at times injurious to the bowels by weakening them. About the least objectional "drink" which is warm and stimulating, and is beneficial in a debilitated condition, is this: Powdered aniseed, myrrh, alspice, cumin seed, of each, 1 ounce. To be stirred in a quart of warm gruel for a drench.—ED.

HEAVES.—I have a valuable horse. He has been afflicted with the heaves. I first noticed it about nine months ago. Can any of the BLADE readers tell me if it can be cured, and what will cure? I will be very thankful for an immediate reply.—E. E. M., Missouri. [See answer in this issue to "G. W. G.," Dakota.—ED.]

How I Raise Turkeys.

EDITOR FARM:—Beside performing the duties that fall to the lot of the average farmer's wife, I raise 60 or 70 turkeys each year, and this is how I do it: I keep five hens, and get each season a strange, well-bred male bird, considering size rather than pure breeding, as here the market is such that weight is of the greater importance, and always selecting from a large flock, as extensive droves are evidences of hardy fowls and absence of disease. The eggs of the turkey are much more easily chilled than those of the chicken, so I watch closely the hens in early spring and bring in their produce before nightfall. (I use China nest eggs.) I compel the hens to lay twice in each season, allowing them the second time to retain the eggs in the nest and set at their pleasure, providing it is in a favorable place not to be disturbed. The first layings are put under motherly chicken hens, great care being used in selecting the places for the nests. They should be in such positions that animals can not get at them or the bottoms fall out, for the destruction of one early setting is great loss; two is disastrous, and three is bankruptcy—of course, I mean where but a few hens are kept for breeding purposes. I confine the young turks in coops for two weeks after hatching, if the weather is rainy, until warm, sunny days come, at which, they are permitted to rove, and feed them on scraps from the table, such as mashed potatoes, boiled eggs and corn bread (wheat bread is too expensive for poultry food), keeping always near them a shallow dish of soured milk. With the latter I also mix cornmeal, and give plentifully of the mixture until the young are fully grown. One summer I fed, principally, rye shorts and bran with good success. A variety of food, however, I consider the best. Why, turkeys run in our orchard, pastured short by calves, and with a tight enclosure of hedge. The clipping of one wing of each old one prevents them from flying over it, and the young will not stray off by themselves. Punctual feeding—say at 5 o'clock in the morning, at noon, and 5 in the evening—teaches them to come up regularly. I have had no experience with prevalent diseases among my flocks. Turkeys are more profitable than chickens, because, first, a turkey eats but twice the amount of food as a chicken, and will bring three or four times as much money; second, give them access to water and corn in winter and they require no further attention, not even a house to roost in.—GRACE S. BURGESS, Woodville, Ill.

Horses' Feet.

EDITOR FARM:—In a state of nature the horses' feet are wet half the time in the 24 hours. It is not strange then that in our artificial way of keeping him it requires skill and care to keep the feet in a healthy condition. Lameness arises generally from contraction, and this is produced by excessive dryness and injudicious use of the knife. As a remedy for dryness, some use a clay bath for the horse to stand in with his fore feet during a part of the time. It is a good thing, but care should be taken that the horse does not take cold. Others use neatsfoot oil, which is very penetrating and softening and will not keep the water out. With a hook to clean out the foot and a swab a man can dope a good many feet in an hour. Have known a horse with a lameness in the foot which no one could precisely locate to be cured simply by applying neatsfoot oil for about three weeks. It should be used about heels and frog.

In shoeing the underside of the foot should not be scooped out like a saucer. The frog should not be cut. It is a spongy substance, will bear a great deal of bruising, and was put there to keep the heels apart, and if let alone will do it. It was also intended in the state of nature to take pressure and keep the horse from slipping. The bars also should not be cut. They help to keep the heels apart. Do not open the heels unless you are going to dispose of the horse. If he has been badly shod it will relieve temporarily, but will eventually make him worse. Apply neatsfoot oil and let the heels alone. You may thin the sole in front of the bars occasionally. Many drive with tips on in the summer, and it is a very good plan. They tend to restore the feet somewhat to their natural condition.—P., Toledo.

Another Egg and Chicken Report.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I had six pullets hatched from April 2 to 10, 1884. They began to lay early in November, and for the year ending October 31, 1885, laid as follows: One laid 73 eggs and hatched 13 chickens, and died August 8. The other five laid 628 eggs and hatched 89 chickens, an average of 125 3-5 eggs and 17 4-5 chickens each. Fed whole corn heated, and hot dough on cold mornings, and housed them in a good box through the winter. This year I have 12 old hens and 27 pullets. Most of them will be one year old this month and since the first of January they have laid 1,033 eggs and hatched 118 chickens.—JULIA M. ANDERSON, Buffalo, Mo.

A New Comet.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 29.—A telegram from Mr. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y., announced to Dr. Swift, director of the Warner observatory, his discovery of a new comet in Cassiopeia in the field with Kappa, right ascention 0 hours, 15 minutes, and declination north 62 degrees. It was examined with the great telescope of the Warner observatory. It is a pretty, large, faint, nebulos object, having neither nucleus nor tail. Its motion is slow and nearly east, and this discovery secures to Mr. Brooks the first Warner comet prize of the year. The comet may be seen with a 3½ inch telescope.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

NATIONAL PRINT SHOP.

The Largest One in the World—How Public Documents are Printed—The Congressional Record, the Speeches of Congressmen, and the Cords of Bills, Blanks, Etc. Printed.

If the spirit of Franklin, the founder of the Art Preservative in America, is in any wise concerned about the progress of printing, it doubtless keeps its silent vigils in, over and around the "Government Printing Office" in Washington. To say that this is the largest printing office in the world is, perhaps, a meaningless phrase, inasmuch as no other nation under the sun has its printing done as we do ours. It requires an army of twenty-five hundred men and women the year round to turn out the work demanded by the operations of Congress and the several departments of the government. The garrulity of 235 House members, and the love of speech-making of 76 Senators, all of whom are possessed of an ambition to see their forensic efforts in print, furnishes for about eight months in the year the bulk of the heavy work of the big printing office, because the speeches that are made to-day must be printed, bound in brochure form and laid on the desks of members to-morrow.

PUBLIC PRINTER ROUNDS.

The head of this gigantic printing establishment is called the Public Printer, and is paid a salary of $4,500 per year. The office is located about one mile north of the capitol, and occupies a huge brick structure, quadrangular in form, with sides each measuring 300 feet, so that each of its four stories are practically more than 1,000 feet in length by 175 feet in width, with every inch of space utilized. The clatter of more than a hundred presses nearly stuns and bewilders the visitor upon the first floor, which also contains the immense stores of paper stock, vaults for the storage of cuts, stereotype plates, etc. The court in rear of the press-room is occupied by the roller and boiler houses, engine, machine and carpenter shops, together with the stables and coal houses. The second floor has the office of the public printer and his immediate subordinates, together with the job and proof rooms, the stereotyping and electrotyping departments and the composition room. The third floor is the bindery, and is also used for the storage of the enormous quantities of paper and binding materials necessary to keep contantly at hand, while the fourth floor contains the folding room, *Congressional Record* room, patent office specification room and storage for more stock.

This description of the immense establishment, now necessitated by the growth of the country and the demand for increased legislation by Congress, carries us back instinctively to the time when a contingent fund of $10,000 was all that was permitted to be drawn upon for "firewood, stationery and printing work," and that was in each year of Washington's administration. The first executive document printed by order of Congress was Mr. Jefferson's message on the Louisiana purchase in 1803. It was not until 1819 that the notion of having a printer to Congress was seriously entertained, and in that year each house elected its own printer for the session. Nor did it take long for the printer thus elected to wield sufficient influence over the members to perpetuate himself in office. There were Father Ritchie, Gales, Seaton, Blair and Rives, who by turns became the controlling element in the politics of the country, for they were the official spokesmen of the then Whig and Democratic parties respectively.

The printing for the Twenty-seventh Congress cost $200,000, and this was such an extravagant sum that Congress at once adopted the contract system, only to jump from the frying-pan into the fire, for the succeeding Congress doubled it. So the next Congress created the office of superintendent of Public Printing, a position held for many years by the lamented Defrees. In 1874 the office of public printer was created, and the appointment placed at the disposal of the President. Mr. A. M. Clapp was the first appointee to the responsible place, Mr. Defrees the second and Mr. Sterling P. Rounds, the present occupant, the third. In round numbers the cost of maintaining the government printing office is now about two and a half millions of dollars per annum, a sum which, considering the extent and character of the work done and the great saving of time in doing it, is cheap enough.

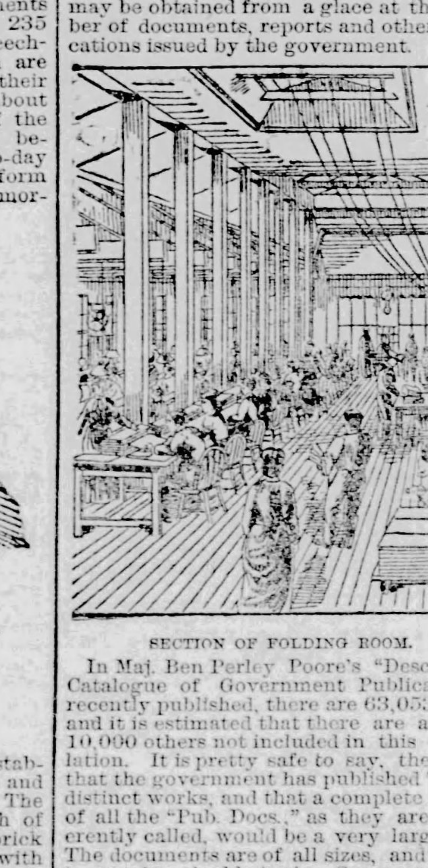
Some of the work required to be done by the public printer at the command of Congress or the departments, involves the highest skill of which the art is susceptible, such as the printing and mounting of maps, charts and the illustrations used in the embellishment of official reports, all of which is done here and done satisfactorily. The millions upon millions of copies of bills that are ordered to be printed at every session of Congress—bills that never get beyond the first reading—show what a waste of time, money and materials follows the stupid rules of Congress, which provide, first, for the printing of everything that is introduced, and, second, for the printing the same thing over and over again whenever an amendment is adopted, so that every bill that passes muster and gets to the hands of the President for his signature is printed anywhere from four to fifty times.

The tariff bill, for instance, in 1881 was printed entire thirty-seven times, and after all was not adopted. Then there are the millions upon millions of blanks that are used, not alone for the departments at Washington, but for the use of the Government offices, courts, etc., all over the country, to say nothing of the multitude of blank books and other matter, cards, etc., for the custom houses and post-offices. In fact the capacity for this office to do whatever is required in the way of printing is simply unlimited, and the visitor to the mammoth institution cannot but be amazed at the marvelous operations of the intricate machinery that produces such results with so little confusion and turmoil.

To do the work demanded of it in the least possible time this establishment is equipped throughout with all modern appliances in the nature of machinery. In the main press room there are 50 Hoe presses, some of which are of the latest improved make, 25 Cottrell & Babcock and several Bullock presses. These are run by a fine Corliss engine of 150 horse power, and have a combined capacity of nearly 2,000 tokens per day, or an average of 1,000 impressions per hour for each press. There are 250 employes in this department. The press feeders are girls, who earn 18¾ cents per hour each. Next in importance of its machinery is the bindery. Here no less than thirty immense ruling machines are in constant operation, together with the huge cutters, presses, etc. There are 700 employes in this department, of which 280 are women and 250 skilled workmen.

The folding room on the top floor of the building presents a wonderful spectacle of bee-hive activity. Over 450 girls are employed, and under the present administration of the office it has not missed a mail, and whether long or short, has here at work folding and sewing and pasting and stitching the vast piles of printed sheets. This work is done by the piece, the pay being two cents for each 100 folds, from which an ordinary smart and active spinster may realize $25 or $30 per month. The introduction of the latest improved folding machines into this department a few years ago, caused a great commotion among the women employed there, and the original plan of Defrees to wholly substitute, as far as practicable, these machines for the deft hands of lovely girls has never been carried out. The manipulators of the machines get better pay than the folders, but every machine dispenses with the services of a number of women who would not know how else to earn a living.

In 1860 there were only 46 employes in the bindery and folding room, while now there are over 1,200. On this floor is also the specification room, which furnishes employment to about 150 people. This is simply a sub-printing office, which turns out the official Patent Office *Gazette* in its weekly form and a monthly edition of the same document, which comprises a volume larger than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. An idea of the vast amount of work turned out by this enormous establishment may be obtained from a glace at the number of documents, reports and other publications issued by the government.



SECTION OF FOLDING ROOM.

In Maj. Ben Perley Poore's "Descriptive Catalogue of Government Publications," recently published, there are 63,053 titles, and it is estimated that there are at least 10,000 others not included in this compilation. It is pretty safe to say, therefore, that the government has published 75,000 distinct works, and that a complete library of all the "Pub. Docs.," as they are irreverently called, would be a very large one. The documents are of all sizes, and relate to ever imaginable topic. Some are great thick quartos, like the census volumes or the "Medical History of the War." And at the other extreme are thousands of pamphlet reports on small matters. But it should be noted that the bills introduced in the Congresses are not included in the titles; if they were, the total would be high in the hundreds of thousands.

The largest single publication ever undertaken by the Government is the "Tenth Census," which, if completed, would fill twenty-four large quarto volumes. Only half of these have been issued or ever will be, but even as it is the Centennial Census is probably the most voluminous public document, not counting as one serial the various annual reports. The finest and costliest group of publications relate to the Government surveys. Many of these reports are superbly gotten up, copiously illustrated and accompanied by maps of the highest scientific and mechanical excellence. One special series of twenty separate titles relates to the canal routes of the isthmus of Panama. Then there are reports of expeditions to the Arctic and to the Amazon, reports on the cholera, on birds, and bugs, and grasses, on various branches of political economy, on the Indian from from every standpoint; the learned volumes put forth under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution; such bulky documents as the stenographic reports of the Star Route trials and the Guiteau trial; codification of the land laws, and the many publications relating to the civil war. These are all executive documents, put out, that is, by the departments.

The United States government is, in short, the greatest publishing house in the world. By the side of its resources such an establishment as the Harpers' becomes quite small. The only daily publication issued by Uncle Sam is the *Congressional Record*, and that contains more matter than two ordinary issues of a metropolitan newspaper. Originally the proceedings of Congress were published by contract by the Globe company, but it was found that the work could be done cheaper at the government printing office, and the *Record* was established some fifteen years ago. It has each morning always laid on the members' desks before the hour of meeting. A wagon is running day and night, collecting copy, carrying messengers with proofs of speeches, etc.; 6,400 copies are printed daily. Seventy-two persons are employed during the session, a great many of whom are furloughed at the close of the session. An account of the preparation and various processes of producing this publication, the way Congressmen revise and rewrite their speeches after delivery, etc., would make an interesting article of itself.

SECTION OF RECORD ROOM.

The capacity of the establishment for speed of execution, as well as quantity of work, is practically unlimited. The copy of a bill or report in Congress, making fifty or sixty large printed pages, may be received at ten o'clock in the morning and in two or three hours the printed and stitched or bound copies will be laid on the desks of members. The revised Statutes, comprising a volume of 1,038 octavo pages, were printed, bound and delivered to the committee in two and a half days. The finest work ever issued from the office was "The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion." It was printed on fine paper, and contained a great number of magnificent illustrations. An edition of 2,000 copies was first issued, and afterwards Congress ordered 10,000. It was in demand by all the great libraries of the world. The pay roll of this great bee hive amounts in round numbers to $135,000 per month. Over 3,400 tons of paper are consumed per month, or an average of one car-load per day.

Driven from the Church.

ATCHISON, Kan., April 30.—Dr. Philip Krohn, prominent as a preacher and temperance orator throughout the state, and concerning whom a damaging scandal recently developed, has written Presiding Elder Dennison, resigning from the Methodist church and the ministry. He denied all charges against his character, and declares them the result of political conspiracy against himself and prohibition. He resigns, he says, because his requests for a church investigation have not been answered.

Two Men Dashed to Death.

FORT KEOGH, Mon., April 29.—Word has reached here from Phillipsburg that while repairing timbers in the Granite mountain mine, a man named Loy lost his balance, fell down the shaft, and was killed. A man named Noble heard his cry as he fell, and rushed to his assistance. In his excitement he missed his calculations as to the locality of the shaft, and in the darkness fell into the yawning pit, and was also instantly killed. Both men were Cornishmen, and Noble leaves a family in England.

News of the Week.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Frank Hatton Says the General Will be All Right in a Few Days.

NEW YORK, May 1.—Ex-Pres. Arthur sent a message to ex-Postmaster General Hatton Thursday afternoon, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, that he should like to see him. Mr. Hatton went at once to Gen. Arthur's residence, and spent an hour chatting with his former chief.

Speaking of the interview yesterday, Mr. Hatton said: "I was surprised to find Gen. Arthur looking so well. I had been reading the reports in the newspapers, and expected to find a man almost at death's door. The reports as to his condition have been very much exaggerated. I found him sitting up, and he neither looked nor talked like a man who was dying and was given over to melancholy. The color of his face was good; his eyes clear and bright, and his general tone was excellent."

"Has he changed much since he left the White House?"

"Not a great deal. He of course looked a trifle pale, but not more than you could expect in one who had been confined in the house for a couple of months or more. Then, too, he has lost some flesh. You know Gen. Arthur is a very large man, and he could lose considerable in weight, and still have enough left to brace up on."

"Did you talk politics?"

"No; we chatted mostly about old times in Washington, and recalled some of the pleasant reminiscences of his administration. He laughed heartily when some of the amusing incidents of his life there were retold. The alarming reports about his condition that have been circulated in the newspapers were alluded to, and the general was disposed to treat them quite facetiously. He was bright and cheerful during my entire stay, and I saw nothing about him to indicate the 'disappointed and broken down politician,' which has been so often used to describe his condition. I should say that Gen. Arthur will live a good many years yet. His appetite is improving, and as soon as the weather becomes settled he will begin to take daily drives in the park. I was very much gratified to find that he was so much better than the reports indicated."

MEXICAN RAIDERS.

A Texas Town Captured—A Posse After the Raiders, and Bloodshed Expected.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex., April 28.—Intelligence was received here yesterday that Monday night the town of Collins, a station on the Texas division of the Mexican National railroad, about 40 miles west of here, was surprised and captured by a large band of armed Mexicans. Pickets were posted by them at the entrance of streets, while the town proper was patrolled by an armed squad. These precautions having been taken, parties of armed men visited and searched every house in the town for P. M. Coy, the deputy sheriff, who with an armed posse ran to cover and captured Andres Martinez and Jose Maria Cardena, two Mexican outlaws and horse thieves, who were brought to Collins Sunday, the 18th inst., and left in care of Constable Johnson. During the night the constable's house was surrounded by a body of masked men. He was disarmed, and the manacled prisoners, while pleading for mercy, were literally riddled with bullets. The search for Deputy Sheriff Coy having proved fruitless, as he was absent in another portion of the county, they raised the siege and rapidly rode away.

It is believed that this party were friends of Andres Martinez, one of the murdered men. He was the scion of a wealthy family, and it was for the purpose of avenging his death that this bold raid was made. Senor Martinez has offered $1,000 reward for the capture and punishment of the murderers of his son.

The enmity against Deputy Sheriff Coy by the Mexican population at Nueces and the adjoining counties in Southwestern Texas is deadly, and is engendered by his fearless vigilance and success in ferreting out and running down the horse thieves and other lawless desperadoes who infest this portion of the state.

The sheriff left here to-day, with a strong posse, for Collins, to investigate the affair, and if possible, "round up" the leaders in this bold raid. Bloodshed is anticipated, and much excitement prevails.

DRUNK ON THE STAGE.

Booth Hissed at the Academy of Music, New York.

NEW YORK, April 29.—The second performance of Othello, with Salvini and Booth in the principal roles at the Academy of Music, last night, was anything but a great presentation, owing to the unfortunate condition of the American actor. From the very first Booth appeared to be in very poor form. His reading of the lines was uneven, and there were instances where he lost the thread of his lines. As the play continued his walk was ungraceful and positively unsteady. It was not, however, until the third act in the great scene with Othello, that the growing apprehension of the audience was completely confirmed. After Othello (Salvini) had thrown Iago to the ground in his burst of wrath, he assisted Booth to his feet again, without disturbing, apparently, the natural course of action. As Booth regained his feet Salvini let go his hold, and the American actor lost his balance, staggered backward and squatted down on the footlight rail.

A few of the audience nearest the stage jumped forward, as it seemed the actor wes about to fall into the orchestra. He recovered his self-possession wonderfully and continued throughout the act. His conduct called for some hissing, but the audience, pained as it no doubt was, seemed to extend their sympathy by encouraging him as usual.

His entrances and exits from this point were timid, and made with a perceptible hesitant step. The great scene, where Roderigo is killed, was played with great force, and he was warmly called before the curtain. He seemed to have recovered again, but in the last act he weakened, and his closing scene was extremely weak, and with his hands tied behind his back his condition was too painfully apparent to even an ordinary observer.

Booth's Explanation of his "Dizziness."

NEW YORK, April 29.—The actors of the Salvani-Booth combination, who were assembled at the Academy of Music for this morning's rehearsal, discussed with much interest Mr. Booth's sudden manifestation of dizziness last evening. Mr. Booth reached the academy a few minutes after 11 o'clock. He said he had been affected by an attack of vertigo. "Similar attacks have troubled me often before," he added. "Yesterday it was caused, I think, by a bilious attack." Salvani's attention was absorbed in an enormous paper cigarette. "He have trouble in zee head," he said, between the puffs, indicating Mr. Booth. "It was zee nervousness, you see, noding, but zee rush of blood to zee—zee—what you call—brain."

Mr. Wm. Bispham publishes a card in the *Tribune*, stating that he was with Mr. Booth all Wednesday evening, and during the performance was in Mr. Booth's dressing-room. He denies most emphatically that Mr. Booth had been drinking, but states that the great actor was suffering from a severe billious attack, and had been ill all day; and that it was only his great sense of his responsibility to the public that made him attempt his part.

Killed His Brother and Committed Suicide.

LINCOLN, Ill., May 3.—Charles Deane, a respected young farmer, residing two miles east of Elkhart, shot and instantly killed his brother, Leverette Deane, last evening. He then went to his home, locked himself in his room, and shot himself through the heart. The brothers were aged 33 and 35 respectively, and bore an excellent reputation as peaceable and quiet citizens. There had been ill feeling between them for some time, but the cause of it is not known. Leverette received one shot in his head and three in the abdomen. Charles had just returned from Sunday school at Elkhart, when he did the shooting. While at the school he showed no signs of being in anything but his usual state of mind.

A Great Tariff Demonstration.

PITTSBURG, May 3.—The amalgamated association of iron and steel workers will hold a grand demonstration at Beaver, Pa., on Saturday, June 5, on the occasion of their annual reunion. Among the speakers who will deliver addresses on tariff and labor are Gov. Pattison, Lieut-Gov. Black, Samuel J. Randall, Gen. John A. Logan, Nathan Goff, jr.; Congressman William McKinley, jr.; T. M. Bayne, James S. Negley, Samuel Griffith, Martin A. Foran, John Jarret, and T. A. Armstrong.

As Good as Dead.

NEW YORK, April 28.—A special from Washington says: The protectionists claim that the defeat of the tariff bill is assured. They have not decided whether they will endeavor to strike out the enacting clause, or defeat it on its merits. The supporters of the bill do not express opinions as to its fate.

Cheaper Than Dirt.

DUBOIS, PA., April 28.—John Dubois has sold his estate, valued at nearly $15,000,000, to his nephew, John E. Dubois, for $1. Mr. Dubois is fatally ill, and resigns all his business to his nephew, who is 23 years of age.

JEFF. DAVIS MAKES A SPEECH.

The "Official Burial of the Confederacy" at Montgomery, Ala.—A Protest Filed by Citizens of Albany, New York.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 29.—The capitol grounds at 11 o'clock to-day presented an animated scene. The whole hilltop and premises were covered with people, gathered to witness the laying of the corner stone of the Confederate monument, or, as some expressed it, "The official burial of the Confederacy." The foundation of the monument only was ready, presenting a surface of 35 feet square. Near at hand stood the corner stone, on which in raised letters was the inscription, "Corner Stone Laid by ex-President Jefferson Davis, April 29, 1886."

The procession was preceded by a cavalry and artillery escort, and was further made up of other local military, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, and Masonic bodies from different parts of the state. The demonstrations along the route were as enthusiastic as they were yesterday. Ex-Gov. Watts, presiding officer of the occasion, opened the exercises by a request that Rev. Mr. Andrew, of the M. E. church, pray. The prayer was earnest and simple.

Ex-Gov. Watts then presented Mr. Davis in a brief speech. The scene as Mr. Davis arose and grasped the hand of his old attorney general was very affecting. Mr. Davis said:

"It is deeply gratifying to me to be presented to you by one on whom I leaned for advice when advice was wanted; whose stern qualities always made me sure that the judgment he was drawing was from the bottom of his heart. When you called him away the place was missing which he once filled, and I have always desired to lay my hand upon him again (doing so). [Applause.] Thus it was when we met the other night after years of separation. Some people in the room gave a sardonic smile to see two old weather-beaten men embrace. But our hearts were young, though our heads were old. Associated here with so many memories, thrilling and tender, I have felt that it were dangerous for me to attempt to speak to you as my heart would prompt me. Not that I am always treasuring up bitterness against any one, but I am overflowing with love and admiration for our beloved people. [Long applause.] To avoid, therefore, anything which might be prompted by the overfullness of my heart, for I believe I am case-hardened in that condition of non-citizenship, which leaves me very little to fear, [Applause] for the purpose of guarding others, rather than myself, I have prepared some notes that I might reach, which would not contain anything constructive or hurtful."

A voice said: "Go on; say what you please. You are in the house of your friends."

"My friends, partners in joy and in sorrow, in trials and suffering, I have come to join you in the performance of a sacred task—to lay the foundation of a monument at the cradle of the Confederate government which shall commemorate the gallant sons of Alabama who died for their country, who gave their lives, a free-will offering in defense of the rights of their sires won in the war of the revolution, and the state sovereignty, freedom and independent which was left as an inheritance to their posterity forever. These rights the compact of the Union was formed, not to destroy, but the better to preserve and perpetuate. Whoso denies this cannot have attentively read the articles of confederation, or the constitution of the United States. The latter was formed and designed the better to effect the purpose of the first. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the events of the war. They were laid before you yesterday by that great soldier in so able a manner as to require no supplement from me."

Davis then complimented Gen. Gordon, briefly reviewed the progress of the war, commented on the final surrender and the magnanimity of Gen. Grant, and continued:

"That we may not be misunderstood by such as are not wilfully blind, it may be proper to state in the foreground that we have no desire to feed the fires of sectional hate, while we do not seek to avoid whatever responsibility attaches to the belief in the righteousness of our cause and the virtue of those who risked their lives to defend it. [Long applause and cheers.] Revenge is not the sentiment of a chivalrous people, and that forgiveness is more easy to the injured than to those who inflict an injury, has never had a more powerful illustration than in the present attitude of the two sections towards one another. The absence of magnanimity would have indicated that in a restored union of the states there should have been a full restoration of the equality, privileges and benefits, as they had pre-existed. Though this has not been the case, yet you have faithfully kept your resumed obligations as citizens, and in your impoverishment have borne equal burdens without equal benefits. I am proud of you, my countrymen, for this additional proof of your fidelity, and pray God to give you grace to suffer and be strong. When your children's children shall ask what means this monument, there will be the enduring answer, 'It commemorates the deeds of Alabama's sons, who died that you and your descendants should be what your fathers in the War of Independence left you.' Alabama asserts the right proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence as belonging to every people. She found that the compact of the Union had been broken on one side, and therefore was annulled; that the government of the United States did not answer the end for which it was instituted and with others of like mind proceeded to form a new confederation, organizing its powers in the language of the Declaration of Independence in such form as seemed to them most likely to effect their safety and happiness. This was not revolution, because the state government, having charge of all domestic affairs, both of person and property, remained unchanged. To call it revolution is a gross solicism [applause], as sovereigns never rebel, and as only sovereigns can form a national league. If the states had not been sovereigns, there could not have been a compact of union. [Applause.] That the South did not anticipate, much less desire war, is shown by the absence of preparation for it, as well as by the efforts made to secure a peaceful separation. The successful party always holds the defeated responsible for the war, but when passion shall have subsided and reason shall have resumed her dominion, it must be decided that the general government had no constitutional power to coerce a state, and that the state had the right to repel invasion. It was a national and constitutional right. [Applause.]

* * * * * * * *

"In conclusion, permit to say, though the memory of our glorious past must ever be dear to us, duty points to the present and to the future. Alabama having resumed her place in the Union, be it yours to fulfil all the obligations devolving upon all good citizens seeking to restore the general government to its pristine purity, and as best you may to promote the welfare and happiness of your common country. [Long applause.] Citizens of Alabama, and ladies, (facing the ladies on the stand), for to whatever side you may belong, it is your sex that has been true always in war and desolation. We hear of the valor and virtues and enduring names of nations. Was ever such a spectacle seen as was witnessed in the valley of the Shenandoah? How the tide of war ebbed and flowed. Sometimes the Confederates retreated and sometimes they pursued. Those people who claimed to be our brethren and burned everything except our fences." (Ex-Gov. Watts interrupting, "and they would have burned them had they not been stone."

Mr. Davis turned and smilingly continued: "And why do you suppose they did not burn our fences? Because they were stone. [Loud applause.] Yet there never was a time when a Confederate body of troops marched down that valley that the ladies didn't hang out little Confederate flags from windows and give bread to the hungry soldiers: [tremendous applause]. I have promised that I would not speak extemporaneously and I will not do it. God bless you, one and all. I love you all from the bottom of my heart and give you thanks now for your kindness." [Tremendous and long continued applause and cheers].

Gov. Watts then turned over the rest of the proceedings to the grand lodge of Masons, who laid the corner stone according to the Masonic rites. The first article deposited in the stone was a Confederate battleflag by Miss Davis.

GORDON ON SUMNER.

What the Rebel General Says of the Northern Statesman.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 29.—Following is an extract from the speech of Gen. Gordon, delivered here yesterday:

I am not of those who sympathize with the spirit of that narrow though patriotic citizen of England who declared that high praise of the Romans was detraction of the Britons. Nor can I suppress contempt for that short-sighted statesmanship in this country which sees in merited tributes to Confederates implied detraction of the valorous Federals. On the other hand, I acknowledge inferiority to no man in admiration of the broad liberality which prompted the effort of Charles Sumner to strike from the flags of the Union the names of the battles between his estranged and embittered countrymen; yet I subscribe neither to its policy nor to its justice. All honor to the spirit of the man, who, facing a storm of political wrath, could rise to the lofty purpose of destroying all mementoes of Northern triumph over his Southern countrymen! All honor to the eloquent utterances by which he sought to make practical his magnanimous conception! But I utterly dissent from the opinion that such obliteration was either essential to the fraternization of the sections or just to the intrepid armies of the Union. The one thing essential to the manhood and self-respect and, therefore, I repeat, to the patriotism of the people, is that exact historic justice shall be meted to *each* army and all sections. Let malicious detraction cease; let envy—which enslaves ignoble minds—find no place in the breast of any lover of truth. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." A just appreciation of the motives that impelled and of the heroism which sustained each army and section in their Titanic conflict, is the symbol as well as sustenance of patriotism. Illiberal criticism is not only unpatriotic—it is irrational. Merited encomiums of Southern heroism is implied eulogy of Northern prowess, which, inspired by devotion to the union of the states and sustained through privations and blood by the profoundest convictions, brought at last this lion-hearted section to defeat and surrender. On the other hand, laudations of the great commanders of the "Army of the Potomac" and their fearless followers and the monuments built to their memory are monuments also to Lee and his barefoot and hungry heroes, who for four bloody years kept those vast numbers at bay, and in the space of three years defeated and forced from the supreme command at least five of those renowned Federal captains.

EX-REBELS—MEN AND WOMEN.

Gen. Gordon on the Lost Cause—Unreconstructed Women.

ATLANTA, April 30.—A correspondent of a Chicago paper talked with Gen. Gordon, and asked him about the policy of dinning it into the ears of young men and boys of the South that the cause their fathers fought for was a great, a pure, and a holy one, and they were defeated only by brute force of overwhelming numbers. Gen. Gordon said: "It would be asking more than we are willing to give to say that we were wrong at heart, to acknowledge more than that we submitted the irresistible question to the final arbitrament of the sword and were defeated. In the legitimate results of the war we fully acquiesce; there is no passion, no resentment in our hearts. We are in the Union, to stay forever. We are glad we are there and we glory in the greatness and splendor of our country. The question reached such a stage it had to be fought. It was fought out and settled and settled forever, and there is an end of it. You would not ask us to stand up and apologize to our children for the deeds of their fathers, who acted honestly and bravely and sacrificed everything for the cause they battled for. We feel proud of the deeds of Southern soldiery as you do of your brave Federal troops, and we might be allowed to say so without suspicion of lurking treason. We want our boys to be strong and brave even as their fathers were, to hold up their heads and be men to glory in the bravery of their fathers, and so we make a race of men fit to be soldiers under the flag that now covers us all and to follow and fight for it."

So talk the men, but not thus the women, and it is nos this sort of a lesson they teach their boys. The women of the South were the backbone of the rebellion. That backbone has never been broken since. The women of the South have never been reconstructed, but then they can't vote, or run for office, or exercise a soothing influence over the sacred ballot-box. So they speak out in meeting.

Frank Foster, the decorator, draped the balcony directly over Mr. Davis' head, where he spoke in front of the capitol, at Montgomery, with a brand new and costly national flag. The balcony was filled with ladies, and Frank to-day gazes ruefully upon his fine flag slit and ripped and torn by the fair fingers of the patriots in the balcony. He muttered as he folded it up: "These Southerners are bully good fellows, and all right, but the women are a terror when it comes to the lost cause."

FUNERAL OR RESURRECTION.

Newspaper Comments on the Montgomery Demonstration.

COLUMBUS, O., May 2.—The demonstration in honor of Jeff Davis, and his utterances at the Montgomery (Ala.) demonstration, have been the subject of severe criticism here.

The *Times* (Dem.) headlines the indignation meeting of Union soldiers at Albany as follows, but says nothing editorially: "Wanted, at Albany, a fool-killer, with his club, and wanted quick. The Empire Capital advertises itself the biggest fool of the season. Ready to declare war on the South."

The *Dispatch* (Independent) thinks the demonstration at Montgomery all right, but condemns Jeff Davis's utterances.

The *State Journal* (Rep.) says that it is hard to tell whether the demonstration at Montgomery is the funeral of the Confederacy or an attempt at its resurrection, and that it appears too lively for a funeral.

The speech of Governor Foraker at the G. A. R. camp-fire in Cleveland has been quite extensively commented upon. In speaking of the reception which was tendered to Jeff Davis at Montgomery on the day previous, and the unusual statements which he made on that occasion, the governor said: "If the spirit of liberty was not dead in the South neither was it dead in the North. Whatever others may represent, this man, Jeff Davis, who talks about liberty, represents only human slavery, the degradation of labor, the treason of secession and rebellion, the horrors and the infamies of Libby and Andersonville, all, in short, that is most malicious, vicious and damnable in American history. To talk of him as an illustrious statesman who is to be honored with Washington in history, is to insult every sentiment of loyalty and decency in this great country he wickedly did so much to destroy."

"Hang Jeff. Davis On a Sour Apple Tree."

ALBANY, N. Y., April 29.—In response to a call issued by Gen. Henry S. Barnum and others, Grand Army men and citizens to the number of 200 met in the assembly chamber to-night to protest against the utterances of Jefferson Davis in his speech at Montgomery yesterday, and in the words of a call to denounce the "resurrection of Davis from the oblivion to which a loyal and patriotic people had consigned him."

Patriotic speeches were made by Gen. Barnum, Speaker Husted, Senators Raines, Coggieshall and Smith, Assemblyman Van Allen and others. The assemblage sang, "Hang Jeff. Davis on a Sour Apple Tree." The following was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That treason is odious; that the union of the United States of America, and the liberty which the American principle of popular government illustrates, is worth the blood of all loyal citizens of our country."

LONDON, April 29.—The *Daily Telegraph*, referring to the demonstration at Montgomery, says: "We think it would be better if Mr. Davis allowed the past to sleep, as Lee and Benjamin did."

Mormons Pouring Into Mexico.

EL PASO, TEX., April 29.—The Mormon hegira into Mexico has fairly set in, and gives signs of a steady flow from this time forward. About 50 families arrived yesterday, making over a hundred families during the past two weeks. Very few of those who have entered Mexico thus far are from Utah, but come from towns and villages in New Mexico and Arizona. They do not disguise the fact that they are fleeing to Mexico to avoid imprisonment under the recent laws which they are notified will shortly be enforced in other territories than Utah. As a rule, these saintly emigrants enter Chihuahua in far better circumstances than the average citizen of that impoverished state. They have already acquired several thousand acres of the best watered lands.

A Dastardly Deed.

HUNTSVILLE, W. Va., May 3.—Last night, while Miss Belle Bartlett was lying on a lounge near an open window in the parlor of her father's residence, a rejected lover fired two shots at her, one ball passing through her shoulder, making a dangerous and probably fatal wound. There is deep indignation over the dastardly deed.

Purify Your Blood

This is the season to purify your blood, as the body is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Impurities accumulated during cold weather must be expelled, and the entire system should be refreshed and invigorated. Hood's Sarsaparilla meets every need of the body, and is the ideal spring medicine.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with biliousness, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I recommend it." MRS. E. CARPENTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"My son suffered from spring debility and loss of appetite, but was restored to health as soon as he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. THALIA SMITH, Scipioville, N. Y.

The most severe cases of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples,—in fact all affections arising from impure blood, yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It also cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, sharpens the appetite, and builds up the whole system.

"After suffering many years with kidney complaint, I was recommended to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done me more good than anything else." E. C. CURRIER, Dalton, N. H.

Charles A. Roberts, East Wilson, N. Y., had 13 scrofulous sores on his face and neck. Nothing helped him till he took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effected a complete cure. His druggist says it is "A Great Victory" for

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

TRADE REVIEW.

The Prospect Not Very Encouraging, Owing to Labor Troubles.

NEW YORK, April 30.—Special telegrams to Bradstreet's do not report as encouraging a view of general trade as in the preceding week. At Chicago and Kansas City there is relatively the most active demand, but a number of cities, at which an improvement in the movement of general merchandise was noted a week ago, there is none now. Purchases at Chicago are still characterized as for immediate wants only. There are at least 50,000 striking employes against 43,000 last week, in addition to those seeking to enforce the adoption of the eight hour rule.

Bradstreet's finds that at least 225,000 men at industrial centers are actively moving to secure fewer hours of labor daily. Of this number 6,000 are on a strike, 32,000 have had demands granted and 105,000 threaten to strike. There are 75,000 who have not yet accompanied their requests with threats of strikes. The more aggravated condition of the labor situation is primarily responsible for the noticeable depression in general trade and industrial circles throughout the country this week. Interior merchants are buying restricted lines and manufacturers are basing contracts on non-interference of employes.

Wool is dull and 1@2c. lower as compared with a month ago.

The rapid advance in the price for refined sugars last week checked the demand, and the advance has been partly lost.

Fluctuations in the rate of exchange have made coffee prices irregular.

Tea is depressed by heavy stocks.

Wheat quiet and lower on favorable crop reports and decreased demand from abroad. Spring wheat sowing is earlier than usual and the area is reported in excess of 1885.

Louisville reports high grade of leaf tobacco firm and advancing; medium slightly better; and lugs lower than for twenty years, owing to the low quality for liberal supplies.

Cotton planting is fifteen days late and the acreage is smaller in the Atlantic states and Alabama and larger in Louisiana and Texas. There will probably be a net decrease, as compared with 1885, over the cotton belt.

TENNESSEE MOONSHINERS.

The Deputy Marshal Still Alive—A Bloody Conflict Expected.

CHATTANOOGA, April 29.—Coffee and Grundy counties, Tenn., are in an uproar of excitement over the sensational attack upon United States Marshal Purdam at Manchester Monday night. The deputy marshal who shot down five of the moonshiners before he succumbed, is in a critical condition, but it is thought he will recover. The wounded moonshiner Clark, who was left at Purdam's house for dead by his comrades, is still alive, and may survive. The other four wounded men were carried to the mountains by the moonshiners, and are now secreted in a cave in the Cumberland range. Thirty of the mountaineers have banded together to protect them, and are defying the officials. State, revenue and county officers are scouring the country for the band, and a bloody conflict will ensue when they meet. The mountaineers are armed to the teeth, and declare they will defend the wounded men with their lives.

It is feared at Manchester that an attempt will be made to forcibly rescue the wounded moonshiners, and a strong posse of armed men is organized to guard him. Much bloodshed is feared.

A Youngstown Physician and His Alleged Insane Wife.

YOUNGSTOWN, April 30.—Twenty-three years ago Dr. Lobscheid, a German physician, who had held many prominent positions under the Austrian government, was married to Bertha Von Bieberstein, whose family had for 300 years been in possession of the Duchy of Friedland. The fact that the lady had previously been an inmate of an insane asylum, the doctor says, was concealed from him, but after six years of married life she once more became insane, and was placed in a retreat in Silesia. Dr. Lobschied left Germany, and after traveling in various countries came to America and settled at Youngstown. He had contributed constantly to the support of his wife, and until to-day supposed that she was still in the asylum. This forenoon, therefore, he was greatly surprised at receiving a call from the lady at his office, she having arrived at Youngstown early in the morning. Dr. Lobscheid says that she is still insane, and he will take steps to have her returned to Germany. Mrs. Lobscheid, however, denies her husband's statements. She admits that she was insane for a short time after the birth of her child, but says that she is mentally sound now. She says she came here after her son, aged 17, whom her husband kidnapped and sent to California. She expressed her determination to go to the Pacific coast after her son and dares her husband to interfere. The brother of the lady, Friederick Von Bierberstein, is the husband of the Countess of Cracow, Silesia.

Another System of Telegraphy.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29.—A new system of telegraphy, invented by Jacob H. Linville, was tested here at the office of the International Printing Telegraph company, in the presence of a number of electricians, scientists, civil engineers, and professional men, and was pronounced a great success. The machine has a keyboard containing the letters of the alphabet and numerals and resembles a typewriter in appearance. The wire with which the experiment was made was stretched from the office in this city to Reading, Pa., and messages were sent and received with perfect accuracy. Messages by this system cannot be read by sound or intercepted by tapping the wires. The message is recorded in sending as well as receiving, and any person who can read can operate it. It manifolds as many copies as are required and the operator can talk to several persons at the same time over the wire, and it does away with all question whether the message has been properly sent or not. Mr. Linville, who was for twelve years president of the Keystone Bridge company, of Pittsburg, began experiments on the machine one year ago, and has produced a system of telegraphy that promises to excel any of the existing telegraph or telephone systems.

Deserved His Fate.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., April 29.—On the 22d of this month Robert Miller, who lived on what is known as Robin's Fork, in Doddridge county, shot and killed Thomas True, because the latter had given Mrs. Miller shelter one night when driven from her home by the cruelty of her husband. A mob at once started in pursuit of the murderer, the members swearing to kill him if they had to follow him a hundred miles. A report has been received here that a dozen of the pursuers came upon the murderer in the mountains, 50 miles from the scene of his crime. He was surrounded in the woods and summoned to surrender. He refused, and received a volley, falling riddled with bullets.

The Result of Locking Children in the House.

ERIE, Pa., April 28.—A frightful holocaust occurred last evening, as the result of the thoughtlessness of a mother, Mrs. Ephraim Lawson. Prior to going out shopping, Mrs. Lawson locked her three children in a room. The house took fire, and before the alarm was given the children were imprisoned by the flames. The firemen rescued two of the children alive, but they will hardly survive. The baby was forgotten, and was consumed with the house. Several of the firemen were badly burned.

Spurned the Bribe.

COLUMBUS, April 28.—S. E. Kemp, a Republican member of the state senate, Dayton district, rose to a question of privilege, and, commenting on the report that he had been offered a bribe to vote against the re-election of Sen. Sherman, said he had been approached by a Democrat, prior to the Republican caucus, who said he could have money enough to buy a farm if he would vote against Sherman. He declined the offer and had intended to use the matter in the interest of Sherman had occasion required.

MORE LABOR TROUBLES.

Chicago the Scene of the Greatest Disorder Resulting from the Rashness of Foreign Laborers—The Eight Hour Movement Causes Many Strikes—Condition of Labor Throughout the Country.

The labor troubles which began with the now settled strike on the Missouri Pacific railway at St. Louis and the southwest have been increasing and spreading in all directions, the difficulties in the way of the peaceful adjustment of differences between employer and employe being greatly enhanced by the hot headed agitation of a lot of blantant socialists whose headquarters are in Chicago. These men have, all the week, been stirring up strife in demanding ten hours pay for eight hours work and their evil influence has spread to other cities, so that at this time there are hundreds of thousands of men out of employment all over the country, and the relations between labor and capital are becoming more and more strained every day. Matters have come to such a pass that the employers are beginning to organize to protect themselves. In Chicago the Western Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' association met and refused to pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work, and they agreed hereafter to pay only the prices paid for the same class of work in the East. There is prospect of a boycott on the bakers of St. Louis, who refuse to put the union label on their wares. In Milwaukee, every planing mill in the city shut down, and the men quit work because the employers would not pay ten hours' for eight hours' work, as the Knights of Laoor demanded. The furniture manufacturers of St. Louis have formed a protective association, and they agreed that if injustice or excessive demands were imposed upon any one of them, they would all close down their factories. In Pittsburg, 300 men were thrown out of employment in the glass works, on account of wage differences between employers and employes. Socialists are said to be arming themselves in Milwaukee and grave trouble is apprehended.

Jay Gould has been interviewed on the good results of the present labor organizations, and says that the workingmen of to-day are under the leadership for the most part of loud-mouthed demagogues—men who have left their native country for their country's good, and who would not dare to express such sentiments there as win applause here. The Knights of Labor is a stirrer up of strife and a breeder of discord. They can not survive unless under a new name and a new form.

Pittsburg cabinet makers have ordered a strike for 20 per cent. advance in wages. The men in the great furniture shops in Grand Rapids, Mich., have threatened all sorts of strikes and unpleasant things, and the employers have decided to make eight hours a day's work and to adjust the wage question with each individual employe. A number of advances in wages have been made and more are promised. In Charleston, S. C., 5,000 coal miners have gone out on strike for increased wages. The Allison car works in Philadelphia have shut down, because an increase of wages recently made was not satisfactory to the men, who demanded more. The Boston builders are uneasy and are liable to strike at any time. In the furniture factories in Cincinnati 500 employes have quit work. The Detroit brewers went out for a ten hours' wage for nine hours' work, and the employers acceded to the demand. Roger A. Pryor has been engaged to defend the indicted New York boycotters.

DENOUNCED BY THE CHURCH.

Catholics Forbidden to Join the Knights of Labor.

MONTREAL, April 29.—Archbishop Taschereau's mandament forbidding Catholics to join the Knights of Labor has caused the most intense excitement among the working classes. It will be read in all the Catholic churches next Sunday. The following are a few extracts:

In our mandament, dated June 20, 1884, we warned you, dear brethren, against all dangerous societies, and particularly against Freemasonry, so formally condemned by the sovereign pontiffs, and particularly by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. We believe it our duty to remind you, dear brethren, that the church forbids any one to enroll himself in any Masonic society under the pain of excommunication. You know well that excommunication is the most terrible penalty a church can inflict upon a guilty person. Serious riots, attended with disastrous conflagrations and great loss of life, have just occurred in a number of cities in the United States, and if the papers are to be believed, these misfortunes are the result of strikes organized by a society whose ramifications extend everywhere, and count as its members laboring men of every kind.

Having learned that delegates of a society known as the Knights of Labor had endeavored to recruit members in some parts of this Province, we believe it our duty, dear brethren, to place you on your guard against it, and please remember that we do not speak in our own name, but in that of the Holy See, whose advice we have asked. In fact, during the month of October, 1883, we sent to Rome an authentic copy of the rules and constitutions of the above society, which copy had been handed to us by one of its members who wished to find out what right or wrong there was in it. Almost one year later the congregation of the Holy office, after having examined these constitutions, with all the necessary precautions in such a case, sent us the following answer, which should be for you an absolute rule of conduct and keep you away from the society of the Knights of Labor. Following is the translation:

"On account of the principles, organization, and statutes of the Knights of Labor association, that association is to be relegated among those which are prohibited by the Holy See, in accordance with the instruction of this supreme congregation, given on the 10th of May, 1884."

Under the pretext of protecting poor workingmen against the rich and powerful who would oppress them, the heads and instigators of these societies seek to get rich and raise themselves in the world, at the expense of these unfortunate, and oftentimes too credulous workingmen. They sound very high the honey-coated words of "mutual protection and charity," so as to retain their victims in a continual agitation and to foment troubles, disorder, and injustice. Then there results for the workingmen two great misfortunes. First, they expose themselves to lose their faith, their good customs and every sentiment of honesty and justice in associating themselves with strangers who, unfortunately, show themselves very cunning in communicating to them their own perversity. Then, we have witnessed here, as in France, England and the United States, the sad result of these conspiracies against public tranquility. The poor working men were left with nothing else than deep misery, a total ruin of the industries which gave them daily bread, and after the rigor of human justice has added to it exemplary punishments.

NEW YORK BOYCOTTERS.

Severe Arraignment by the Grand Jury of the "Accursed Exotic."

NEW YORK, April 30.—The grand jury of the court of general sessions was discharged to-day, but not until Foreman Brown had handed to Recorder Lyttle a presentment condemning boycotting. The presentment severely condemns Police Justice Welde, who, when a number of boycotters were arrested and brought before him for annoying Cavanaugh, Sandford & Co., the tailors, promptly discharged them, on the ground that they had not violated the law. Police Captains Williams, McCullough and Copeland had confessed that they were powerless to relieve the boycotted firms from the nuisance so long as the police justice failed to commit the prisoners.

In conclusion, the presentment states: "It appears evident to the grand jury, representing as they do the law-abiding citizens of this county, that great dereliction of duty and great ignorance of law were manifested on the part of this recognized legal authority of our police. Otherwise we claim that our city would not have been disgraced. The grand jury regrets to reflect upon any officer of justice, and notwithstanding the opinion of Justice Welde, a thorough examination convinces them that this so-called boycott is an accursed exotic, and they urge that every effort of our legislature, the bench and the bar, the press of the land, and of every American citizen, be taken to aid in exterminating the hydra-headed monster, dragging its loathsome length along this continent, sucking the very life-blood from our trade and commerce, equally baneful to the employers and the employed."

Twenty Thousand Idle.

PITTSBURG, April 4.—At a convention of railroad coal miners of this district, it was unanimously decided not to load any coal for the east while the strike now in progress in the third district continues. Pres. Hughes stated there were 20,000 men idle in the district, demanding an advance of 10 per cent.

Got Their Beer.

CHICAGO, May 4.—The trouble between employing brewers and their several thousand men was settled by the brewers agreeing to the demand of the men. The latter were not asking for an eight-hour day, but free beer and for a number of minor concessions in regard to Sunday work and employment of non-unionists.

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

Discharged, with Eight Others, Because They would Not Join the Knights.

NEW YORK, April 29.—With few exceptions the new employes on the Third avenue line show evidences of poverty that comes from the lack of work. All of them tell the same story of hardships, in many cases of abject need and of repeated failures to secure work. In not a few instances hostility of labor unions and of the Knights of Labor have prevented them from getting employment. A reporter who was walking through the stables yesterday recognized in one of the new conductors a man who had been acting in the same capacity on the Eighth avenue line within a month. He was a middle-aged, broad-shouldered man, with kindly brown eyes and a pleasant face. The reporter asked him why he had left the service of the Eighth avenue road.

"I did not leave them," replied the conductor. "I was discharged, with eight others, five of them conductors, and all Americans, because we would not join the Knights of Labor. You see, after the recent strike on the Eighth avenue line the demand of the drivers and conductors that they be paid $2.25 a day was granted. Well, the company chafed under the new scale of wages, and they had a conference with a committee of the men. The company said they could not possibly pay the amount and run the road, and they wanted the men to voluntarily knock off 25 centsa day. This the committee agreed to do, provided the road was made a solidly union one, which could be done by discharging nine of us who had refused to join the Knights of Labor. The company finally consented, and we were 'fired.'

"One of the discharged men had been employed by the road for five years. One was a Quaker, and would not join a secret organization, because it was contrary to his religious belief. All of us were married and had families to care for. It came pretty hard. We had an interview with the superintendent of the line, H. B. Wilson. He said he could not help us, and sent us to the president, Mr. Hays. The latter told us he was sorry, and would give us letters of recommendation, but he could not afford to offend the Knights of Labor. He did not dare to reinstate us. We sought out the president of the Sixth avenue line, and he also said that he did not dare to employ a non-union man. The meal was getting low in the barrel at home when this strike came like a Godsend. Three of us came over here the day it took place, and got got work at once. Since then the Knights of Labor have laid for us on our way home. They have tried to induce us to leave the company's service, but have failed. We all live over on the West Side, and have to go to our homes by out-of-the-way routes to avoid violence."

THE DAY IN CHICAGO.

The Whistles Silent, and the Streets Almost Deserted in the Morning.

CHICAGO, May 1.—The early morning hours of May 1, the day set for the inauguration of the eight-hour day among the wage workers of Chicago, were characterized by a quietness which was a reminder of Sunday. In the manufacturing districts the 6 and 7 o'clock whistles were for the most part silent. The streets in the centers of industry were noticeable by reason of the absence of the usual hurrying crowd of workingmen, with their lunch baskets and dinner pails in hand. Such streets as Market, Dearborn, Monroe, and others on which heavy trucks usually are driven, did not contain half as many teams as usual.

Hundreds of factories were idle, some shut down on account of strikes, others closed for the day to give their employes a holiday.

The idea of holding a great parade today, under the auspices of the Trades and Labor assembly, was abandoned, much to the disappointment of many. It was rumored that the furniture workers would parade, and a meeting of that body was called for this morning.

The first startling news of the morning came at 9:30. A crowd of men from the lumber yards and planing mills, numbering 3,000 or 4,000 men, got together in the vicinity of Twenty-second street and Blue Island avenue. A leader was selected and a line formed. In the front rank a man carried a red flag. The body of men then moved down in the direction of the McCormick reaper works.

The entire detective force of the Chicago police department reported for duty early, and all the chiefs of police districts were on hand for consultation, with Supt. Ebersole. The reserve police are all held at their respective stations for duty in the event of disorder.

This morning in the lumber district not a planing mill opened up. The manufacturers went into session at Felix Lang's office to consider the situation.

Seventy-five to one hundred employes of the Equitable Gas and Fuel company, engaged in building tanks, quit work this morning. The men were recently granted a raise from $1.60 to $1.75 for ten hours a day, all they asked. But this morning they quit because the company refused to allow the increase and eight hours' work.

COWBOYS IN NEW YORK.

The Third Avenue Railway Company Fixing for a Fight.

NEW YORK, April 30.—Among the new hands employed by the Third Avenue railway company were some from the South and West, who had come on hoping for a chance to use their revolvers. In speaking of these accessions, Pres. Lyons said: "We have got some cowboys now, and they have come to stay. One of them went across the street this morning to get his breakfast, and when I heard of it I called him in and warned him that he might get into a row if he did not eat with the rest of the men in the stables.

" 'That's what I'm looking for,' he said. 'If they come any of their funny business on me they'll think Holland has got back from Texas again.'

"We have sent out West for more of these men, and when the next crowd gets here we won't have any need of the police. I was out West in '51, and saw the boys shoot the spot out of an ace of spades as far off as you could see the card. I know them. They are just what we want. The pickets want to get hold of just about one of these 'cowboys,' and then leave the business."

A GENERAL HOLIDAY

To Celebrate a Compromise Between Employers and Employes.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 1.—The furniture manufacturers and their employes in this city have arrived at an amicable adjustment of their difficulties, and the 6,000 or 7,000 men employed here will continue work uninterruptedly, beginning Monday, all of them on the eight-hour system. There had been quite a discussion of the wage question, and the workers requested a 10 per cent advance on their wages by the hour. A compromise has been secured. In some factories the question of wages is pretty much left to the employers, with an assurance from them that good business will give the men ample satisfaction. In some a revision of payrolls has taken place, with slight advances, of from 2 or 3 to 12 or 15 per cent., the latter generally to the lowest-priced men, some of whom will get even ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. The workmen are jubilant over the outcome, confident that the near future will give them all they had asked for. At their request they will have a general holiday to-day, in honor of the establishment of the eight-hour system.

Socialists Arming.

MILWAUKEE, April 29.—For several months past the socialistic element here has been endeavoring to make itself conspicuous, but without success. The Knights of Labor, with which it sought to associate itself, rejected all advances looking to alliance or union. Recent developments show that they have succeeded better in their work of proselyting than anyone suspects. A sensation has been created by the discovery that an order for eleven hundred muskets has been placed in the East. The leaders hope to take advantage of the unsettled condition of affairs expected to ensue about May 1 to put in practice their principles of rapine and murder.

Boycotters in a Tight Place.

NEW YORK, May 1.—Michael Stroh, a bartender; Hans Holduf, a musician, and Paul Wiizig, a waiter, all members of the Carl Sahm club, recently engaged in a systematic boycotting of a concert saloon, were arrested to-day on a bench warrant charging them with extortion.

They were indicted by the grand jury yesterday. They not only boycotted the concert saloon, but also imposed a fine of $1,000 on its proprietor, which he paid. The maximum penalty for the offense is five years in prison.

How It Works.

CHICAGO, April 30.—The firm of Rothschild & Sons states that it will yield to the demand of its men at Cincinnati. It will give ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, in order to finish outstanding contracts; but will reduce the working force to one-fifth its present size. The firm expects this will end the trouble of the firm here also.

Five Thousand on a Strike.

CHARLESTON, April 30.—Saturday morning next all miners employed in the Kanawha coal region will come out on a strike, as the operators have refused to give the price demanded. This will throw out of employment about 5,000 people.

HOW THE ACCOUNT STANDS.

Result of the Agitation for Eight Hours in Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 3.—It was estimated last night that 40,000 of the 225,000 wage workers of Chicago have already profited by the eight-hour movement. About 65,000 are supposed to be out on strike this morning. In many instances, where large bodies of men are solidified under a trade movement, long strikes are threatened if the present attitude of the employers is maintained. The movement has not yet been attended by any violence, though in some quarters the Socialistic element has caused seeming bickering and disquiet. This is particularly true of the lumber region and North Side furniture district.

Previous to Saturday 1,000 brewers, as many bakers, 800 furniture-workers, 1,600 clothing cutters, and 100 tuck pointers had secured a reduction of the working hours.

According to the reports received up to midnight, by Mr. George A. Schilling, chairman of the eight-hour committee, the demands of the following have been satisfied: Eight hundred tobacco handlers; 700 street car employes; all the members of the cigarmakers' union; 300 beer barrel makers; 950 dry goods and notions stores employes; 8,500 packers, and a large number of workmen employed in smaller industries. Besides, the following unions have adopted the eight-hour standard: Brick-layers, stone-masons, hod-carriers, plasterers and lathers.

Out of the 37 establishments wherein iron molders are employed, 23 shops have won, five of the firms are resisting the movement, and the remainder are negotiating. The machinists and blacksmiths' assembly, which is striking for eight hours, with the ten-hour wages, scaled, reports general success. The upholsterers are being resisted in nearly every instance. Thirty-three hundred brick-makers are striking for eight hours' work at ten-hours' pay. About one-half of the 600 butchers in the city have secured reductions from 16 to 10 hours. The shoemakers' assembly has modified its demands to eight hours' pay for eight hours' work, and expects to gain this concession. The Clerks' union will be satisfied with ten hours. Four hundred wagon workers begin work to-day under the eight-hour reform. The marble workers have also won under the eight-hour pay agreement. The coopers' assembly is still standing out for nine hours' pay.

Cincinnati Socialists.

CINCINNATI, May 2.—The demonstration gotten up by the agitation committees of certain labor unions was a failure to-day. The procession was a thin line that required but fifteen minutes to pass a given point. A little over 2,000 people attended the picnic at the Bellevue House, where speeches were made by socialists. One of the speakers was Parsons, of Chicago. In the procession was a military company of socialists, uniformed in gray and armed with rifles. They marched behind the only red flag in the procession.

Martin Irons Expelled by the Knights.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—The Knights of Labor have expelled Martin Irons, because he refused to obey General Master Workman Powderly's orders, and for the reason that he stubbornly refuses to arbitrate. The matter is kept a secret as yet, but will probably be made public through a general order to-day.

LATER.—Iron denies emphatically that he has been expelled by the Knights, and says that so far as he knows perfect harmony exists between himself and the Knights.

Iron Works Start Up.

ST. LOUIS, May 3.—After a shut down of several months, the Vulcan iron works at Carondolet resumed work this morning, giving employment to about 600 men. The bosses of the works prepared a schedule of wages, which is to remain in force until January 1, 1887. This schedule was presented to the men yesterday afternoon, and they unanimously resolved to go to work at the proposed terms, and this morning the furnaces are in full blast.

Boycotting a Newspaper.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 1.—The newsboys of the city have resolved to boycott the *Evening Times* unless it would sell them three papers for five cents, instead of two, as heretofore. This ultimatum was made known just before the paper was issued, and the management yielded.

Even the Swedes.

CHICAGO, May 1.—Twenty-five Swedes employed at the Wabash elevator, who worked for Bradley, a contractor, who handled the grain, asked for an increase this morning. They have been getting fifteen cents an houo for ten hours' work, and asked for 25 cents an hour and eight hours' work. Bradley said he could not afford to, and the men went out.

A COUNTERFEITER'S STORY,

Implicating Prominent Citizens of Louisiana and Texas.

MEW ORLEANS, April 28.—Erasmus Sheppard, who was convicted of conspiring to defraud the government, said in the course of his testimony:

"When I was twelve years of age I was employed in a counterfeiting establishment which was owned and operated, among others, by Charles H. Leonard, recent mayor of Galveston, Texas, and at present one of the most prominent citizens of that city. Interested with him in this business were the mayor of New Orleans, city officials chief of police, judges and limbs of the law. Then the judge of the Criminal Court of the Parish of Orleans was a partner in the establishment. Also a prominent lawyer, who now occupies a judgeship in Baltimore. These people were engaged in counterfeiting Mexican coin, United States bills and money of every description. The money was manufactured down stairs, and the United States notes, etc., we turned out up stairs. My position was that of messenger for the establishment, and as such I delivered the counterfeit money to the banks of the city and the city officials. Thousands and thousands of dollars of the money was manufactured and circulated here and elsewhere throughout this country and Mexico. It was while in the employ of this establishment that I became acquainted with the art of counterfeiting.

"Many of the persons engaged in the business of counterfeiting in the time to which I allude, have left behind them sons and daughters who move in the highest social circles of the Crescent City—ladies and gentlemen of prominence and of the greatest respectability. For this reason I do not propose to make known the names of the persons for whom I first worked in the counterfeiting business. All my life it has been my misfortune to suffer for and bear the brunt of other person's misdeeds. My whole life has been one of continued sacrifice."

WHITE ANTS.

A Farmer's Buildings Attacked and Destroyed by the Insects.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., April 28.—Prof. S. A. Forbes, state entomologist, was in this city to-day, returning from Mount Palatine, Putnam county, where he was summoned to view the work of damaging insects. He visited the farm of John Wilson, near Mount Palatine, and found that his premises had been almost completely destroyed by white ants, a species very uncommon in America, but very similar to the white ants of India and Africa. The insects first attacked an out-door cellar, working on the underside of the roof and the inside of the walls. Their working is confined to the woodwork, and they so hollowed out the roof and sides of the cellar that it collapsed. From the cellar they spread to the residence, and have completely ruined a great part of the building. Here they worked through the sills, in the studding, in the weather-boarding, window and door casings, and the rafters and shingles. They also laid hold of the granery, which was built of hard wood, and so worked on the sills and oak plank floor that the floor of its own weight fell in. The cellar is completely ruined; a part of the house will be liable to be torn down, as will also the granery. The loss entailed is several hundred dollars. The professor advised that all the wood affected be destroyed, and the remainder saturated with gasoline. He says that he has known ants to work in rotten logs and in culverts and bridges, but never knew them to attack buildings. He says that the light is offensive to them, and that their work is not easily detected. He suggests that railroad men should exercise great care that these ants do not get in their bridges. Wilson's premises are in the midst of a large prairie. Prof. Forbes says that the ants have been there four or five years, but their presence there he can not account for, unless they were conveyed from the woods in a log that they were working. He says they are very prolific and difficult to destroy.

Earthquakes in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—A special from Athens, O., says an earthquake shock of sufficient force to sway houses and startle the occupants occurred there at 9:23 last night. It was as distinct as a cannonade. A similar report comes from Nelsonville, nine miles away, where the shock broke windows.

A RIOT IN CHICAGO.

Conflict Between the Police and Strikers—McCormick's Works Attacked.

CHICAGO, May 3.—At 2 o'clock this afternoon over 6,000 men—lumber-shovers, alaning mill hands and factory men—assembled on the prairie at Robey street and the "Black road" to hold a mass meeting. The meeting was addressed by Socialists, who had the matter entirely in their hands. One German speaker, particularly, inflamed his hearers. After listening to the inflammatory harangue the crowd began to throw stones at the surrounding buildings. Then, as if moved by one spirit, 6,000 men moved toward McCormick's reaper works, half a mile west. It was about 3:30 o'clock when the crowd arrived there. With yells and fierce imprecations, now frantic, the men attacked the building with boulders and stones. Reaching McCormick's gates, the howling mob met the workmen coming from their benches, carrying their lunch pails. Immediately they began an attack on the McCormick employes, applying vile epithets and stoning them without mercy. There were only two policemen on the scene. Several revolver shots were fired, but so far as known, no one was shot. Many were struck with stones.

The McCormick crowd retreated within the gates, but one of their number, who was so unfortunate as to be left behind, fell into the hands of the assailants and was nearly beaten to death.

The attacking party now entered the gates and pelted the windows and walls of the factory, whither the employes retreated. A little later some of the imprisoned workmen attempted to escape by the rear, but were met and baffled in the attempt. They were compelled to go within the works again for safety.

Supt. Avery, of McComick's works, immediately telephoned for the police. A patrol wagon full of officers responded. On arriving at the scene of the riot the police charged upon the strikers, using their clubs and firing a few shots into the air. The crowd scattered, but soon reorganized in force, and moved once more toward McCormick's. The police telephoned to Lieut. Crook, of the West Thirteenth street district. He soon appeared on the scene with a wagon load of officers.

Immediately after the arrival of the wagon the mob again attacked the factory, hurling stones and sticks, shouting and carrying on in the wildest manner possible. Another detachment of police came up almost immediately and opened a brisk fire with their revolvers, apparently shooting high and without noticeable effect. The mob, seeing that none of their number was injured, simply jeered at the officers. But Capt. O'Donnell and a squad of 26 men from Twelfth street appearing on the scene gave promise of more serious business. The firing then began on the mob's side. One rioter, bolder than others, began shooting at an officer, who was sitting in a patrol wagon. Officer Brennan turned his attention to him, firing his revolver at point blank range, but apparently without hitting him. After a short, sharp chase, the rioter was captured and taken inside the factory.

Another detail of sixteen officers at this time came down Blue Island avenue, double quick, and the police, then numbering over fifty, began firing in earnest, and the mob began to scatter. They ran in all directions for two or three blocks, and then halted.

The police formed a cordon about the works, and awaited the mob's movements.

So far as appeared up to this time, no one had been hurt by the shooting. The police would allow no one to approach the works and the mob were too much excited to note or care whether any of their number had qeen hurt.

By 4:25 at least 150 policemen had arrived on the ground or were coming in patrol wagons within sight. By this time all the windows of the factory had been riddled with stones and bullets. Two of the patrol wagons, while on the way to the scene, stopped to disperse a noisy and demonstrative crowd at the corner of Blue Island avenue and Lincoln street. The mob attacked them with stones, but the officers jumped from the wagon and by a vigorous use of their clubs soon sent the rioters flying in all directions. They then turned and began driving the noisy crowds out of the saloons in the neighborhood, using their clubs indiscriminately.

Inside the fence of the McCormick works Officer Rafferty had a very narrow escape. A rioter who had got inside came up behind him and was aiming a revolver at his head, not two feet away, when Lieut. Shepherd struck him to the earth with his club, shivering it to pieces with the vigor of the blow.

At 5 o'clock the police formed a hollow square, inside of which they escorted the McCormick men up beyond Twenty-second street without trouble, except from an occasional stone hurled from a safe hiding place. Four men were found wounded with bullets. Two were taken away in a patrol wagon. One was shot through the hip and one through the leg.

Officer Casey nearly suffered an ignominious death at the hands of infuriated socialists. After the great mob had been virtually dispersed, Casey, with three other policemen, carried Joe Weddick, one of the wounded strikers, to his home at 422 West Seventeeth street. The patrol wagon was followed by an angry crowd of Bohemians, who yelled loudly for revenge for the wounds of their fallen comrades. When the wagon turned down Center avenue to Seventeenth street, the crowd did not follow. In silence they watched their countryman borne from the wagon into his home, and the officers, after laying Weddick upon the bed, left, with the exception of Casey, who remained behind to get a report of the man's condition. While Casey was talking to the wounded man's wife, many of Weddick's sympathizers had pressed their way into the house. The injured man was asked who shot him. Evidently misunderstanding the question, Weddick raised his hand and pointed at Officer Casey. The crowd inside the house went into frenzy. Seizing Officer Casey they dragged him out upon the sidewalk. "Lynch him! Lynch him!" they cried, and several of their number ran for ropes.

Casey is a man of powerful frame, but was like an infant, hemmed in as he was by the mob. In the ensuing struggle he received fearful bruises and his clothing was nearly torn from his body. A rope was brought and one end was made fast to a lamp post, directly in front of Weddick's door. At sight of the improvised scaffold, the mob shrieked with delight, and Casey fought with the fury of desperation. As the crowd pressed toward the gallows, he gathered all his remaining strength and, dashing head foremost from his assailants, jumped into the street, followed by hundreds, who at once began firing at him as he ran. He was soon met by a patrol wagon full of police, who, having heard of the tumult, were hurrying to his aid. Casey clambered into the wagon and fell upon seat exhausted. The wagon was surrounded in a moment by his pursuers, but at sight of the policemen's revolvers they quickly scattered. While this was going on Casey revived sufficiently to point out, among those who were the last to turn, one of the crowd who had been particularly officious in bringing the rope. The man was arrested and at once driven to the station. He gave his name as Joseph Hess.

Incendiary circulars scattered broadcast by witnesses of the struggle between the police and the socialists place the number of the latter who were wounded as being as high as twelve. It is not thought that any were killed outright, but the rapidity with which the wounded were carried away by their friends, and the secrecy maintained in regard to any connection with the affair, facts are difficult to obtain.

Joe Voztik is probably mortally wounded, and may not survive through the night. During the evening a circular, printed in German, and with an English translation appended, was distributed broadcast in many parts of the city, calling upon the workingmen to avenge the death of six of their "brothers."

The Latest.

CHICAGO, May 4.—(Special.)—The news just received here, that the militia are firing on the mob in Milwaukee has occasioned great excitement in all circles, and active preparations are being made to suppress at the start any outbreak that may be attempted.

At the request of the Chief of Police the First Regiment, I. N. G., has been summoned to its armory, and everything will be done to preserve order.

Up to this hour, 2:45, there has been no outbreak.

This has been the dullest day on 'change for years.

The Militia in Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, May 4.—(Special)—The mob that has been parading the streets to-day became uncontrollable, after noon, and the militia which had been ordered out to protect life and property was obliged to fire upon the disorderly crowd before it could be dispersed. More trouble is momentarily feared.

Prohibitory Laws to be Enforced.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 3.—Gov. Larabee to-day issued a proclamation on the subject of enforcing the prohibitory laws. It recites the fact that the people voted for prohibition on June 27, 1882, and that the twentieth and twenty-first general assemblies have passed a prohibitory law and additions to make it effective in accordance with that popular expression, and so he warns all persons violating the law that they will receive hereafter no executive clemency, and he calls upon priests, ministers, teachers, and press to enlist the moral forces for law, and upon judges, sheriffs, and other officers of courts to be fearless and vigilant in enforcing it.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Debt Statement for April—Sen. Payne's Case—General Washington News.

The Postoffice Appropriation bill will be passed by the Senate immediately, and it is expected that the Inter-state Commerce bill will then command the attention of the Senate after 2 o'clock each day until it is disposed of. Sen. Cullom, who has it in charge, thinks a result should be reached after two or three days' discussion. The Bankruptcy bill, the General Pension bill and the Des Moines River Land bills are upon the caucus committee's programme for consideration next after the Inter-state Commerce bill, but Sen. Frye expresses a purpose to contest their right of way some time during the week, in behalf of the Staten Island Bridge bill. He will also ask that during the morning hour the Shipping bill be taken up, discussed and passed.

Monday being individual suspension day in the House of Representatives, a number of public building measurs were passed, under a suspension of the rules. It is probable that the River and Harbor bill will come up in the House next. As only one unimportant section remains to be considered, the bill can be finally disposed of in one day. The Campbell-Weaver contested election case may also be reached on the same day, and the committee's report in favor of Mr. Weaver, the sitting member, will, without doubt, be adopted after a short debate. The Chinese Indemnity bill comes up on Wednesday in the morning hour, and a struggle for precedence is expected between conflicting special orders made for that day, which may result in the taking up of the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill. Friday will be devoted to the consideration of private bills, and on Saturday the Oklahoma bill will again receive the attention of the House.

The following is a statement of the present position of the regular appropriation bills: Five—the general deficiency, legislative, sundry civil, naval, and fortification bills—have not been reported from the committees in which they originated. Three—the military academy, consular and diplomatic, and the army appropriation bills—are upon the House calendar. The river and harbor bill is unfinished business in the committee of the whole. Three—the pension, District of Columbia and agricultural bills—have passed the House and are before the Senate committee on appropriations. The postoffice bill is before the Senate, and the Indian bill has passed both houses.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

A Decrease of About $11,000,000 for April.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement, issued to-day:

Debt Bearing Interest.	
Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,756,200
Three per cent	163,775,350
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	210,700
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,230,365,762
Interest	9,279,697
Total	$1,239,645,459
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 5,856,795
Interest	206,854
Total	$ 6,063,649
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,521
Certificates of deposit	11,515,000
Gold certificates	84,713,225
Silver certificates	90,733,141
Fractional currency, (less $8,375,934 estimated as lost or destroyed)	6,954,587
Principal	$ 540,656,444
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,776,879,001
Interest	9,486,551
Total	$1,786,365,552
Deductions.	
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 202,307,706
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 302,307,706
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,484,057,847
Recapitulation.	
Net cash in the treasury	$ 77,030,999
Debt less cash in treasury May 1, 1886	1,407,026,848
Debt less cash in the treasury April 1, 1886	1,417,992,235
Decrease of debt during month	$ 10,965,387
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 84,715,225
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	90,733,141
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	11,515,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	15,343,347
Fractional currency	993
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 202,307,706
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 28,864,482
Minor coin	496,391
Total	$ 29,360,873
Certificates held as cash	83,762,930
Net cash balance on hand	77,030,999
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's account	$ 492,462,510

THE PAYNE CASE.

A Charge that the Legislative Report Has Been Tampered With.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—In the Senate today Mr. Hoar presented a letter received by him from Emmit Tompkins, secretary of the Ohio legislative investigation committee, regarding the printing of the report of that committee, recently submitted to the United States Senate.

The letter states that Mr. Tompkins, on examining the copy printed on the order of the Senate, finds that a surreptitious interpolation has been made in the copy furnished the printer, the matter interpolated not being in the original copy sent to the Senate by the Ohio House of Representatives. The interpolation, the secretary says, is of matter intended to reflect on the good faith of the majority of the Ohio committee, and mislead the Senate committe on Privileges and Elections. An inspection of the copy, Mr. Tompkins adds, shows that the added matter is written in pencil on soft paper, and wholly disconnected with the official paper. He asks an investigation of the subject by the Senate committee, in order that the perpetrator of the fraud may be discovered.

On motion of Mr. Hoar the letter was referred to the committee on Privileges and Elections. The matter was ordered reprinted in correct form, and the distribution of the incorrect copies was ordered stopped.

Lamar Frightened.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The Knights of Labor made a formal request upon Sec. Lamar for permission to canvass the Interior department for subscriptions to aid the cause of the eight-hour movement, which will soon be tested all over the country. There is a rule of the department that forbids this sort of thing, and had it been any other kind of an organization but the Knights of Labor he would have had no hesitation in refusing the request, but as it is now becoming fashionable for the administration to show how much it loves the horney-handed sons of toil, Lamar did not dare to personally refuse, so he directed Chief Clerk Lockwood to pen a letter to the workingmen saying that the rules of the department were against them, but he had no objection to the clerks and employes handing any contribution to the watchman at the door, and if it were so desired, he promised to designate said watchman as a collector for the fund.

Mosby and the Bourbons.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The Democratic party since it assumed the reins of government has been unable to find that any of the Republicans it has turned out of office were in any way dishonest. The Virginia Bourbons very much hated Col. Mosby because at the close of the war he accepted the situation and joined the Republican party, and they had hoped to find something in his accounts as consul at Hong Kong which would do for campaign material in Virginia the coming fall. A close examination of Col. Mosby's accounts, however, has disclosed the fact that instead of his having ever taken any money which belonged to the government he in reality turned over to the United States treasury large sums of money in the shape of consular fees which, under the law, belonged to himself. The amount to be returned to him will amount to several thousand dollars.

The Trade Dollar.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—Mr. Lanham, of Texas, from the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, reported a bill for the retirement and recoinage of trade dollars. It provides that for six months after its passage trade dollars shall be received at their face value in payment of all dues, at the United States Treasury, and shall not be again paid out or issued in any other manner. Holders of trade dollars, on presentation of the same, may receive in change therefor an equal amount of standard silver dollars. The trade dollars so received by the United States Treasury officials shall be transmitted to the coinage mints and recoined into standard silver dollars.

Gen. Rosecrans.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—A motion was made in the executive session of the Senate to remove the injunction of secrecy from the confirmation of Gen. Rosecrans to be register of the treasury, which is held up pending an investigation of charges against him by a motion to reconsider the vote. The motion was opposed on the ground that the sub-committee of the committee on Finance, which is understood to consist of Sens. Aldrich and Vance, has not yet had an opportunity to examine the records of the Supreme court, which, it is alleged, contain the facts in the charges brought against the nominee. The motion, however, was pressed to a vote and was lost.

Cleveland's Veto Sustained.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—The Senate took up the President's veto of the bill "to prevent the desecration of graves." The bill relates to the District of Columbia, and provides that the unclaimed bodies of deceased paupers, now required by law to be buried at the public expense, might be turned over to the medical colleges of the District of Columbia.

The President declined to approve the bill, on the ground that certain of its provisions were indefinite and did not supply sufficient safeguards. After a short debate the Senate refused to pass the bill over the veto—yeas, 6; nays, 48.

His Request Was Denied.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—The postmaster at Atlanta, Ga., made application to-day to the postmaster general for leave to close his office to-morrow on account of the dedication of the monument in honor of the late Sen. Hill. His request was denied.

A Flurry in the Land Office.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—There is quite a flurry among the lady clerks of the land office, because one of the chiefs of division has "adopted" a beautiful young lady who has a desk under him, and has spent much of her time in the enjoyment of his society. He is aged enough to be her grandfather, and there is no talk of ending the intimacy with a wedding; but an adoption has been announced, and she has gone to live under his roof, to the scandal of the other ladies who have not been adopted.

Birth and Death Rate in the United States.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The report of Dr. Billings, surgeon of the United States army, on the mortality and vital statistics of the United States, as returned for the tenth census (June 1, 1880,) has been received by the Secretary of the Interior. It says: The total population in 1880 was 50,155,788. The increase in ten years was 11,547,412. Of this increase, 281,219 per annum may be taken as due to immigration, the total number of immigrants for the ten years being 2,812,181. This makes the mean annual increase to the excess of births over deaths, 878,522. The mean annual birth rate for the United States is given as 36 per 1,000. It appears from data presented in the report that the United States, as a whole, during the census year had a comparatively low death rate and high birth rate. The death rate is shown to have been higher in the colored than in the white population; in the foreign element than in the whites of American parentage, and in the cities than in the rural districts.

Very Funny.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Weaver, of Nebraska, offered a preamble and resolution in the House, suggesting that it requires a high degree of intelligence to discharge the functions of a member of a committee appointed to attend the remains of a deceased member to the place of burial, and providing for the appointment of a standing "Grave Yard" committee, which shall be composed of such statesmen as the record discloses have shown the highest degree of ability in lodging the dead weight of an objection to the consideration of an objectionable legislation; said committee to have leave to sit during the sessions, but without power to object at the gtave to the interment of the corpse.

Silver Dollars.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The issue of standard silver dollars from the mint during the week ended May 1, was $381,996. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $183,999. The shipments of fractional silver coin during the month of April were $394,857.

BATTLE BETWEEN OLD MEN.

The Son of One Interferes, and Is Accidentally Killed by His Father, Who Then Commits Suicide.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Alexander Ribbala, an Italian, 62 years of age, became engaged in a quarrel with John Hipeman, a German hostler, 60 years of age. The barn in which Hipeman was employed is directly opposite the barn on the Ribbala premises. The quarrel was caused by Ribbala accusing Hipeman of having thrown slops in the alley, which is between the two barns. Hot words followed, and the two old men, thoroughly enraged, separated for the moment to procure weapons with which to assault each other. They soon came together, Hipeman with a pitchfork, and Ribbala with a revolver. The latter began hostilities by firing a shot, which was not true to the aim. Hipeman then abandoned his pitchfork and rushed upon his assailant, grappled with him, and tried to obtain possession of the revolver.

While the two old men were struggling, a domestic in the employ of Ribbala called out to his two sons, Felix and Stephen, that Hipeman was killing their father. They sprang out of bed and ran out to the rescue of ther father. Felix rushed between them. As he did so a shot was fired, and Felix sank with a low moan to the ground. Hipeman then released his grasp upon Ribbala's wrist and ran away. Ribbala fired two shots at the fleeing man, but neither took effect. Then the unfortunate father saw his bleeding and unconscious son lying upon the ground. With a wild cry, "My God, I've shot my boy!" he raised his son's head and placed it upon his bosom and called upon him to speak. Receiving no answer, he showered passionate kisses upon the face and lips of the still unconscious and apparently dying boy. Maddened by grief, he left the prostrate form of his son and rushed into the house, after again crying out, "I've shot my boy," this time to his daughter. He entered his room, removed his boots, threw himself on a bed, placed the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth, and with the last remaining shot killed himself instantly.

The wounded boy was shot through the lungs, and cannot recover. The Ribbala family is one of the oldest, best, and favorably known of the Italian families in Chicago. Felix, the wounded son, is 23 years of age, and has been for some time past a clerk in the freight department of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad.

The Death Sentence.

FORT SMITH, Ark., April 30.—Blue Duck, a Cherokee convict, who killed a white man in June, 1884; Kit Ross, a white man, who killed Daviess, also white, last December; Calvin James, a negro, who killed Tony Love, a negro, in Chickasaw Nation, in July last; Lincoln Sprolla, white, who killed Clark and his father, also white, in Chickasaw Nation, last May, were sentenced to be hanged on Friday, July 23.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Where Columbus Was Born.

PARIS, April 28.—Abbe Casanova, a Corsican archeologist, has discovered archives which show that Christopher Columbus was born in the town of Calvi, in Corsica, and emigrated to Genoa. Pres. Grevy having examined the evidence, and being satisfied of its authenticity, has authorized the authorities of Calvi to celebrate by an official holiday the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. The inhabitants of Calvi will hold a fete on May 23, when a commemorative inscription will be placed on the house in which Columbus was born.

Emperor William and the Pope.

BERLIN, April 28.—Emperor William has sent the pope a costly gold cross, mounted with jewels, as a souvenier of German gratitude for the friendly offices tendered by His Holiness in arbitrating the dispute between Germany and Spain over their respective claims to the Caroline Islands.

A Forger Arrested.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 27.—Chas. Constantine, chief of the government police at Winnipeg, arrived here yesterday having in custody D. H. Scott, who is alleged to have forged paper on the Merchant's bank of Winnipeg to the amount of $30,000. Scott was traced to Mexico, and although no extradition treaty exists between that country and Canada, the Mexican authorities would not recognize two writs of habeas corpus taken out in his case, and ordered his return.

Towns Destroyed by Fire.

VIENNA, April 29.—News of wholesale conflagrations comes from several parts of Austria. The town of Friedland, in Moravia, has been almost totally destroyed by fire, during the progress of which ten persons were killed.

The towns of Dobrowlaney, Bojaniec and Chyrow have been completely destroyed, and the town of Sanok has been greatly damaged. At Chyrow a man was caught in the act of setting fire to a building.

A Smart Compromise.

MONTREAL, April 29.—The case against Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Smart and G. A. Smart, the former having embezzled money belonging to Fowler & Co., of Kansas City, accused of bringing stolen money into Canada, was amicably settled yesterday. They returned $30,000, and were allowed to keep the remainder.

Disastrous Fire.

LONDON, April 29.—Wilkinson's mills at Beeston, Nottinghamshire, together with many adjoining houses, have been destroyed by fire. The loss is $750,000. One thousand persons are deprived of employment by the burning of the mills.

Asks Forgiveness.

MADRID, May 1.—Father Galeote, the murderer of the bishop of Madrid, has written a letter to the Papal Nuncio, expressing repentance for the crime, for which he says his misery and vanity are responsible, and asking the Pope's forgiveness.

A Mysterious Disease.

ROWELSBURG, W. Va., April 29.—A mysterious and fatal disease has broken out in this place, and physicians are powerless so far to save the lives of any attacked. The victims are first seized with a severe pain in the head, and are corpses within twelve hours. After death the body becomes spotted.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, May 5, 1886.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans—Decrease	$ 244,400
Specie—Decrease	1,765,700
Legal tenders—Decrease	131,000
Deposits—Decrease	2,396,000
Circulation—Decrease	22,500
Reserve—Decrease	1,297,700

The banks now hold $12,025,850 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the change in Governments during the past week:

	May 3.	April 27.
4½s coupons	112⅜	112⅛
4s coupons	126	126¼
3s registered	101⅜	101
Pacific 6s of '95	127½	127½

Trade.

During the past week trade generally was of good proportions, but on account of labor trobles was less than it would otherwise have been. Until the outlook is reassuring, trade will lack the activity generally expected.

THE MARKETS.

About the Dullest Day of the Season in the Grain Trade.

The markets at all primary points to-day were unusually dull. In fact the day was one of the dullest of the season, no one seeming to care about trading. The labor troubles absorbed much of the attention of grain men, who carefully consider before doing business. At nearly all points there is a disposition manifested to await events before trading briskly. The cable advices show steady markets for grain. Advices regarding the growing wheat are all favorable.

On Tuesday, of last week, No. 2 soft Red Lake Shore wheat, was worth 88¼c in this market; on Wednes day, 88¼c was the price; on Thursday it noted 88¾c; on Friday 88c was the value; on Saturday it closed at 88c and on Monday 88c was the value, showing a decline during the week of ¼c.

During the past week the grain markets were only fairly active and fluctuations were confined within small limits. The closing prices were but little altered from those at the beginning of the week. The outlook in the first part of the week was for firmer and higher markets, but the labor troubles caused cautiousness on the part of dealers, and business on the closing day of the week, Monday, was small. The European markets have been steady most of the week. So far as the crop outlook is concerned, there is a cheering prospect for a laige out-turn at harvest time.

The Toledo Markets.

At the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day the markets for grain were unusually dull, but little trading being done in any kind of grain. Prices show but little alteration. No. 2 Soft Red Wabash, 86½c.

For future delivery sales were light in No. 2 Red wheat. Prices close with a slightly better tone than at the opening.

	May.	June.	July.	Aug.
Sales to-day	25,000	15,000	——	57,000
" Saturday	25,000	67,000	——	70,000

Seller May, 85½@85¾c, latter to close, ¼c up; seller June, 86⅞c, ⅛c off; seller August, 86½c and to close 87c, ⅜c advance.

Cash corn sold light: No. 3, 36½c; No. 3, yellow, 37¼c. Clover seed—No sales.

AFTERNOON CLOSE.—Wheat; No 2 soft red, —; May 86c asked June 86¾c bid; 87c asked; August, 86¾c bid, 86⅞c asked; September, 88c. Corn—No. 2, 38c; Sune, 38c; July, 38¼c. Oats—No. 2, 32¼c.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, May 4.—Wheat firm; cash 79¼; June, 79½c; July, 82¼c. Corn quiet; No. 2, 35c½c. Oats steady; No. 2, 29½c. Rye weaker; No. 1, 64¾c. Barley dull; No. 2, 68½c.

KANSAS CITY, May 4.—Wheat quiet, dull and stronger; No. 2 Red May 64⅝c. June 68⅜@68½c. Corn weak and dull; No. 2 May 26¼c bid, 26½c asked; June 27½c bid, 27⅝c asked. Oats—No quotations.

Grain inspected in at Toledo past 48 hours: Wheat—cars, No. 3 soft Red, 1; No. 2 Red, 3. Total 4. Corn—cars, No. 2 50; No. 3 39; No. 4 3; No. 2 yellow, 7; No. 1 white, —; No. 2 white, 7; No. 3 white 1. Total 110. Oats—cars, No. 2 White, 8; No 3, 1. Rye—cars, No. 2, 1.

DETROIT, May—Wheat, No. 1 white, cash and May 85c asked; June, 86c asked; cash, Michigan red, 86½c; No. 2 red, cash and May, 85½c; June, 86c bid; August 87c; No. 3 red, 82c. Receipts, 2,300. Corn, 37½c; receipts, 15,200 bu. Oats, No. 2, 32¼c; No. 2 white, 35¾c; receipts, 11,7000 bu.

CHICAGO, May 4.—1 p. m.—Wheat easy; cash and May, 78½c; June 80¼c; July, 81⅞c. Corn steady; cash, and May, 35⅜c; June, 36c. July, 37 11-16c. Oats steady; cash, and May, 29½c; June, 29¾c. Rye, 60½c. Flax seed, 103½c. Prime timothy, 170@172c. Whisky at 114c. Pork steady; cash and May, $9 07½; June, $9 15. Lard steady; cash and May, $5 87½; June, $5 95.

ST. LOUIS, May 4.—Wheat firm, ¼@⅜c higher; No. 2 red cash, 86¾c. bid; May, 86⅞c; June, 87½@87⅝c. Corn—Market ¼@⅜c higher; No. 2 mixed cash, 32¾@33c; May 32⅞c bid; June, 33½@34⅜c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 mixed cash, 29¼@29½c; May, 29¼c; June, 29⅜c bid. Rye—Easier; 60¼c bid. Whisky firm at $1.10. Pork easy at $9 30. Lard steady at $5 75.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 4.—Wheat—Western firmer and quiet; No. 2 Winter red spot, 90¼@91½c; May, 90½@91c; June, 91¼@91⅜c; July, 90¾@91¼c; August, 90@90¼c. Corn—Western lower and dull; mixed spot, 46@46½c; May, 45½@45¼c; June, 45¼@45½c; July, 45½@46¼c; steamer, 43½c bid. Oats—Steady and fairly active; western white, 39@42c; do mixed, 37@39c.

NEW YORK, May 4.—Wheat—Market a trifle better but very quiet; No. 1 white, nominal; receipts, 61,050 bu; sales, 8,000 bu; No. 2 red May, 91c; 128,000 bu do June, 91⅞@92¼c; 16,000 bu do July, 92¼c; 40,000 bu do August, 92¾@92⅞c; 50,000 bu do December, 96½@96¾c. Corn—Market ¼@⅜c higher, moderately active; receipts, 22,000 bu; sales, 296,000 bu; mixed western spot, 39@47½c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—Hogs—Market quiet; common and light, $3 45; packing and butchers, $3 80@4 35. Receipts, 3,123; shipments, 344.

EAST LIBERTY, May 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,596 head; shipments, 1,140 head; market slow at last week's opening price. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 4,600 head; market slow; Philadelphias, $4 35@4 40; Yorkers, $4 15@4 30. Sheep—Receipts, 4,400 head; shipments, 4,000 head; market fair at last week's closing prices.

KANSAS CITY, May 3.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 295 head; shipments, 141 head; market strong and a shade higher on shippers and butchers; feeders in demand; cows firm. Hogs—Receipts, 5,306 head; shipments, 1,982 head; market active and a shade stronger; good to choice medium and light, $3 30@3 55. Sheep—No receipts; shipments, 916 head; good demand for choice mutton and lambs.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 2,000 head; market slow and steady; shipping steers 950 to 1,500 lbs., $4 00@5 65; stockers and feeders $3 00@4 75; bulk, $3 00@3 20; corn fed Texas cattle $4 00@4 86. Hogs—Receipts, 19,000 head; shipments 6,000 head; market slow and steady; rough and mixed, $3 60@4 20; light, $3 60@4 25. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments, 300 head; market steady; shorn natives, $2 00@5 70.

General Trade.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boston—There is the usual lull incidental to the return of salesmen and the coming of buyers. There is a fair amount of business doing. Merchants who have bought the fall goods at old prices are satisfied. On what few staples advances have been made, merchants are reluctant to purchase. New York—Manufacturers are nearly through with their spring orders. The unsettled condition of labor throughout the country is having its effect upon business. Philadelphia—The market continues rather dull. Chicago—The manufacturers have had a favorable week. The jobbing trade up to the present time, has been good. St. Louis—The traffic holds up encouragingly. Cincinnati—Orders are light. Toledo—Business satisfactory.

DRY GOODS.

The month of April closed quiet as to trade condition. The entire month was hardly up to expectations of merchants, the labor troubles having interfered to a great extent with deliveries. Notwithstanding, jobbers and retailers are disposed to take a hopeful view of the situation. Conservation makes all trading, and no more goods are taken than will meet present requirements. Spring and summer goods are moving in good volume since warmer weather has set in. Commission houses have received fair orders. The market for most things is substantially unchanged. Stocks in some description of goods are beginning to accumulate, but not more so than is usual at this season of the year. Staple cottons unchanged.

Visible Supply.

The New York Produce Exchange Weekly has the following, showing the visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada, on dates named:

	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
April 17, '86	45808483	15231026	1790863
April 25, '85	40451148	9121508	2395689
April 26, '84	22464776	13601309	4030326

Minneapolis and St. Paul not included.

Boston Wool Market.

BOSTON, May 3.—The market runs in buyers' favor. Ohio and Pennsylvania, private terms; Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 27c; combing and delaine, 33@34c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 24c; pulled wool and noils, 22@38c; odds and ends, 26@32c; Australian, 34@39½c.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, May 3.—The Mark Lane *Express* says: Weather has been brilliant. Wheat shows generally good appearance. Trade is steadier. Red wheats are 6d dearer. Sales of English wheat during the week were 51,955 quarters at 31s 1d against 57,635 quarters at 37s. 1d. during corresponding period last year. Flour is slow but steady. Foreign wheat trade devoid of feature. Supplies are restricted. Sellers are firm and buyers are apathetic. Foreign flour, with exception of American, is steady. Six cargoes wheat arrived, four cargoes were sold and two were withdrawn. None remained. To-day, market was firmer. English wheats were 1s. dearer; foreign were steady. Flour was 6d@1s. higher; foreign was steady, except American, which was weaker. Mixed American corn was quoted at 20s.

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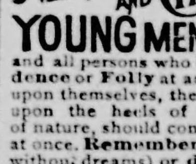

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